



August, 1910

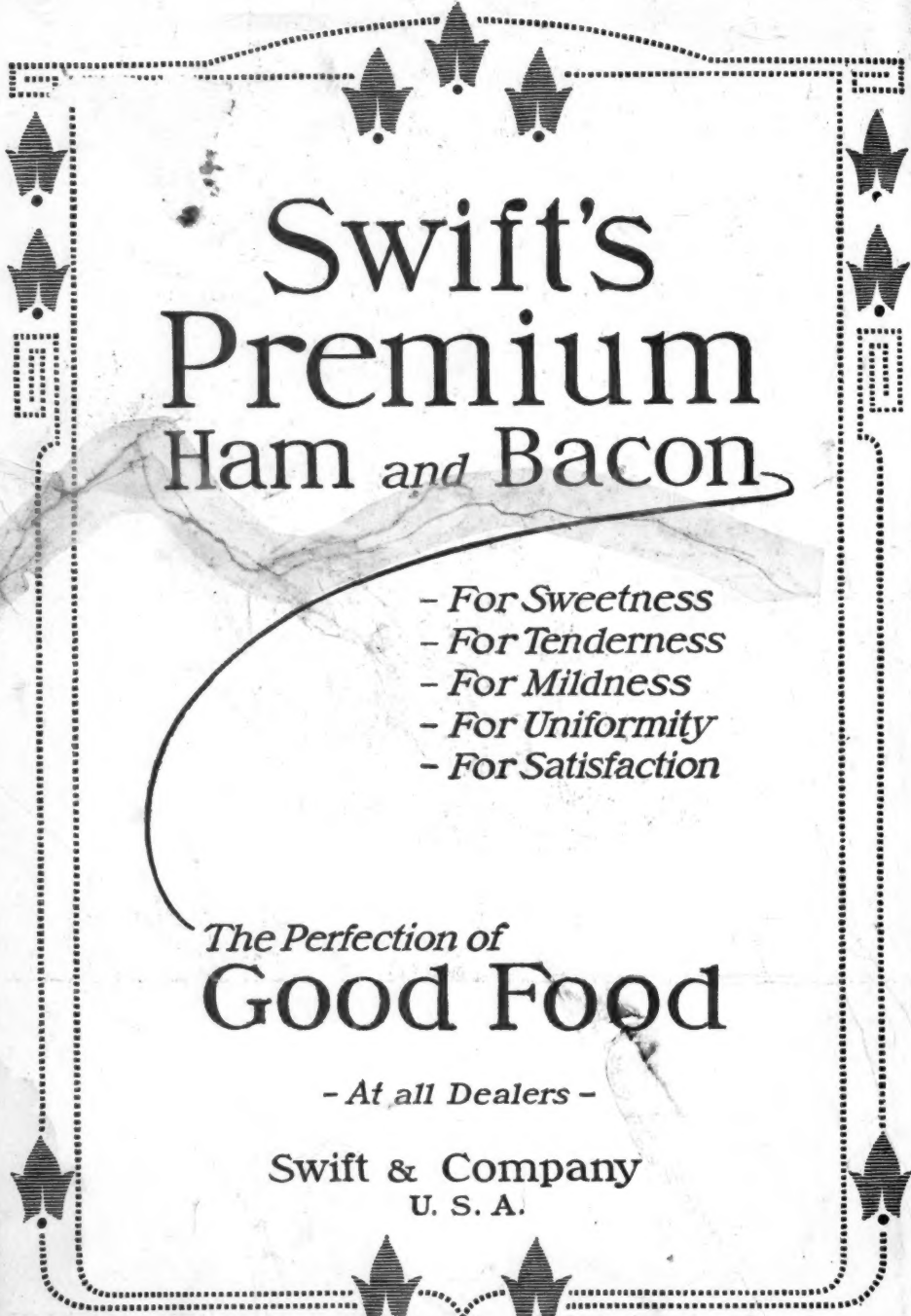
NATIONAL MAGAZINE

Edited by Joe Mitchell Chapple

15 Cents

ROUNDING THE CAPE OF STORMS

(THE NOBILITY OF THE TRADES)



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- *For Tenderness*
- *For Mildness*
- *For Uniformity*
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The Perfection of
Good Food

- *At all Dealers* -

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Those who
travel well

make sure
before start-
ing that the
grip contains
a cake of

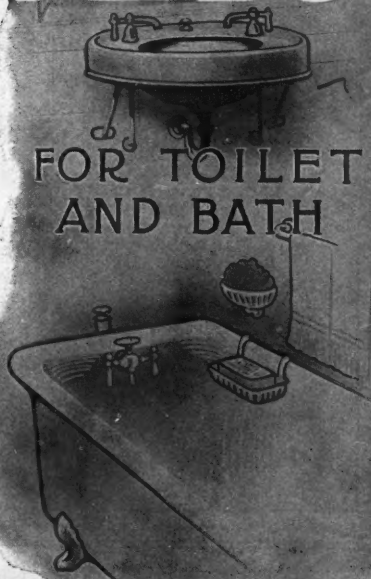
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Nothing equals it
for removing the
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After automobiling, golf,
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By a method all its own
Hand Sapolio cleanses
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FOR TOILET
AND BATH



The Inspiration of
the Capitol Dome
at Washington



HEART of our country glorious;
The Great Republic's shrine;
In peace and war victorious,
What land is like to thine?
Long may wise men, and fearless,
Take counsel 'neath thy dome.
Long may a people peerless,
Bless thee in every home!

Mitchell Mannering

NATIONAL MAGAZINE

AUGUST, 1911

What Affairs at WASHINGTON

by Joe Mitchell Chapple

A detailed black and white illustration of the United States Capitol dome, showing its iconic architecture with columns and a statue on top. The dome is surrounded by some foliage and a flagpole with the American flag.

IN years past such a thing as remaining in Washington during the hot season was impossible, but now the summer months seem to represent the crisis when the oriflamme of militant legislation appears and leads to victory or defeat. One of Washington's oldest inhabitants insists that the Capital city is enjoying this season the liveliest social summer ever known in its history.

The long and arduous tariff session of the Sixty-first Congress has been surpassed in brilliancy by what will be known as the Reciprocity session. Many of the diplomatic and society folk remained to enjoy the beauties of Washington in the early summer time. As the dog-days approached there was a longing for a change of scene, but doggedly and determinedly the President and Congress have continued their work during the days of the early-rising and late-setting summer sun, and have enjoyed the balmy evenings in the city on the Potomac.

The fate of the reciprocity agreement has been a matter of speculation throughout the nation since the opening of the extra session. Even unresponsive audiences and half-filled houses had a hard time to oust reciprocity from the stage after a long and tiresome run.

WHAT coloring can excel in beauty the deep emerald green of the velvet grass which looks so refreshing in the shade of the trees in the capital city? As one sits on a park bench and looks upon the shining leaves above and then at the cool grass below, he realizes that no artist, not even Corot, with his magical brush, has been able to portray the exact colorings and infinite varieties of the blades of "common grass."

As I passed along by the hundreds of people who sat looking aimlessly about, I recalled a remark that John Ruskin made to me many years ago about individuality of thought. "Every man," he said, "owes it to himself to concentrate upon his own thoughts at least three minutes every day." He objected to men who spent their entire lives following the principles—"illusions" was the word he used—of other men.

No working man, no professional man, is too busy to devote at least fifteen minutes a day just thinking his own thoughts in his own way. More individual thought on civic questions would mean not only a generally broader perspective, but would result in fewer mistakes and in less discontent.

An example of the happiness resulting from individual thought was emphasized

in a conversation with a German waiter in a New York department store, a jolly, affable little chap to whom it was a pleasure to offer the customary tip.

One day as we sat at table talking business and hurrying through our luncheon betimes, someone called attention to the content reflected from Adolph's smiling face, and asked him if he really felt as happy as he looked. The waiter said:

"Yes, I am happy—very happy. I have two sons in college. I have a fine wife, who works every day as I do, and often we go to see our boys.

"They are not ashamed of their father and mother; they are proud to tell of the

ate. "Taking all sides and aspects," said Uncle Joe, "in constructive statesmanship I would select Oliver P. Morton as the greatest Republican in the party. He was a great big character and every inch a statesman."

The only Congressman in the House today who knew Lincoln, Congressman Cannon said that he did not consider Lincoln a party leader. "He was so big, so broad, so heroic a mold of man that for purposes of comparison he was not in the running. The posthumous appreciation of Abraham Lincoln," he insisted, "has dwarfed even the high appreciation in which he was held while living."

"Uncle Joe" has witnessed the careers of many legislators who have achieved national fame, and his hosts of friends insist that if his present health continues, he will complete a round half century in the House of Representatives.

* * *



SPEAKER CHAMP CLARK, WHO IS SAID TO BE LOSING \$200 A DAY IN LECTURE FEES BECAUSE CONGRESS WON'T ADJOURN, AND "UNCLE JOE" CANNON, WHO DOESN'T CARE A RAP WHETHER IT ADJOURNS OR NOT

help we have given them in getting an education, with every penny saved from the tips which our customers leave on the tablecloth among the crumbs."

Unconsciously Adolph had been proving that happiness is often a condition of mind rather than of circumstances.

* * *

WHILE in a reminiscent mood, "Uncle Joe" Cannon, who still remains the most picturesque individuality in Congress, spoke in glowing terms of Oliver P. Morton of Indiana, whom he considered one of the greatest leaders of the Sen-

IT seems almost incongruous to find in the august State Department at Washington a member of the Cabinet whose sense of humor is never-failing. No matter what the occasion may be, Secretary Knox never fails to see the point, whether it be in a joke, a point of law or one of the perplexing problems of "affairs of state." He has two desks in his room, one of which he uses while attending to regular correspondence. Here letters and communications are disposed of with the system and regularity of business methods. In the corner of the room is a smaller, flat-top desk on which are placed the important matters of state that require his official signature. When seated here, the Secretary puts on his large, horn-rimmed spectacles, reminding one of Benjamin Franklin, and signs documents with due solemnity and great dignity.

One of the latest stories of Secretary Knox tells of his recent visit to a play, where he sat about half way back in the audience. In the front row sat a bald-

headed man whose polished orb cast a reflection like an ivory ball in the brilliantly lighted theater. His companion was a tall lady with a wealth of hair, waved and puffed—a coiffure of gigantic proportions.

Someone slyly quoted the biblical aphorism "To him that hath shall be given and from him that hath not shall be taken away even that he hath," which the Secretary insisted was "a hair-splitting joke."

Presently someone just back of the conspicuous couple arose to go out. Although the rows were close together, yet he safely passed the bald-headed man, but alack and alas—the projecting psyche knot of the lady was struck amidship and turned awry, and all unconscious, in the glory of her manufactured hair, she sat with the cluster puffs pointing directly northeast.

The comedian on the stage thought his jokes fell not upon barren ground as he listened to ripples of laughter in the audience, and not until later, when the psyche knot, with a dexterous turn of the hand, was adjusted, did the levity subside.

* * *

SENATORIAL leadership for the future is crystalizing during the extra session. No gift of prophecy is required to predict the value of the strong qualities of leadership developed by Senator W. E. Borah of Idaho. His effective championship of the income tax and the bill for the election of United States senators by direct vote have stamped him as a progressive leader of constructive ideas. While classified as an "insurgent," Senator Borah has on several occasions broken away from "progressivism" that he felt was mere insurgency. An intrepid fighter and a strong speaker, the senator follows the Shakespearian advice:

"Those friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,
Grapple them to thy soul with hoops of steel."

and a friend once means a friend always. His Western vigor and initiative have not been diminished during his term as senator, in which office he has made an enviable record.

Recently Senator Borah was accosted in Washington as "Joe," and given a subscription to *THE NATIONAL*. Solemnly

he took the name and address and signed a receipt for the money. In a few days a note bearing the august senatorial signature was received at *THE NATIONAL* office containing the new subscriber's name, with the advice, "If I am compelled to look like Joe Chapple, I intend to be paid for it."

* * *

APROPOS of the Supreme Court decision, which dealt with the words "reasonable," and "unreasonable," an ex-



SECRETARY OF STATE P. C. KNOX

cerpt from a speech made some seven years ago by President W. C. Brown of the New York Central indicates the vital significance of these words. He was speaking of the famous Rock Island railroad bridge case in which Abraham Lincoln brought about the reversal of a decision by the United States District Courts, April 3, 1860, deciding the bridge a nuisance and an obstruction, and decreeing its removal.

"Mr. Lincoln admitted," said Mr. Brown, "that the bridge was an obstruction, but claimed that it was not an *unreasonable* obstruction; that the river and the railroads were great highways for the people, and

that the people who traveled by the latter were entitled to equal consideration with those who traveled by river. . . . The masterful argument of Mr. Lincoln forced into consideration of the great issue the question of the *reasonableness* of the obstruction, and whether by legislative amendment or by judicial interpretation, the question of reasonable restraint must be considered in its enforcement, or obstacles of commercial and industrial progress are likely to be interposed, the gravity of which no one can foresee and the lapse of years determine."



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GOVERNOR AND MRS. WOODROW WILSON

EVIDENCE of the interest taken by subscribers in any mention of their Congressmen is frequently shown in editorial correspondence. Many ask the Editor if he realizes the amount of good being done by their home Congressman, and one writer says, "Don't forget Hon. Thomas H. Paynter, our own Senator from Kentucky."

It does not require two visits to Kentucky to realize that Senator Paynter is one of the biggest men in the state, and in Greenup County, as one reader writes, "we all know him so well that we call him Tom." In Washington, Senator Paynter remembers these loyal home-folks first

and foremost, and admirably fulfills the duties of a position so signally honored long ago by Henry Clay, the "mill boy of the slashes." Senator Paynter has the delightful faculty of making everybody in Washington his friend. He is "Tom" to all who know him, and the people of the Capital have a very warm spot in their hearts in appreciation of his activities on the District of Columbia committee, while his work has been of great benefit to those people who live there.

Senator Paynter maintains a fatherly interest in both Indian and Philippine affairs, but his affection goes out unservedly to the folks in his "Old Kentucky Home."

* * *

WHEN Woodrow Wilson was travelling through Alabama he strayed out of the Pullman and took a seat in the day coach with the idea of finding out something about the political feeling down South—as regards future presidential nominees, perhaps. Scarcely had he seated himself when the train stopped, and a man just across the aisle became galvanized to sudden action.

Fixing Governor Wilson with a fevered eye, he demanded, "Is this not a *salga*?"

The Governor blinked. In vain he searched the storehouse of his memory seeking for the significance of a "*salga*."

"I beg your pardon," he ejaculated. "What did you ask?"

"Not a *salga*? Not a *salga*?" clamored the man with agitation. "Is this not a *salga*?"

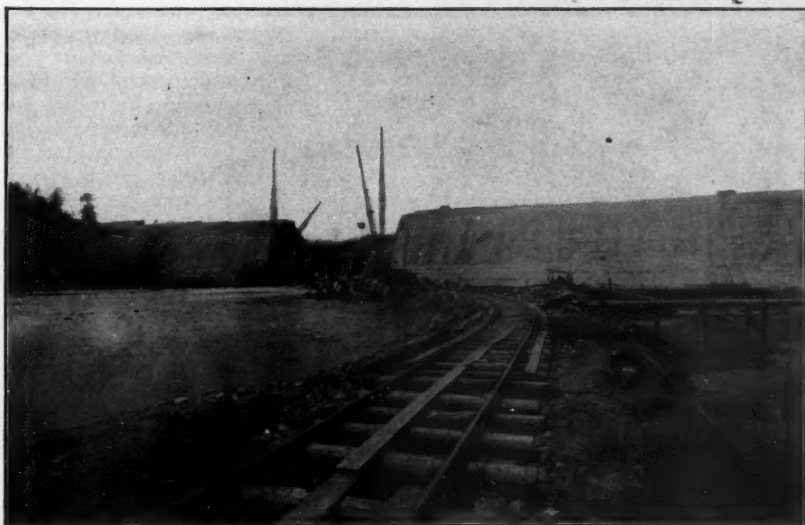
President Wilson shook his head. "Nobody ever called me that before," he confessed. "And I must own that I don't know what a *salga* is. Perhaps—"

The glare in the other's eye grew positively painful, when another passenger interrupted. "Yes" he agreed, "This is not a *salga*."

The questioner snatched up his suit case, rushed to the door, and sprang wildly off just as the train started. Governor Wilson thrust his head out of the window wondering, then drew it back and blushed. His eyes had fallen on the name of the station, painted in big black letters, "*NOTASALGA*."

WHEN the Department of Commerce and Labor was established in 1903 "to foster, promote, and develop the foreign and domestic commerce, the mining, manufacturing, shipping, and fishery industries, the labor interests, and the transportation facilities of the United States," there were transferred to the new Department the following long-established Bureaus: Bureau of Labor, Bureau of Fisheries, Bureau of the Census, Bureau of Statistics, Bureau of Navigation, Bureau of Light-houses, Bureau of Immigration and Naturalization,

abroad, domestic and foreign, by gathering, compiling, publishing, and supplying all available and useful information concerning such industries and such markets, and by such other methods and means as may be prescribed by the Secretary or provided by law." A modest appropriation was made and the Bureau started in February, 1905, with Hon. J. Hampton Moore, now Congressman from Pennsylvania, as the first Chief of the Bureau. Congressman Moore, attracted to other duties, was succeeded within a few months by Major



A VIEW OF THE DAM OF THE SOUTHERN POWER COMPANY IN NORTH CAROLINA

Coast and Geodetic Survey, Steamboat-Inspection Service, and Bureau of Standards. The Bureau of Corporations was established with the Department. It was also noted by Congress, and by others interested in the new Department, that none of the established Bureaus had quite the initiative functions with respect to commerce and manufacture that the purposes of the Department implied. To remedy this Congress established the Bureau of Manufactures for the purpose, as stated in the organic law, of "fostering, promoting, and developing the various manufacturing industries of the United States, and markets for the same at home and

John M. Carson, one of the best known newspaper correspondents in the Capital. Major Carson having been sent abroad on commercial investigations by the Department, was succeeded in August of last year by the present Chief of the Bureau, Mr. A. H. Baldwin, who had served previously as Chief Clerk of the Department of Commerce and Labor, and of the Bureau of the Census.

The first definite duty assigned to the Bureau of Manufactures was the publication of the reports of United States consuls which had for many years previously been issued by the Department of State. These are known as the Daily Consular

and Trade Reports, and are distributed to some fifteen thousand manufacturers, exporters and others. It is one of the most widely quoted dailies in the country. The officers of the Department of State and the Department of Commerce and Labor work in close co-operation in the field of foreign trade promotion. A recent example of this co-operation is the World Trade Directory, compiled by consuls, and edited and published by the Bureau of Manufactures. Soon a small corps of trade commissioners



A. H. BALDWIN
Chief of the Bureau of Manufactures of the
Department of Commerce and Labor

or investigators, known as commercial agents, was provided, and the Bureau began to publish the results of their investigations into trade conditions in foreign countries. Technical experts have been sent to many foreign countries, and have reported to the Bureau and to Congress on leading exports, including cotton textiles, machinery, flour, cotton seed products, and manufactures of leather. It is planned to extend these investigations, and Congress has granted for the coming fiscal year increased appropriations for the work. The officers of the Consular Service report

continually and with success on general trade conditions. The Commercial Agents of the Bureau of Manufactures supplement the work of consuls in fields where the consul cannot be expected to have the expert knowledge and training required, or the time to undertake extended investigations. Gradually other activities were taken up by the Bureau until a beginning has been made in many lines of publicity and trade promotion, including the publication of bulletins on foreign tariffs, on consular and port regulations in foreign countries, on such subjects as packing for export, commercial courts in Europe, municipal markets, and trade condition with respect to special manufactures constituting important portions of our export trade. The appropriations for the Bureau have been increased each year, although the United States still appropriates less money for this work than certain foreign countries allow for the maintenance of a single consulate in a large city like New York.

* * *

Heretofore the American manufacturer has seemed comparatively indifferent to the federal activities which are supposed to be conducted in his behalf. With a domestic market for manufactures and other products amounting to from \$15,000,000,000 to \$20,000,000,000 a year, the export trade of the United States, amounting now to a little more than \$2,000,000,000 a year, has not been so important a factor in our commerce. Moreover, more than one-half of our exports have heretofore consisted of raw materials and foodstuffs, for which a market was secured without any selling effort on our part. Of late, however, changing conditions, the development of the United States as a world power, the increase of our population, making greater demands on our production of foodstuffs and lessening our exports of these products, and the highly organized competition of trade rivals in the sale of manufactured goods have all contributed to develop a situation where the work of the Bureau of Manufactures and similar Bureaus becomes of great importance to American commerce. Our foreign trade in manufactured products is now becoming a vital factor in our national life, and a national equipment

to permit us to meet our foreign rivals on equal terms in world markets becomes increasingly important.

Germany makes use of every national force to aid in the development of foreign trade, and special rates for exports over railroads and other transportation lines, commercial agents in every corner of the world, banks, steamship lines, systems of commercial education, all are combined and co-related to the service of Germany's foreign commerce. A similar task and similar systems await development by the United States.

The extremely good work that has already been accomplished by the Bureau of Manufactures is scarcely more than a foundation or beginning in this vast field. The scope of the work which is assigned to this Bureau is very broad and touches the national life on many sides. The new ideas concerning scientific management of industries and of units of labor, the development of the science of the distribution of products by railroads, cities and selling agencies, the prevention of waste in such distribution, the commercial planning of cities with relation to commerce, the co-relation of the development of commercial and industrial instruction in schools and colleges, the promoting of national and local commercial museums, all these fields of activity, research and publicity concern the Bureau of Manufactures, and those in charge of the Bureau await only the opportunity, with the growth of the equipment of the

Office, to make it a force in fostering and promoting the true doctrine of commercial and manufacturing progress. The Bureau is even now one of the most interesting fields of service in the federal government, and the American manufacturer is bound to advise himself of its work and to be alert



H. B. VARNER OF LEXINGTON, NORTH CAROLINA
Publisher of *Good Roads* and one of the aggressive leaders in the movement

to secure its benefits and to support its development.

If the United States as a nation ignores the important factors of government co-operation and instruction in commerce and manufacture, it will lose the prizes in world trade to Japan, to England, to Germany, and to other nations also that come into commercial competition with

Uncle Sam. Our trade rivals, it is certain, do not neglect to note the "handwriting on the wall," and they are fully and actively alive to the necessity for concerted national effort and preparedness for the world's commercial struggles.

* * *

THE hearty support of the peace movement by such prominent British statesmen as Lord Rosebery, Rt. Hon. A. J. Balfour, Premier Asquith and John



MARGUERITE, COUNTESS OF SUFFOLK

One of the American Peeresses who appeared in state robes at Westminster Abbey during the coronation of King George. The Countess was formerly Daisy Leiter

Burns have indicated the drift of the great idea in England.

Sir Edward Grey's endorsement of President Taft's suggestion that all questions leading to unfriendly relations between England and the United States should be settled by arbitration, is regarded as a seven-league leap toward realizing the dream of universal peace and a reasonable disarmament. President Taft's plain words on the question have evoked a world-wide interest. Many regard the proposed agreement between the United States and Great Britain as the opening

wedge of a world-wide international arbitration policy that will extend until great powers and nations in all parts of the world will adjust their burdensome armament tax and reverse the foreign policies associated with centuries of history.

Year by year in Europe arbitration propositions have come up for attention and then disappeared in somewhat the same manner as does the "good roads" movement in the states. The question receives a tacit approval as a "good thing" and an inactive, faint-hearted endorsement. No one believes sincerely enough in the necessity of this "good idea" to reach the enthusiastic, insistent point of making a real financial and public sacrifice for the propaganda.

The paper of Sir Edward Grey on the subject of "Peace and Arbitration" is regarded by many as one of the most important utterances made in the British Empire since the days of Edmund Burke. Its sentiments awakened a world interest in the subject, and the document is already historical. The reference made to President Taft is especially interesting as a European estimate of his work:

"I should perhaps have thought that I was not spending the time of the House in asking them to look to arbitration as something which could really touch this great expenditure had it not been twice within the last twelve months, once in March and again in December, the President of the United States has sketched out a step in advance in arbitration more momentous than anything that any practical statesman in his position has ventured to say before, pregnant with very far-reaching consequences.

"I should like to quote two statements by the President of the United States. Here is the first: 'Personally I do not see any reason why matters of national honor should not be referred to Courts of Arbitration as matters of private or national property are. I know that it is going further than most men are willing to go, but I do not see why questions of honor should not be submitted to tribunals composed of men of honor, who understand questions of national honor, to abide by their decisions as well as in other questions of difference arising between nations.'

A similar strong endorsement comes from France. A motion was made in the French Chamber of Deputies to secure consideration at The Hague of the question of the advisability of simultaneous national disarmament. This indicates how

President Taft has brought the question to a focus sufficiently to indicate growth of an altruistic public sentiment groping its way to the light, and with it a popular desire to reduce the heavy taxes imposed by the burdens of militarism. In Switzerland the proposition was long ago ruled out, which shows how a small nation with comparatively little military strength can hold her own in the counsel of nations.

In the German Reichstag the movement for disarmament was promptly shelved. Pride in a perfected military organization dampens the ardor of the peace sentiment in the Fatherland. Kederling von Wachter, foreign minister, the strong hand in governmental affairs, is the hero of the hour. Germany remains a military nation in sentiment, despite the fact that a per capita tax of \$2.50 for every man, woman and child is levied to maintain the splendid fighting machine of the Empire.

At the original Hague conference it was found that Russia's proposal to reduce its army would still leave that nation with a preponderance of military power, and this gave Germany an opportunity to defeat the project. Even in the United States, where innocent border movements seldom ruffle the tranquil peace of the nation, it is doubtful if a proposal for complete disarmament would meet with approval.

Military and naval power is today at its zenith, and also at the parting of the ways. Reciprocal agreements between the nations will soon show the utter fallacy of a mere display of power to enforce authority or to protect against foreign imposition. As was stated by Rt. Hon. Arthur J. Balfour, the sentiment upon great and vital questions seems to run in a cycle and eventually to encompass all nations, following out the peculiar psychic phenomena that throughout all history have been observed at epochal periods.

The prevalent sentiment toward peace defies concrete analysis. Peace has become the international vogue, as it were, and though no one can explain just why the thoughts of the people are converging in the same direction, yet the peace sentiment has become so firmly established that it soon must become overwhelming. A desire for reciprocal arbitration and trade, and the appreciation of what industrial

and commercial development means as a moral as well as an economical question—such sentiments are now in the minds of all the peoples of the earth. Tolerance and plain common-sense promise to supplant the impulsive ardor that heretofore has led to conflict and bloody wars. Month by month the belief becomes more pronounced in the economic advantages of peace as a vital factor in the permanent and endur-



MISS OLGA ROOSEVELT

Daughter of Robert Roosevelt, relative of ex-President Roosevelt. She is very beautiful and one of the social leaders of Washington

ing welfare of all nations in the progress of affairs as they exist today. An exhaustive survey of the world peace proposition throws out in strong relief the work of President Taft, which enforces an appreciation aside from that impelled by ardent personal admirers.

* * *

IN the afternoon on one of those sweltering hot days, the President ambled into the Cabinet Room, mopping perspiration from his brow with two hand-

kerchiefs. About the table stood thirty newspaper men ready for the meeting of the "Newspaper Cabinet" at 5.30 p.m. on Tuesday. The Chief sat down languidly, indicating that he had had a hard day of it. He put down one handkerchief on the table and waved the other while talking to the newspaper men, some of whom were

form or formality, here was the President of a great nation talking over public policies with newspaper men, without the slightest pretense of official reserve or ceremony. The President's jovial smile rather broke the force of the emphatic gesture with which he struck the table when someone insisted on the necessity of a popular educative campaign on Canadian reciprocity.

Clad in a gray suit and illustrating his meaning now and then by a homely story that had a Lincolnesque touch, the President made an admirable witness in his



MAE AMBROZOVICH

Niece of Louis Kossuth, the patriot of Hungary. She was imprisoned with her mother and uncle during the Hungarian revolution. She was recently introduced to President Taft, Speaker Clark and prominent officials

comfortable in the "seats of the mighty," the very chairs used by members of the Cabinet. The volley of questions began with the democratic simplicity of a corner grocery chat.

On the table were American Beauty roses, and the newspaper boys alternately sniffed them and fired their questions at the President betimes. Over the mantel hung a picture of Lincoln; on the divans at the side of the cabinet table the tallest newspaper men with their knees in the air, were trying to "look wise" and dignified, because there were correspondents from the London newspapers to be presented. These English journalists could scarcely comprehend the simplicity of republican intercourse between subject and ruler. Without



PRINCESS LOUISE VICTORIA OF GERMANY
Soon to be married

executive chair for the alert correspondents. To every question there he made a prompt answer and a definite statement; but in his every action there was a suggestion of judicial consideration, and the whole interview reminded one of a judge on the bench charging a jury or giving out a decision.

The meeting had a general social side. Penfield, the well-beloved doorkeeper, entered the room and turned on all the battery electric fans. Outside, the boughs of the

trees were gently nodding as this "second Cabinet" continued to discuss reciprocity, the Supreme Court decision and the arbitration agreement which had been submitted by Ambassador Bryce to the State Department that day. There was a report of the Tariff Commission on the cost of making paper and pulp in Canada and the United States. There is always flowing to and from the White House a great mass of information and detail which seems to be necessary when economy tinges and largely affects every phase of legislation.

The newspaper men seem to cover the United States with a fine-tooth comb.

ality. As automobiles whirled the Chief Executive hither and thither to dinners, banquets and balls, uptown and downtown, he laughingly remarked that he looked forward to the day when "men of his avoirdupois" might be safely carried in an aeroplane.

However a portion of the day may be spent—in an automobile drive, on the golf course or at tennis—President Taft's daily calendar must certainly show as many engagements covered and duties performed as that of any other man of affairs. He meets the niece of Kossuth and the son of Count Tolstoi, or Chick Evans, the golf



EVOLUTION OF A FILIPINO—FROM SAVAGE TO SERGEANT IN TWO YEARS

Left—Head Hunting savage; *Center*—After he had been in contact with Americans one year; *Right*—Sergeant of a company of fellow-tribesmen

They are everywhere all the time, and what glee was expressed in the President's face when he was able to keep from the journalists the appointment of Secretary-of-War Stimson, until it was all ready to be made. The President insisted that that this was the one time when he had turned the tables and "scooped the boys."

The President has seen some strenuous days of late. No less than four dinners and six luncheons in one day is rather hard on presidential endurance and digestion in hot weather, and speeches must come thick and fast. The President takes an occasional whirlwind trip to New York, where multitudinous engagements are fulfilled at lightning speed and with official punctu-

expert; keeps in touch with Methodism in its militant Christianity, attends the Jewish celebration in memory of Hynam Solomon, or a Catholic banquet. No matter what the occasion may be, he has proven himself broad enough to enter into the spirit of the occasion with a sincerity and an interest that show the broadness of the man.

* * *

HIS hobby was the collection of data concerning the wealth of the world, and Adam Smith and the philosophers, John Stuart Mills and the famous economists could not have been more devoted to the task. He was sitting in the

Bureau of Pensions waiting for still more figures, and as I sat down beside him he enthusiastically pointed to some figures giving the wealth of the United States from the first computation, made in 1791, which then approximated \$750,000,000. The table which he showed me indicated an increase each year of about

of money now in circulation. Roughly, this would seem to indicate that there is \$274,000,000 of capital not in circulation—our "hidden talents." Now the postal savings banks are to supplant the old arm-chairs and stockings where savings formerly were stored.

As I left my new friend he jingled a few silver pieces in his pocket and pored still further over his neatly arranged columns of figures while he waited for more data to figure out "per capita."



MISS GEORGIA E. MAURY

One of Washington's most popular girls, who will marry W. S. Reyburn, son of Mayor Reyburn of Philadelphia

three and one-half per cent, compounded annually. When we consider that the average capital per capita of \$183 in 1791 has jumped to \$1,359 in March, 1911, the wonderful growth of a nation of ninety-two million souls can be easily realized.

Again, he had figured that the money in circulation in the United States, if equally divided, according to some propagandists, would give about \$34.50 to each person. The general stock of money in the United States at the present time is upward of \$3,500,000,000. Of this \$303,827,000 is held in the Treasury as the asset of the government, while \$3,226,896,000 is counted as the amount



MRS. ALFRED CLIFFORD BARNEY

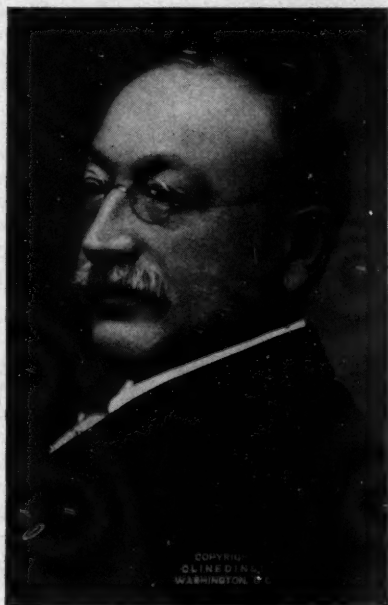
A society leader of Washington in stage costume. She has been especially prominent in dramatic circles

ALL Washington, including the President, was present to witness Victor Herbert's new opera, "Naughty Marietta," at the National Theater. From the opening chorus to the last curtain there was a charm that delighted all.

The opera has a real American flavor, although the time is 1780 and the place historic New Orleans in days of brigands and pirates. The stirring strains of "Tramp, tramp, tramp" following the

opening chorus begin a program replete with tuneful selections. Tiny Mlle. Emma Trentini as "Naughty Marietta" won the hearts of the audience from her appearance in the first act. She received encore after encore, as also did "Captain Dick" and the other principals.

It was a real "Victor Herbert" night. The popular music appealed to all, yet it measured up to the expectations of the most critical musical connoisseur. There were some who objected that the "Irish Lady" as an impersonation hardly seemed to fit with Victor Herbert's music, but



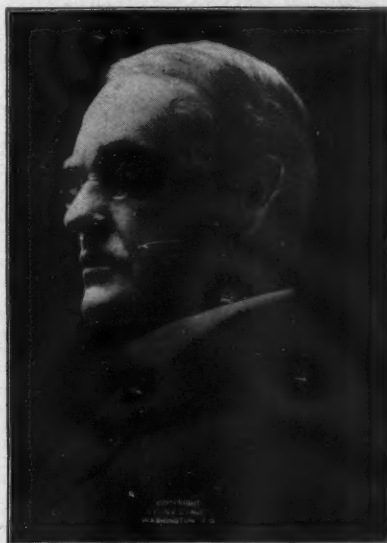
VICTOR L. BERGER OF WISCONSIN
First Socialist ever elected as a member of the House of Representatives

through the play the President applauded vigorously, and the audience echoed his appreciation in paying hearty tribute to the composer whose music has never failed to arouse the enthusiastic admiration of theater-goers and music lovers.

* * *

CALIFORNIA'S adopted son, Senator John Downey Works, was reared on a farm in the Hoosier state, and was

there educated. He was born in Ohio County, Indiana, which gives him further distinction as an Ohio county man. His sixteenth birthday had scarcely passed when he enlisted in the Union Army as a private in 1863, and served until the end of the war. In 1868 his shingle was swaying in Indiana breezes, and like all



HON. JOHN DOWNEY WORKS
The junior United States Senator from California

ambitious young lawyers, he decided that the first step toward success lay on the road to the legislature. Accordingly he served one term in the Indiana House of Representatives. He made a careful study of legal practice in his state, and is the author of a legal treatise on "Indiana Practice and Training" and other books of a legal nature.

In 1883 Mr. Works removed to California owing to ill health, and was on the point of giving up active work, but the people of the coast refused to let the brilliant Indianan retire to the "simple life," and elected him Judge of the Superior Court of San Diego County in 1885. In 1888 he was called upon to fill a vacancy in the Supreme Court, but he refused reelection. As the preferred candidate for United States Senator from California,

he was elected as a progressive Republican to the Senate with a vote of ninety-two to twenty-six. For more than twenty-five years Senator Works has been a prominent member of the American Bar Association.

In the Senate Office Building Senator Works begins early and quits late, maintaining in all his work the dignity that marks a former judge. Smooth-faced, with iron-gray hair, blue eyes and an intense love for California, Senator Works does not belie his name, for he insists that a



CONGRESSMAN AND MRS. LONGWORTH
Taking a stroll in Washington

public servant must be known by his *works*, and the works of Senator Works, not to play upon words, are many and varied. He impresses Washington as a man of sterling sincerity and unswerving convictions.

* * *

A SEARCH for potash has been instituted by the Department of Agriculture, and ten thousand dollars has been appropriated by Secretary Wilson to begin a campaign for testing out certain regions of the United States in which it is thought the potash salts may exist. It is popularly believed that the famous Stassfurt potash

fields of Germany were formerly much the same as in our own arid regions, and much of the investigation, therefore, will be carried on in the vicinity of desert basins.

Although it is estimated that the Stassfurt mines could supply potash to the whole world for half a million years to come, yet the German government has put a limit on the quota that may be produced, thus making the price prohibitive in many cases. Because of the absolute necessity of potash in agricultural pursuits, the American farmer has been paying the price set by Germany, but it is believed that the government's search through regions of Utah, Nevada and Alabama may result in the discovery of potash fields that will at least be of sufficient magnitude to supply the home demand.

Furthermore, active investigations are in progress looking to the commercial extraction of potash from the large deposits of certain rocks occurring throughout the country and other materials which are now useless wastes from manufacturing enterprises. These investigations are in charge of the Bureau of Soils.

* * *

DISCUSSION on reciprocity was at its height when the fact was disclosed that Canada leads the world in the purchase of American automobiles, and that during even the brief space of nine months the sales in Canada had reached nearly four million dollars. But even with the export of the American automobile manufacturer increasing by leaps and bounds, France still maintains the lead, with exports of \$34,000,000 against \$13,000,000 for the United States. A decrease in imports indicates that the demand for foreign machines is not increasing in the United States.

Now that sober discussion concerning the farmers' free list grows apace, the point has been made that if Canada is now doubling her automobile purchase year by year, the Canadian farmers, with reciprocity provisions in full force, will eventually all own automobiles instead of the strong, heavy farm wagons that have so long been in vogue on both sides of the line.

A CONGRESSMAN of solemn visage was holding on to a strap in a street car. As he swayed back and forth he inadvertently stepped upon the corns of a stout lady. He mumbled apologies, which she accepted with a pleasant smile.

Another lurch of the car brought her upon the pet corn of the Congressman. He glowered savagely as she begged his pardon. Later on she rose to leave the car, nodding pleasantly again at the disturbed legislator, as she said, "Reciprocity, sir—reciprocity is the thing these days. Bad year for corn."

"Reciprocity!" growled the solon. "That's what we're coming to when the women put their foot in it."



FRANCIS MARION SMITH
President of Pacific Coast Borax Company

ONE of the well-known Senators who talks a great deal and gesticulates even more, was occupying valuable time in the Senate on a particularly warm day. As his arms flew back and forth a newspaper man whispered to his neighbor in the reporters' gallery that this was the nearest he had ever seen to perpetual motion.

The remark recalled the famous suit

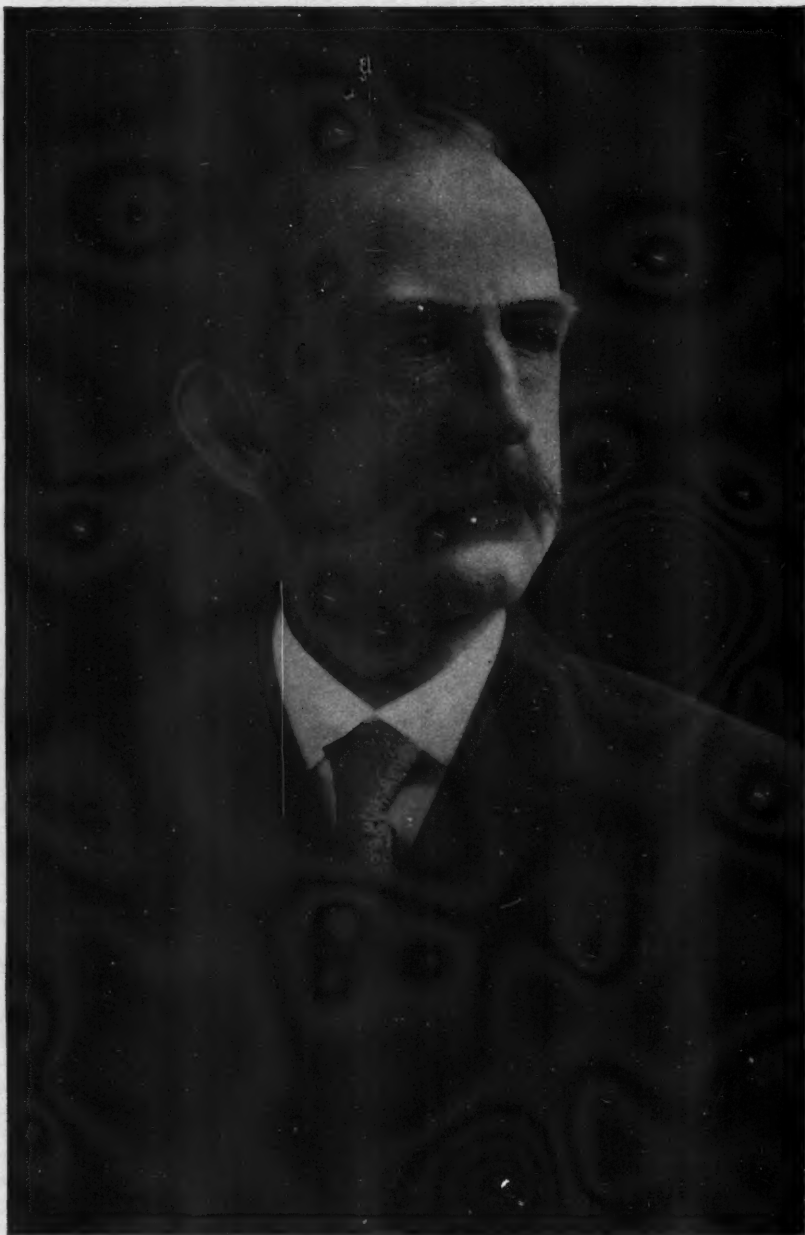
brought by Thomas A. Edison, the inventor, against Jay Gould, which has recently been dismissed by the United States circuit court of appeals. Until the disposal of this case it was claimed that Mr. Edison had an idea that he had, at least in law, discovered perpetual motion.

The suit dates back to 1876, when it was alleged that Mr. Edison and Joseph C. Reiff turned over to Jay Gould inventions relating to automatic, duplex and quadruplex telegraphy for certain shares of stock.



ALBERT WALLER GILCHRIST
Governor of Florida

The company refused to deliver the stock, and following the trial of the case in the Federal courts, the matter was still unsettled at the time the company went out of existence and Jay Gould was no more. During the thirty-five years that the case was on the docket, many eminent lawyers appeared on both sides. The case is now set aside by the Court of Appeals because of a technicality. This suit, which has outlived all the original attorneys and litigants save Mr. Edison, has been appealed to the United States Supreme Court. The progress of this case, lasting for more than a third of a century, would indicate an interminable legal process, suggestive of perpetual motion.



SENATOR W. MURRAY CRANE OF MASSACHUSETTS

SPEAKING of leadership, one cannot overlook Senator W. Murray Crane of Massachusetts, whose solid common sense and quiet tact have healed many a breach in party affairs. If there ever was a roll-call on which Senator Crane was not thoroughly informed, it has not been recorded. He sits quietly in the back row and casts his eye about the chamber and over the cloak room when the bells are rung to announce a rollcall.

The punctilious care with which he always guards the interest of the commonwealth and the long hours of arduous and concentrated effort that are given to his work have long ago placed Senator Crane among the busiest men at the Capitol.

Massachusetts is proud of her junior Senator, and few men have ever filled his position with greater honor or possessed so absolutely the confidence of the people.

* * *

NOTWITHSTANDING a very decided non-concurrence with the recent decisions in the trust cases by the Supreme Court, Justice Harlan still remains one of the most forcible members of the Court. During a recent trip to New York to visit his great-grandchildren, he addressed the legislature of the Empire state. The optimism of the "grand old man" of the Supreme bench, and his abiding and sure faith in the people ring with no uncertain sound and are expressed in these words:

"I am one of those," he said, "who believe that there is more than is commonly supposed in those words

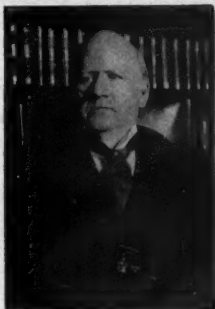
in our constitution in its preamble, when it speaks of this government being ordained 'by the people of the United States.' The people mean what is right, and the most

certain thing in all the public affairs of this country is, that if you will give the people time to think and discuss the public questions set fully and fairly before them, their final judgment is better than the judgment of any political convention or any smaller body of men."

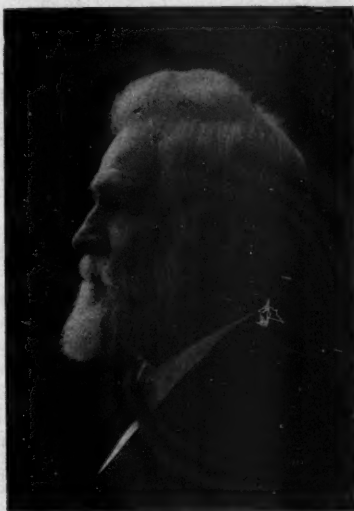
* * *

INVESTIGATIONS are the order of the day at Washington. Everything in sight is being investigated. The accumulation of testimony makes interesting summer reading matter, for it is gathered in without the restrictions of court-room evidence. Hearings, and overhearings on telephones, and what this one says to some one else—all things come to light. Fragments of conversation make a congressional hearing much more spicy than a dreary court record and words as biting and pregnant with personal feeling as are

credited to the most approved village gossip can go without interruption in a hearing. The purpose of digging out campaign material through these investigations is stimulating a zest in disclosing things that the original judicial "probe" would not produce. The hot weather has an appropriate temperature for the grilling process—and a grill it has been. Family feuds, personal altercations, business duels and commercial intrigues are brought forth in the colloquial testimony that has all the dialogical snap of



JUSTICE HARLAN



GALUSHA ANDERSON

Whose satire on "Why I am not an LL.D." appears in this issue of the NATIONAL

what is known in booksellers' parlance as a "best seller."

In the Steel Trust investigation Judge Gary promulgated his startling ideas on business regulations which should effect needed changes without bickerings and misunderstandings. Dramatic interest attended the paper trust investigation, which involved the all-absorbing subject of reciprocity. In the investigation of the sugar trust the name of ex-President Roosevelt

"hearing" is not preserved in public documents, but is printed only for the members of the committee. Otherwise the crypt of the Capitol could not hold the records of investigations which have played so prominent a part in the extra session.

* * *

HOW often one is impressed at Washington with the art of a legislator! Observations of the large number of new



MISS GRAYNELLA PACKER, FIRST WOMAN WIRELESS OPERATOR ON AN OCEAN LINER. She began her duties as wireless operator on the Clyde Line steamer Mohawk; she is 22 years of age, and had been manager of the Postal Telegraph office at Sanford, Florida

was brought in to recall recent history. The "hearings" have been heard "around the world," and Europe has never found the cable dispatches more interesting.

There may have been dull days in the routine proceedings of Congress this summer, but the investigations will serve a salutary purpose, even if they do not always bring forth definite results. One Congressman has already entered a resolution to investigate baseball, insisting with all the fervor of a "fan" that the "strikes" in the baseball diamond are annoying to American citizens. What is said in a

Congressmen show that there is such a thing as apprenticeship in Congress that is altogether different from the "training" among constituents at home. Often a Congressman goes to Washington with an unqualified endorsement from the home folks and yet finds himself wellnigh hopeless at the Capitol.

It takes both time and a peculiar temperament to create a leadership in Congress, and many a good, sincere and patriotic man who has effected many reforms in his home district finds that in Washington he is but a "round peg in a square hole."

The most invulnerable strength at home seems not to count at the Capitol; the Congressman, like all other workmen, must go through a course of training, never sure until it is complete whether or not he will attain success, and time of service always seems to count more than any other one thing.

* * *

ICE coolers in the corridors of the Office Building did effective service during the hot days in Washington for the thirsty ones, for it has been many years since intoxicating liquors were sold in the Capitol, and now naturally everything turns to ice water pure and simple. The spring water bills have attracted the attention of investigators, who feel that expensive spring water should be consumed sparingly. One Senator, hearing of the high water bill for the preceding month, shrugged his shoulders nonchalantly, and suggested that if expenses must be cut, it would be well for the government to buy a spring somewhere and pipe it to the Capitol. "Or let us take malaria from imbibing in the muddy waters of the Potomac," he continued, sarcastically. A discussion followed on the improved conditions of health in the capital city since the people drank the filtered Potomac aqua or spring water. "Well, let the spring water flow, then," replied the investigator, "but get busy and cool something—my temper is rising with the temperature."

There are no soda fountains in the Capitol, which make the refreshing tanks of spring water all the more deeply appreciated by the throngs of visitors who have been in Washington during the summer months to watch proceedings at the extra session.

* * *

NOW and then a new story will pop out concerning Mark Twain during his last days at Washington, when he was actively lobbying for the copyright bill.

A young newspaper man had requested an interview "to get some facts" about the bill, and the imperturbable Twain shook his hand with his usual grave countenance. Said he, "Now, we are trying to have a law passed—and we would like to enlist

your services. Don't tell facts—they are strange—just embellish—it isn't necessary for you to read the law—merely to write—



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WASHINGTON, D. C.

L. L. COFTANZOGLU

Charge D'Affaires of Greece. He is very active in stamping out the epidemic of meningitis in Greece. Twelve hundred dollars worth of serum has been sent to the island from the Rockefeller Institute.

about it. Facts are not important; it's votes we want. Nothing so damages a bill—before Congress—as lack of votes—never mind facts. We want the bill passed;



STATUE OF BENITO JUAREZ ERECTED AT MONTEREY, MEXICO, BY
GENERAL BERNARDO REYES

newspapers are not published to tell all the truth—all the while. There must be variety.

"Now you really don't need to know—about the bill—all you need to know is that—we want the bill passed. Newspaper men are like some illustrators—who—never read—the stories they—illustrate. Don't bother about such incidental things—as pure facts—go ahead and write—the story. The story is—the thing."

The result of Samuel T. Clemens' work in Washington during the last years of his life is bringing more than a million dollars



LAURITS S. SWENSON

Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to Norway, former American Minister to Switzerland

a year in extra royalties to the brother authors for whom he fought and won so valiant a contest.

* * *

RECOGNITION of individual voices by skilled experts is one of the marvels of modern telephony. There are branch operators who immediately and intuitively know who is on the other end of the wire, and without even a formal verification,

by asking "Is this Mr. Blank calling?" pass along the word of introduction.

Sometimes, however, the plan works awry. A well-known young Congressman had been holding a great many conferences with a senior member on certain committee matters. Washington society was aware of the fact that the senior Congressman had a winsome daughter, and there was



MAX HEINRICH OF NEW YORK

The great authority on music and author of "The Science of Singing"

many a smile at the young legislator's assiduity in continuing "committee meetings" at the senior member's home.

Regularly the young legislator called up the Congressman's house, and this particular time the "meeting" report had progressed to the stage of soft and gentle intonation. This ought to have been a clue to the cruel operator girl—but she didn't understand. So when he called up the house and began with a dulcet "Hello" that should have indicated "who" was wanted, the telephone girl put the father on the wire instead of the daughter.

Father was astonished to find that the past conferences had been of so little value,

and to be addressed in endearing terms over the 'phone by a systematic and dignified young colleague—this was too much for the senior Congressman, and he said as he slapped on the trumpet, "I thought you got the numbers wrong on that last report. Try some other member with that

title one day when Congressman McCall was visiting him in the executive office.

"I see they're calling you 'Reciprocity Sam,'" remarked the President, with a bland smile as the Massachusetts Congressman took his leave.

"I disclaim the title," retorted McCall, with a sweeping bow, "since our President is destined to go down in history as 'Old Reciprocity.'"

Mr. McCall, who represents the Harvard University district, has always been intense in his independence, and has definite



HON. JAMES M. COX
Congressman from the Third Ohio district

soft talk. It won't go with me." Then the young Congressman realized his sad mistake, and now makes his "conference" calls without any pretensions of interest in committee work.

* * *

THE fight in the House on the Canadian reciprocity agreement, the passage of which has been so continually and ardently urged by the President, was led by Congressman Samuel W. McCall of Massachusetts. Jokes about reciprocity are going the rounds at the Capital, and the President himself attempted a reciprocal



HON. JOSEPH E. RANSDALL
Congressman from the Fifth Louisiana district

ideals of true democracy. He is an ardent admirer of the late Speaker Thomas B. Reed, whom he considers one of the brightest lights that ever illumined Congressional halls.

* * *

AS early as 8.30 I found Secretary Charles Dewey Hilles at work in the midst of the Executive correspondence that would have staggered a mail-order house, but the desk was neatly arranged



Courtesy of the Pan American Union

THE DEDICATION EXERCISES IN THE HALL OF REPUBLICS OF THE PAN AMERICAN UNION BUILDING, WASHINGTON, D. C.
Those on the platform include: Senator Root, Cardinal Gibbons, Secretary Knox, President Taft, Ambassador de la Barra of Mexico, Mr. Carnegie, Bishop Harding,
Director General Barret and Mr. Albert Kelsey

and adorned with a fresh bouquet of flowers from the White House conservatory. The genial smile of the Secretary reflected the sunny spirit of his chief. Even at this time there had accumulated a pile of letters almost a foot high that had all been signed by him and were ready for the mail. It looked as if the secretary had remained up all night, in order to have a good start on the day's work before the visitors began to pour in at the average rate of two hundred per day. Mr. Hilles always



HON. JOHN SHARP WILLIAMS

Mississippi's new United States Senator, who formerly represented the Eighth Congressional district

makes friends among those associated with him, and he is greatly esteemed, for a chat with the Secretary makes the visitor feel that he had seen the President in person, and the hour's conference is condensed to a few minutes by getting matters directly to the President with all the facts and evidence for decision.

SACCHARIN, according to a decision issued by the Secretary of Agriculture, is not to be used in food products after

July 1. The decision affects various classes of prepared foods, and soft drinks, sweet pickles, jellies, jams and in some instances beer. The Referee Board of Consulting Scientific Experts reports that the use of saccharin is likely to impair digestion, and that its addition as a substitute for sugar reduces food value.

Uncle Sam insists that his sweet tooth shall not be deceived, yet while the government is forbidding the use of saccharin in foods, the doctors are prescribing its use for such invalids as cannot use sugar.

The purpose of the government decision, however, is to preclude such a free use of saccharin in food as to become a deleterious agent.

* * *

FOR many years a certain desk in the Senate chamber has been coveted by John Sharp Williams of Mississippi, and his wish will be realized in taking the seat formerly occupied by Jefferson Davis in the Upper House.

This desk of the one-time President of the Confederacy is perhaps of more historic interest than any other in the Senate. It is still disfigured with the bayonet marks made during the war by Union soldiers who attempted to destroy it. Some members, however, insist that many of its scars came from Senator Tillman's pitchfork.

Southern visitors, especially, always insist upon having this desk pointed out to them, and it seems fitting that it should be occupied by a Senator hailing from the commonwealth of Mississippi, Jefferson Davis' home state.

Senator Williams was most heartily welcomed back to active public life by many Senators who were formerly his colleagues in the House.

* * *

LARGE audiences and a lively interest always characterize Supreme Court sessions when it is expected that Chief Justice White is to deliver a decision. On such occasions, he speaks in a soft, musical voice, and seems to be endowed with the faculty of making dry subject matter interesting. But his gestures are what especially distinguish the speaking of the Chief



THE BEAUTIFUL ART WINDOW IN THE BELMONT CHAPEL, CATHEDRAL
OF SAINT JOHN, NEW YORK CITY

Courtesy of Church Glass & Decorating Co.



A TYPICAL VIEW IN THE ISLE OF PINES

This island possesses the most salubrious climate, and fever, plague and other ills have passed it by. The average temperature for the year is 78 degrees. The air is balsamic with the resinous fragrance of piny woods.—*Photo by American Photo Company from an illustration in the book "Cuba" by Irene A. Wright; copyright, 1910, by The Macmillan Co.*



SAN JUAN HILL

San Juan Hill is within easy walking distance from the end of one of the street car lines. Enroute, is passed the "Peace Tree." The handsomest school building in Cuba stands on the road leading down from San Juan Hill.—*Photo by American Photo Company from an illustration in the book "Cuba," by Irene A. Wright; copyright, 1910, by The Macmillan Co.*

Justice. He gesticulates with the inimitable ease and grace of the impassioned French gentleman and moves his hands and arms continually, whether he stands or sits, although every movement seems to fit naturally with his words as if in emphasis, or word embellishment.

Associate Justice Hughes is also an eloquent and accomplished speaker, but oratory does not as a rule play a very important part in the Supreme Court, for the delivery of a decision is an occasion calling for the most matter-of-fact verbiage.



W. E. HARRINGTON
President of the Midland Pennsylvania Railroad

HE came into the cloak room looking like a veteran of many wars. There was a plaster above his eyes, one below his eyes, and a liberal instalment of plaster on his chin. He held up a warning finger to those who smiled as he explained, sadly and softly, "I shaved."

"It looks like it," remarked a brother Senator cynically.

"Hear me to the end," went on the battered hero, "it—it was a safety razor."

"You must have been trying to shave your eyebrows, then."

The warrior glowered. "Sir," he said, "I attempted to shave my face—with a safety razor. It was when I returned from a banquet and the impulse came in a moment. 'Twould save a session with the barber in the morning—"



Forney
Clinedinst GUS KARGER
One of the prominent members of Washington's newspaper cabinet

"Ah," said an old-time Southern Senator sympathetically, "the old-fashioned razor would never butcher man's countenance thus.

"Yes, give us the old-fashioned razor, forsooth, because in the stropping of the razor there is a musical rhythm suggestive of sabres passing to and fro. And then, moreover, does not the stropping of the razor represent beneficial and necessary exercise?" He continued to pay touching and eloquent tribute to the merits of the old-fashioned razor and put a kindly arm about the shoulder of the be-plastered victim of the safety's wiles as they passed on.

The GUEST OF HONOR

By William Hodge.
"The Man From Home"

Copyright 1911, by Chapple Publishing Company, Limited

SYNOPSIS—John Weatherbee, author and poet, comes to New York with his four-year-old adopted son, Jack, and takes rooms at Wartle's boarding house. As finances dwindle, he keeps moving up until the "top floor back" is reached. Amid persistent dunning of Wartle, the landlord, and Mrs. Murray, the housekeeper, Weatherbee is kept in spirits by Warner, a blind newspaper man, who assures the young man that some day he will be famous. Weatherbee becomes rapturous in describing to Warner the girl who recited his prize verse at the exclusive "Ten Club." The same afternoon this young lady, Miss Rosamond Kent, calls personally to urge him to attend a luncheon. Weatherbee introduces himself as his own secretary. Rosamond recognizes a photograph of her sister Marguerite on Weatherbee's table, and later informs her mother. Rosamond's father, "Dick Kent," a Wall Street broker, objects to his daughter entertaining an unknown author, and when Weatherbee arrives, Kent practically dismisses him, but not until Rosamond has learned from Weatherbee, who admits his identity, that the original of the photograph she saw at his studio is dead. Meantime, Wartle and Mrs. Murray conclude to get married, but Weatherbee is forced to vacate his rooms or pay his rent. Just as he is leaving, Rosamond calls, learns that Jack is her sister's son and takes him home with her. After making arrangements to visit her sister's grave with Weatherbee later, a publisher then appears on the scene and buys one of Weatherbee's books, paying \$500 on account. Weatherbee re-rents his room and sets out to find Warner. The advent of the check is duly celebrated. Little Jack in the Kent home wins every heart, even to that of the gruff Wall-Street magnate, who discovers that Jack is his grandson. Wartle and Mrs. Murray are married amid much pomp and display.

CHAPTER XXI



THISBY made his usual four o'clock Sunday call at the Kent Mansion and when the butler informed him that Miss Helen was resting, he handed the colored gentleman his hat and cane, lighted a cigarette, presented the burned end of the match to the bewildered servant and walked leisurely into the library.

It had taken Mrs. Kent and Rosamond some time to fully explain the importance of the present situation to Helen and convince her that it was not only wise, but absolutely necessary to let Mr. Kent and Jack have the entire house to themselves. It was not quite clear to her why

they should occupy the entire establishment, but she was pleased to grant their request, so buried her undisturbed mind between the pages of an interesting book and refused to see anyone.

With the hat, cane and burned match in his hand, the butler stood in an amazed attitude mumbling over the orders he had received from Mrs. Kent and Rosamond.

"We can see no one. No matter who calls we are not at home."

"Those are the words an' they cer'nly meant 'em fo' they said 'em over an' over free times. I'll inform him jus' once mo' an' if he don't go I'll repo't the case to Mrs. Kent and she'll sure 'nough take

that young gen'man by the ear an' make him go home!"

When he reached the library door and found Thisby sprawled out on the divan reading a magazine and puffing clouds of cigarette smoke up at the ceiling, his courage weakened and he was unable to find words to express his thoughts.

After he had gazed at the picture for some few seconds, the magazine was lowered just enough to permit Thisby to throw a bored glance over the top of its pages.

"Do you wish anything, Joe?" and he arranged the pillows underneath his head and continued reading.

"Mis'er Thisby, the ladies lef' pa'tic'ler o'da's that they can see no one today."

"Don't bother about me, dear old boy. I'll just sort of kill time here 'till they come down to dinner. Get me a glass of water, that's a dear old chap. Hurry now, I'm beastly thirsty. Run along now like a good fellow!"

The request was acknowledged by a polite bow, but the queer old feet shuffled their way to Mrs. Kent's door and when she saw the black figure standing before her with a straw hat in one hand and a cane in the other, she pronounced the guest's name before it was announced.

"Mass Kent, I tol' 'em an' tol' 'em that he couldn' see anyone, but he jus' walk right in an' lay 'e'self right down on the divan in the library."

"I'll see him, Joe." Her quiet dignified tone assured the servant that he had nothing to do but wait at the door and hand the gentleman his hat and cane.

Thisby jumped to his feet and extended his hand when Mrs. Kent entered the room and she received it in both of hers and patted it gently.

"Helen is resting, my dear, and she can't see you this afternoon."

"But, bless you, I am going to be a good sort and wait here until she comes down to dinner. I don't mind it a bit, don't you know."

"No, you run home and if Mr. Kent goes to his office tomorrow, you may come over then. You do this for me. Mr. Kent is entertaining a guest today and we want him to have the house to himself," and he was coaxed to the front door with

Mrs. Kent's arm about his shoulders, assisting him each step of the way.

"Why doesn't the Governor take his guests to his club and entertain them? The idea of wanting a whole house to himself just to chatter about a lot of stocks and such truck and having other people get off the earth, so to speak. It's an awful bore—really it is, don't you know! My dear Mrs. Kent, you have my hat on wrong end to. Please allow me to put on my own hat—and please, Joe, you silly ass, don't stick that cane in my face. I've never been treated as rudely as this in all my life—it's anything but civil, and I shall tell mother about it at once!"

Joe chuckled to himself as he watched the small figure hasten down the steps. "He am cer'nly the mos' nerry pusion that ever called at a house wifout a gun."

Though Rosamond spent most of the afternoon gazing out through the window of her room, her mind was far from the moving panorama on the street below. The hundreds of automobiles passing in either direction and the tooting of their horns claimed no part of her attention. Her elbow rested on the arm of the chair, her flushed cheek lay in her hand and the big, soft eyes stared at Weatherbee's tall figure as she left it standing in the center of the little room when she hurried down the stairs with Jack in her arms.

She had met him three times and she possessed a mental photograph of each meeting and they were before her constantly, they stood directly in front of anything she attempted to look at. A feeble smile lingered about her lips as she closed her eyes and listened to his description of himself when he posed as Mr. Weatherbee's secretary, but the smile darted away and left the lips trembling when she saw him standing in her father's presence and heard him measure each word and in a low dignified tone say, "I am Mr. Weatherbee." She viewed each photograph over and over and unconsciously whispered through the lines of his poem. She formed an imaginary picture of his life in the little garret room with Jack. She saw him sewing the clumsy patches on the child's gingham dress while it dreamed its infant dreams on the tiny bed-couch. She saw him bending

over the rough wooden table by a small lamp writing the poem that she was whispering to herself. She thought of the tomorrow and of their meeting; she pictured their visit to the lonely grave of her sister. The words of the poem left her lips and they trembled as her long, dark lashes were slowly lowered into the tears that filled her eyes. Her mind traveled swiftly from one scene to the other and while her heart was cheering the noble character of the man who had cared for the lost one and her baby, he was passing her window on the top of a Fifth Avenue bus.

The noisy vehicle hadn't rattled its way far up the crowded street before Kent's big French motor rolled up to the door. She grew frightened when she caught the first glimpse of her father gathering the little bundle in his arms as if it were glass, and she flew out of the room and was at the front door in time to open it and inquire if the child was ill.

"No, the little rascal is sleeping," Kent whispered and he tiptoed into the library and took particular pains to lay the little figure in a position to prevent the light from striking his eyes.

To hear her father lower his heavy voice to a whisper was such a surprise to Rosamond that she stood at the door somewhat dazed. She watched him touch the toes of his shoes to the floor and tried to remember if she had ever seen him walk as gently before. She had never heard him whisper before. The heavy voice was never pitched in a gentle key for anyone's ear, and the thick soles of his shoes had never touched ground ahead of the heels before.

Her surprise was many times multiplied when she peeked into the library and saw him unlacing the little worn shoes with the hope of making the child's dream more peaceful.

Her attempt to enter the room and become a third party was a failure, for as soon as her father saw her, he ordered her away by waving his hand quickly and making a face that no one would dare approach, so she obeyed the signal, departed quietly, hastened up the stairs that didn't squeak and gave her mother

a detailed description of what she had seen.

While the child slumbered, Kent moved about the room noiselessly. He stepped into the drawing room to light his cigar to prevent the sound of the exploding match from waking the youngster. The scratching of a match had been carefully avoided in the child's presence, but his constant association with cigars made him forget that the odor of the smoke might prove objectionable to some people. Jack had grown up with a pipe, but he was not accustomed to strong, expensive cigars.

Kent closed the door gently, drew a large chair close to the divan, counted the curls, studied the delicacy of the little features and hurled clouds of smoke at the ceiling. After he had succeeded in completely filling the room, Jack acknowledged the fact by coughing boisterously and fanning the smoke from his face with his tiny hands. After he had sniffed and fanned for several seconds, Kent realized that the room was a solid cloud of smoke. The door and windows were quickly opened.

Jack raised himself to a sitting position, sniffed a few times and appeared to be greatly amused.

"That must be the kind of vegetable that dad says always smells while it is being cooked."

"Does your dad smoke cigars?"

"No, he can't afford to smoke cigars. He has to smoke a pipe."

"Do you like the odor of a pipe better than you do a cigar?"

"Yes, I like the odor of dad's pipe, but I don't like Mr. Wartle's pipe—it smells dreadfully. It is nearly as bad as your cigar."

The innocent frankness pleased Kent greatly and he smiled pleasantly as he thought of a thirty-five cent cigar being referred to as a vegetable.

"You think pretty well of your dad, don't you?"

"Yes sir," was the prompt reply. "I love dad better than all of the whole world put together over and over and over and over."

"Well, don't you like me?"

"Yes, I like you a lot."

"Why do you like me? Because I gave you an automobile ride?"

"Maybe."

"Well, why do you like your dad? He hasn't any automobile."

"No, but he rides me on his back."

"Yes, but that isn't as nice as riding in an automobile, is it?"

"Yes, it is. I would rather ride on my dad's back than in your automobile."

"Would you rather live in the little room away upstairs with your dad than live here with me and ride in my automobile?"

"Yes, I'd rather live any place with dad than live any place without him."

"Wouldn't you like to live here and have Mrs. Kent for your mamma?"

"No."

"I could ride you on my back."

"Yes, but you wouldn't be dad."

Kent pushed his hands into the pockets of his trousers, walked to the window and stood chewing the end of his cigar, repeating to himself the words of the child's last speech: "Yes, but you wouldn't be dad!" The man with the iron will, who controlled millions of dollars and referred to as the man who held Wall Street under his thumb, the man who had never known defeat, stood with an aching heart begging for the love of an infant who sat before him in a little patched gingham dress, innocently defying all his wealth and power. He stared through the window and the glass seemed to magnify the picture he had dreamed of for so many years—one that he had ceased hoping for—one that his millions couldn't buy—a boy—just a baby boy. The sharp, keen eyes softened as they gazed blankly up at the blue sky, and they closed when imagination forced them to believe they saw the face of the baby's mother passing before them draped in a pale blue cloud. The cigar fell from the heavy lips unnoticed and the broad shoulders were drawn nearer the ears than they had ever been before.

Jack sat quietly through the long silence until he saw the burning cigar fall to the floor. "Here is your cigar," and he held it before Kent, but he made no attempt to take it and Jack tugged playfully at his big hand until he drew it from the

trouser pocket and he placed it between the first and second finger, and Kent smiled faintly as he watched him trying to push the heavy hand up to his face, but the cigar didn't reach his lips; he tossed it into the ash receiver and took Jack on his knee and wound the curls about his finger.

"Why did you throw that big cigar away? There was a lot there to smoke yet."

"I don't want to smoke, I would rather visit with you."

"Why did you let your cigar fall on the floor?"

"I don't know—I guess I was dreaming."

"People can't dream when they're standing up wide awake."

"Yes they can, that is what they call 'day dreaming.'"

"What were you dreaming?"

"I was dreaming of something I have never had—I was dreaming—I was dreaming of a little boy like you." He pressed the curly head to his breast and meant to pat it gently, but Jack squinted each time the large hand touched him.

"Do you know what I would do if I had a bright little boy like you?"

"No."

"Well, I would send him away to school and after he graduated I would teach him to run my business and I would give him a half interest in it, and he and I would be partners—partners for life! Don't you think that would be fun?"

The reply was a long silence and he rambled on painting the picture he was mapping out in his own mind for the lad he was rocking to and fro on his knee. He had unconsciously softened his touch and when he peeked under his hand, the big blue eyes were closed and he was dreaming of another picture—his picture—the picture that was painted on the memory of childhood—his dad—the little garret room—the cat—the picture book—and the broken rocking horse.

CHAPTER XXII

Jack was tucked away on the divan and slept quietly, while Kent paced softly from the closed door to the window, stopping each time he passed the tiny

figure to gaze down into the face that seemed to him like a living shadow of the one he saw veiled in the blue cloud. He repeated to himself each word the child had uttered regarding his dad. "Dad rides me on his back," he whispered, and he shook his head in admiration for the little man who had unconsciously displayed the sincerity of his great love for the only father he had ever known. "Yes, but you wouldn't be dad," he thoughtlessly muttered aloud while he sauntered to the window, but he stared at the floor, he didn't look up, he didn't look out of the window.

He sank in his office chair, leaned his elbows on the desk and rested his head on his hands. "He's full of red blood—he's a soldier—he's made of steel—he'd break before he'd bend." He tried to banish the note of jealousy he felt tingling through his mind, when he saw the one thing he wanted to possess clinging to another. He sketched his home in the garret, but it was a palace in comparison to the little room in which the child had spent its life.

He thought of the opportunities he could place before the child, of the opportunities he would place before him if he could persuade him to accept them. Jack's politeness, his perfect manners, his humor and wonderful wisdom told of his careful training and had forced Kent to respect Weatherbee, though in his heart he envied him. He begrudged him the love that was buried in the baby dozing on the divan. He wondered why that love hadn't been given to him, and after he had studied over the situation a short time he realized that he had cruelly pushed and kicked it away. "But I'll get it—I'll earn it," he growled and he swung the big chair around quickly and stared at the little figure and sighed—"You are my boy—my blood flows in your veins. You are my boy—my boy. Your father is dead—your mother is dead. I'll make you love me. I'll make you rich—I'll make you my son."

Richard Kent never started on a journey until he had carefully laid out his route, and when he started he had never been known to turn back until the end was reached. His keen eye saw at once that

he was not facing a business proposition—it was different from anything he had ever come in contact with and it would have to be treated differently. The possession of the child would have to be gained with affection. He knew from his short acquaintance with Weatherbee that money would not figure. "It's a problem," he whispered, "but I'll work it out!"

Jack's nap was interrupted by Rosamond, who took possession of him long enough to sponge the little face and hands, arrange the curls and prepare him for dinner, during which few words were spoken. Rosamond broke the monotonous silence on two occasions by asking Jack if he had a nice nap, but he always answered the time-worn question with the same words.

"I don't know, I can never tell how I sleep after I go to sleep because I don't know anything until I wake up."

The reply brought a smile to Kent's face each time, though he didn't enter into the conversation. He excused himself long before the others had finished and paused at the door just long enough to request Rosamond to step into the library before she retired.

She found it quite necessary to do considerable coaxing before she succeeded to get Jack to don Helen's night dress.

"I know it is a girl's night-gown. I can tell by the ribbons and all this knitting around the neck."

She assured him the knitting was lace, but he informed her that knitting and lace were just the same, only lace was made of thread instead of yarn.

"They never put knitting or lace on a man's night-gown. This is just like the ones they have on the girl dolls in the store windows!"

"Well, you wear this tonight and I'll get you some nice pajamas tomorrow."

"With pockets in them?"

"Yes, with great large pockets in them."

The promise sent him to bed cheerfully, and while he was repeating the Lord's prayer, he stopped to decide on the color.

"May I have blue ones?"

"You may have any color you want."

"I like blue best—where did I leave off?"

"Perhaps you had better start from the beginning."

"No, it takes too long. I know where it was."

He omitted a few sentences, but the mistake was an unconscious one and was excused by Rosamond, who was quite busy concealing her laughter. The long ride in the auto had made him unusually sleepy and the "Amen" was spoken with a yawn and the curly head had scarcely struck the pillow before he was fast asleep. Rosamond, who was always eager to obey her father's request, went to the library at once.

He explained the object of the meeting immediately. He sat at his desk fumbling with a few pieces of paper and without facing her or raising his head, asked her how she happened to meet Weatherbee. The question proved an embarrassing one, but she had always answered any question he had ever asked her and she had never told him a falsehood, so, in as few words as possible, she related the entire story including her engagement with him on the following day.

He listened silently with his head bent over the desk clinching one hand in the other when he heard of Marguerite's death and how she had been buried by the man he had ordered from his house. The tears fell from his eyes onto his clinched hands and he made no attempt to stop them, for each tear that fell seemed to relieve the swelling in his breast. With his unsteady hand he wrote Weatherbee's address on the paper wet with his own tears. "That is all, my dear. Leave me now, I want to think. Good-night." She bade him good-night and left the heavy figure crouched over the desk sobbing like a child.

She left the room bewildered. Her mind seemed to swim. She was unable to understand her father's attitude. She had seen him cry for the first time in her life. Her sister's name had not been mentioned in his presence for years. He had ordered her photograph to be destroyed or taken away. The one which held a place on his desk he had torn to pieces and thrown into the waste basket and now the sound of her name brought the heavy bellowing voice to a sympathetic whisper

and the strong, rigid figure withered and shrunk before the story of her death as a pansy shrinks and withers in a hail storm.

She sat on the arm of a large chair in the drawing room and tried to form some idea of his intentions, but she was unable to fathom the depths of his silence. She went to the library expecting a prolonged conversation about Jack, but his name had not been mentioned. She reviewed his questions and found he had talked of no one but Weatherbee. She hadn't noticed him make a written memorandum of his address and she found it impossible to foresee even a faint shadow of his plan.

Kent glanced at the slip of paper containing the Twenty-ninth Street number, pushed it into the upper pocket of his waistcoat, filled his cigar case with fresh cigars and ordered the servant to bring him his hat.

"Shall I o'da de mota, sah?"

"No, Joe. I am not going far and I want to walk."

"Yas, sah."

The black derby hat was pulled down over the left eye, the long cigar squeezed tightly between the heavy lips, the large head hung as if the eyes were studying something on the floor and the hands were crowded far down into the pockets of his trousers. He did not see Rosamond seated in the large chair and her soft voice startled him when she asked where he was going.

"Just for a little walk," he replied with a heavy sigh. "Just for a little walk."

He stood on the steps wondering if the man whom he had ordered from his house would allow him to enter his small room in the garret. "I'll give him the opportunity, anyway," he muttered to himself. "It's a funny world," he thought as he hastened along Fifth Avenue.

He stopped at the salutation of the first beggar and gave him the first coin his fingers touched and he held another in his hand ready to grant the next request. He had been a resident of Fifth Avenue for many years, though the sidewalk and his feet were strangers. Memory couldn't recall the time when he had sauntered along the street before.

There were few people in sight and only now and then a poor devil appeared in a

dark shadow between the lights to ask for the price of a night's lodging and none were refused. The importance of Wall Street and all of its associates were forgotten. "Dick" Kent was as near nature as the thick stone walls would permit anyone to get, but the large slabs seemed friendly, the night air seemed soft and soothing and the stars twinkled as if they were trying to outshine the artificial lights that were buzzing and struggling beneath them.

The night acted strangely to him, but it was in its usual mind and behaving perfectly, but his eyes had never viewed it from a quiet street at that hour before. He was the stranger, but he was not aware of the fact. Something had broken through the callous which business had wrapped around his heart—something had touched it. The patched gingham dress, the curls and the big, blue eyes had brought him down from the high wind where he had been soaring above humanity. They sent tears through the cold, keen eyes, they had swept the thought of money out of a mind that was so relieved by its absence that it couldn't account for his feeling. He had touched earth and the sensation puzzled him. He was ready to shake hands with the world, yet he was unable to understand why he was happy.

When he reached the steps of Wartle's house, the Sweeney boys were removing the dishes and informed him that he was too late.

"The at'n's over, but Oi'll stake ye to a cigar," and he offered him one of the "Sweeney Perfectos," which he accepted with a gracious smile.

"Does Mr. Weatherbee live here?"

"Oi dunno, they'll tell ye insoid."

None of the guests were acquainted with Weatherbee, so Mrs. Wartle was called and directed him to "kape goin' up 'til his head hit the roof."

He thanked her for her kind information, searched his way to the top step of the squeaking stairs, removed his hat and in a low, firm tone announced himself to John Weatherbee, who was seated at the rough wooden table pondering over one of his manuscripts by the light of a small lamp.

When he saw Kent standing with his hat in one hand, clinging to the rickety banister with the other and gasping for breath, he was not only surprised, but greatly amused. His humorous chord was immediately touched by the situation. There was no desire on his part to be discourteous, but Kent was allowed to stand at the banister while he unconsciously pushed his chair back from the table and wondered to himself if the gruff, surly gentleman had come to take his life for entering his palace, or to report his actions to the real Mr. Weatherbee.

When he became conscious that he had not asked the visitor to be seated, he apologized and begged him to accept the broken rocker, which was the best he had to offer. After climbing four flights of stairs, the offer was accepted with thanks, the heavy figure was squeezed between the arms and it squeaked tunelessly.

Kent's attitude had changed so completely that Weatherbee could scarcely believe he was in the presence of the man who appeared so arrogant a few days ago. The harsh voice that had growled and snapped at him was soft, sincere and friendly. He moved gently and quietly; there was an atmosphere of friendliness which surrounded his character that astonished Weatherbee, though he remained cool and humorously calculating. He resumed his seat behind the table, pushed the manuscript aside, turned the wick in the sputtering lamp a trifle higher, looked Kent straight in the eye and waited for him to explain his unexpected visit. A short silence followed, while each man riveted a friendly glance on the other as if it were a game of checkers, but it was Kent's move and Weatherbee sat calmly and held his eye until he spoke.

"No doubt you are wondering why I am here."

"Well, to be truthful, I wasn't expecting you."

"Well, I thought I wouldn't inform you that I was coming for fear I might not catch you in."

"That precaution wasn't necessary, Mr. Kent. I am always in to anyone who calls on me and I am not kept very busy receiving."

"You're lucky."

"That greatly depends upon the person who calls."

"There aren't many people who will climb to the garret to shake an empty hand, are there?"

The question was asked in a tone that was friendly and it drove the shadow of a faint smile to one corner of Weatherbee's mouth.

"Well, we haven't room for very many up here, and the few chairs you see seat all who call."

"Mr. Weatherbee, my daughter has told me of her acquaintance with you—how she met you—of Jack—the death of his mother—the way you cared for her during her illness and after her death. That is why I am here. I am not capable of expressing my gratitude and I know there is nothing I have or can do that would even begin to repay you for what you have done. But you are repaid—there are no numbers that can tell you how many times you are repaid, there is no form or quantity of wealth that can buy what you possess, or take it away from you. You can buy bodies and promises and lock them up and watch them, but you can't buy a child's first love—you have got to earn it. You have earned it and I can't buy it. If I could, I'd give you all I have for it. I can't steal it—if I could, I'd steal it, but I can't. I can't even lay my finger on it—I can't even touch it. What is your reward is a living, breathing monument that circumstances have put in my lap to remind me of my cruel, stubborn mistake, and while I rocked it on my knee and tried to steal its little mind away from you with automobiles and horses and promises, he told me that he would rather ride on your back than in my automobiles. I told him that I would ride him on my back and he said, 'Yes, but you wouldn't be dad,' and for the first time during the fifty-five years of my life I realized that there was something that couldn't be bought with money. It's a great pleasure to me to have an opportunity to tell you what you possess. It's the first time in my life that I have ever lost control of my tongue, but you have let me in, my mouth is open and I've got to talk. Every man who goes

through life must stumble and fall before he learns to walk carefully. I stumbled, fell and got hurt. I yelled when I should have whispered. I punched with my fist when I should have petted with my fingers. I used my foot when I should have used my heart. You have brought me face to face with my mistake and I want to do something to pay for my error—I want that boy!"

Weatherbee was quite prepared for the demand. A lonesome night and a more lonesome Sunday had given him sufficient time to study the situation over and over. He had done so and fully realized that nature would have its way; that blood would claim its own. He had become reconciled to the fact that the little arms had been unwound from about his neck forever and would soon learn to twine themselves about another and he wondered if the busy little mind would forget him, or if it would ever think of the lessons taught it at the tiny window in the garret while it was playing on the costly rugs in the Fifth Avenue mansion. His generous heart made him deeply grateful for the future he saw before Jack, and he despised himself each time he wished him back.

The four words that Kent used to make his request were uttered in a low, firm, pleading tone. He was positive in his own mind that Weatherbee would refuse to grant his request and was prepared for a friendly argument and, if necessary, a legal fight. He studied his face during the short silence; he watched the blood leave his cheeks, the color return, the sad eye melt into a soft sympathetic twinkle, and his own cheeks became swollen with astonishment when Weatherbee replied quietly: "You have him, haven't you?"

"Perhaps you don't understand me. I wish to adopt him."

"I understand you perfectly. You are only asking for what I would ask were I in your place."

He uttered each word distinctly, but he was unable to control his voice. It trembled in spite of the effort he was making to smile as he said good-bye to the one link in life that made it worth living.

The sympathetic tones of his voice melted their way through Kent's ears

and landed on his heart like lumps of lead. He watched the lips quiver and try to smile as they were framing their words. He saw the muscles of the face twitch and jerk and the trembling fingers wander to the lamp and turn its small blaze higher. He jumped to his feet, reached across the rough wooden table and yelled, "By ——— Weatherbee, I'd consider it an honor to shake your hand!"

CHAPTER XXIII

Kent's enthusiasm over what he considered a victory was for a time suppressed by astonishment at the quiet friendly way Weatherbee had surrendered to his wish. He entered the room expecting to be received as he had received the man whom he was calling on, but Weatherbee's sincere politeness staggered him, his broad-minded views puzzled him—he had jumped from the curbstone to a pedestal. Kent grunted, stuttered and struggled for words that might express his gratitude, but he found it impossible, so he clung to Weatherbee's hand and shook it until his arm was tired, then hurried away leaving him seated at the table, by the flickering lamp staring blankly at the rough wooden table.

His broad mind soon made the sad eyes twinkle and the quivering lips smile. He glanced at Jack's future and saw his walk through life paved with comfort and happiness instead of the worries and struggles that lay along the narrow path where his hand would have led him. His sad thoughts changed to happy ones, his loneliness was surrounded by mental drawings of Jack, he watched each year enlarge the imaginary sketch until the tiny tot stood before him as a man. He stuffed his pipe, lighted it and blew a peaceful ring of smoke at the painting.

The drawing room of the Kent mansion was lighted by one bulb that threw a soft golden glow over the room that resembled the last shadow of a fading sunset. Rosamond sat in the large chair during her father's absence and thought of his strange attitude until she worried herself into a troubled doze. The slamming of the door frightened her and she rose to her feet in utter astonishment as she listened

to him humming a tuneless air to himself as he sauntered through the room into the library. His eyes were dancing when they saw her appear at the door. To her great surprise she was invited to enter, urged to accept a seat and informed of his visit to Weatherbee.

"That man is all white, with a mind as broad as the ocean and as clear as crystal—he's a mountain of honor—a gentleman—I wish I could do something for that fellow, but there is nothing you can do for a man of his type but tip your hat to him."

She sat spellbound as she listened to him roar in admiration for the man whom she had spent the day dreaming of, wondering if she was over-estimating the character that stood before her as a living statue of nobleness, the smile that seemed like no other smile she had ever seen, the low gentle voice that sounded like a human note she had never heard.

Kent only paused long enough to get his breath and announce his plans regarding Jack. "The first thing to do is to get him some clothes. You don't know anything about what a boy should wear, though, so I'll attend to that myself. I'll take him after breakfast and get the clothes, and he's got to have some things to play with—there's nothing up in that nursery but girl's toys. He won't play with those foolish things, but I'll get those myself, you don't know anything about those. You just have everything taken right out of that nursery and I'll fit it up for him. I'll attend to that myself. I'll have a trapeze put up there and one of those electric saddle horses and soldiers, fire-wagons and a menagerie—big toy animals and things of that sort. I'll have a man come and fit it up. You can't expect a boy that is a boy to sit around and play with his thumbs. Why, it's foolish to think of such a thing. Boys who are educated to do those things grow up and develop into lace handkerchiefs like Thisby."

Rosamond made no attempt to offer any suggestions, for she fully realized how useless it would be, so she listened with a great deal of amusement to his excited conversation that was developing into a heated argument with himself.

"We've got to get a governess at once,

but it is too late to see about that to-night. I'll attend to that myself tomorrow. I want an American governess with an American head on her, who knows something about America and can talk about it and teach a child something about it. This idea of putting an American child in the hands of a French governess and teaching it a foreign language before it can say 'thank you' in its own tongue is an insult to our country. Thisby is a specimen for you. He broke in here one day and wanted me to decide a bet for him. He was betting with Helen that Abe Lincoln was a Russian. I guess I'll have some men come up here and take Jack's measurement and have a lot of clothes, hats and shoes and things sent here. It will be much easier to try them on that way—but I'll attend to that. Don't you bother about anything. I won't go to the office tomorrow. I'll stay right here and arrange everything. You see, my dear, you or your mother have never been associated with boys, and it is only natural that you don't understand them. Boys are much different from girls and must be cared for differently. I'll teach you just what to do and make it very easy for you when I am at the office."

She was taken by the hand, led to the door, patted gently on the shoulder and ordered to bed as if she were four years of age. She answered the order with a smile and went to her room dreaming of the tomorrow.

Monday proved an unusually busy day for everyone. Weatherbee was at the bank before its doors were opened and was compelled to get one of the publishers to identify him before he succeeded in getting his check cashed. After each creditor was paid in full, the pawn-broker was greeted with a broad smile and a cordial shake of the hand. "I have come to rent my clothes of you for awhile," he said casually.

Both arms were filled with as many clothes as he could carry and after several trips were made his belongings were scattered about the garret room. A bluish-gray summer suit, hosiery of the same color, low tan shoes, a dark blue tie and a white straw hat were chosen. The

barber was visited for the first time in many weeks, the manicure was requested to hurry, his watch was put to work and when he was dismissed from the chair he had forty minutes before his appointment with Rosamond Kent. A slight gnawing at his stomach reminded him that he had not breakfasted, but a cup of coffee and a slice of toast made peace with the inner man and he sauntered leisurely toward the Kent mansion.

* * *

"Who's there?" Mrs. Wartle yelled after the French maid had pounded at her door for several minutes.

"'Tis I."

"Well, who are ye?"

"'e mait."

"What?"

"'e mait—mait—mait."

"Well, kim in."

She raised herself to a sitting position and stared at the frightened maid when she entered.

"Fer Hivin's sake, was that you bangin' at the dure? I thought it was Harrigan's horse that was kickin' it. What toime is it?"

After numerous attempts to inform her that it was nearly nine o'clock, she held up as many fingers for Mrs. Wartle to count.

"What's the matter wid yer tongue, it sounds as if it had feathers on it? I say what's the matter wid yer tongue—tongue—tongue?" she yelled, and the maid immediately showed as much of her tongue as nature would permit. Mrs. Wartle shrieked as she fell back on the pillow and covered her face with her hands.

Wartle, who had been paroling up and down the hall for some time, rushed into the room. "His hanything the matter?" he exclaimed in a frightened voice.

"As annything the matter? Where did ye pull her out of? Shure she's worse than a Chinaman. Ye can't understand a word she siz. Make her git me a cup of coffee, some bread and butter and some ham and eggs and till her to flop the eggs. Oi want thim froid on both soids."

Wartle saw that her instructions were carried out. The bride's first breakfast was served in bed, and the maid was pro-

nounced "a foin cook." Wartle kept her company by sitting on the edge of the bed and when he informed her that Weatherbee had left the money he owed her with him, she thanked him by saying, "Well, where is it?"

"Hi put hit hin with mine."

"Did he pay you?"

"Yes, 'e paid heverything."

"Well, put it all on the wash-stand there an' Oi'll take care of it whin Oi aroise!"

His hesitation brought forth the second request in a somewhat firmer voice, and the money was placed on the stand.

"Take these dishes now an' git out of here. Oi must git up. Oi'll have a hidache if Oi lay here anny longer. It must be tin o'clock."

The dishes were carried away and she arose humming "Kathleen Mavourneen" while Wartle pressed his ear to the door and smiled with pride, whispering, "She his ha queen, han Hirish queen."

* * *

While Mrs. Wartle sat in her bed propped up by pillows enjoying her first breakfast in her new home, Weatherbee was hurrying from one creditor to the other paying his debts, and "Dick" Kent was busy at the telephone engaging representatives from the best clothing houses of New York City to come and take Jack's measurement and by ten o'clock the large drawing-room was completely littered with suits, hats, shoes, stockings, shirtwaists, automobile coats and gloves, sent on approval.

The library was used as a dressing-room. Kent requested the ladies to keep out. "It's my duty to attend to this, my dears, because you don't understand what a boy needs to wear," and the fussy, growling tone of his voice resembled that of a spoiled child. An amused glance was passed from one lady to the other as they filed out of the library and left what they considered the big baby and the little man to play with the new toys.

Rosamond was extremely anxious to select Jack's first suit and present him to Weatherbee as she wished to see him dressed, but her plans were shattered, though she was intensely amused with her father, who had assumed the attitude of

a proud boy with a new red wagon. She had planned many pretty little suits for Jack and had unconsciously asked herself if they would please Mr. Weatherbee. She was not aware of the fact, but his taste was being carefully considered, and his judgment somewhat feared. She stood before the long mirror in her tailor-made suit of white serge and wondered if he liked white. She found a tiny soiled spot on the rim of her white sailor hat and ordered the maid to bring another at once. The white gloves were thoroughly examined and Weatherbee was only forgotten for a second, now and then, when the sad object of their meeting robbed him of her thoughts.

If the maid had dared to ask her why she stood at the window staring down the walk toward Twenty-ninth Street as if she expected the earth to open its jaws and deliver some unheard-of curiosity, she might have realized that she was waiting, but the well-trained maid controlled her curiosity and remained silent, but watched her with as much anxiety as she watched for the first man who had ever kept her waiting and for the first time she was dressed and waiting many minutes before the appointed time.

Weatherbee's tall figure was not recognized in his new attire until he was seen mounting the steps, and much to his surprise Rosamond was in the reception hall to greet him when he entered. Without thought or hesitation, she reached for his hand, clasped it firmly and gave it a cordial shake and the greeting was deeply appreciated, though he had entirely forgotten his first reception. He had trained his mind to dwell on pleasant thoughts and he seldom broke the rule, though when Rosamond placed her finger to her lips and whispered a long drawn out "hush" an unpleasant thought shot through his mind; he wondered if Kent had turned tiger and was going to slay him on sight, but the idea was quickly dismissed when she made a peek-hole by separating a small portion of the portieres and showed him the drawing-room that resembled a child's clothing store.

"It's too funny for anything," she continued softly, "he has three men in the

library trying on clothes for Jack, and he won't allow mother or anyone to even go into the room—he's like a child."

"It looks like a sample room," Weatherbee replied after he surveyed the room and saw each piece of furniture decorated with several suits of clothes.

Though the scene amused him greatly, his rule for thought was quickly broken. The costly garments announced the exit of the gingham dress and there was a swelling in his throat when he saw it thrown with the rags. "I would like to keep it," he thought to himself, "and in years to come show it to the man who may forget me," and he stood peeking through the tiny hole until Rosamond asked, "Shall we start?" He apologized for what he referred to as stupidity;—they entered the large automobile and Rosamond instructed the chauffeur to follow Mr. Weatherbee's directions.

CHAPTER XXIV

Weatherbee's limited association with automobiles had not enabled him to become familiar with their fixtures and he was not aware that hanging at his side was a speaking-tube for the sole purpose of conversing with the chauffeur, so he leaned forward and gave him the address of a small flower shop on Twenty-ninth Street and requested him to stop there first. The big car dodged its way along between the numerous vehicles on the crowded avenue and drew up in front of the little store.

Weatherbee begged to be excused, promising to be gone but a moment, and kept his promise, for the small bunch of sweet peas which he had ordered and paid for early that morning was ready and presented to him when he reached the door by the clerk who saw him alight from the automobile.

The sight of the simple flowers brought a sudden blush to Rosamond's cheeks, for in her excitement the thought of flowers had slipped her mind, but her embarrassment was not noticed, for she leaned forward as she had seen Weatherbee do and ordered the chauffeur to stop at her florist's, and the next stop was made in front of one of the largest and most expensive flower stores on Fifth Avenue.

At this store her appearance always meant the sale of the most costly flowers, which she preferred to purchase rather than cut the ones growing in the conservatory at her own home.

The clerk's surprise was quite noticeable when she informed him that she wanted a small bunch of lily-of-the-valley. He leaned heavily on his persuasive powers and tried hard to influence her to look at the American Beauties, repeating that they were exquisitely beautiful that morning, but she refused to even see them.

"I just want a small bunch of lily-of-the-valley." She was deeply impressed by the simplicity of the sweet peas which Weatherbee held in his hand when he came from the tiny store and stepped into the automobile. In her eyes the small bunch made their little leaves look so big, and their simplicity augmented Weatherbee's dignity and there was still a much deeper thought in her mind, a thought that displayed the consideration and sweetness of her character. She was eager to secure something as inexpensive as the sweet peas, not only to show her appreciation of his delicate selection, but prevent showing any sign of financial display in fear of hurting his feelings, or making him conscious of his limited means, which she was fully aware of. Her success was complete, her choice not only delighted him, but greatly surprised him, for a glance at the store suggested most anything but a small bunch of lily-of-the-valley. He expected to see the large car loaded with magnificent flowers of all descriptions that would make his humble little cluster of peas fade far into the background, but he was pleasantly disappointed, and the broad smile which crept over his face was quickly noticed by Rosamond when she stepped into the car.

"Are you fond of lilies-of-the-valley?" she asked eagerly.

"Very," he answered softly, and continued in a still softer tone after a short silence. "I am fond of all flowers, but I dare say that lily-of-the-valley is my favorite one."

His short acquaintance with the rules of motoring was again noticeable, for they sat some time before he came to, and realized the driver was waiting for

his instructions. He was not familiar with any of the automobile routes in and about New York, but he bent forward and told the driver where they wished to go, but instructions regarding the way to get there were not necessary. The boy touched his hat with a jerk—he knew the way too well—he could have gone there with his eyes closed, for his mother lay but a few yards from his employer's daughter.

Had it not been for the New York motor laws, the trip would have been made in silence, but the laws brought a mechanical grunt from the horn at each crossing, but no words were exchanged. Each understood and seemed grateful for the other's silence, though each was trying to guess the other's thoughts, but the mind in the front seat was the most puzzled of all.

"Doubtless one of the charity babies has been buried there and she is going to visit its grave. What other reason could she have for going to such a humble graveyard?"

The large car quietly hummed its way along until it rolled up before the entrance and faced the huge sign "No Automobiles Allowed." Weatherbee stepped from the car and gracefully assisted Miss Rosamond to the ground.

A small bird perched on the point of one of the black iron pickets of the large open gates twittered a friendly welcome and broke the silence as they sauntered through the marble archway.

Weatherbee was familiar with every nook and corner and chose the path which took them between the massive trees with their long drooping branches swaying the green leaves to and fro over the lonely white headstones beneath them. Each tree seemed to possess an army of birds—some chirruping softly as if to themselves—some singing as if they were testing their little lungs, while others sputtered and squabbled and jawed as if they were battling with the world at large.

The path, the trees, the birds, everything was new to Rosamond. It was a world she had never visited—a world she had never seen—perhaps one she had never even thought of, but a world that Weatherbee was fond of, he often went there and sat beneath the trees and studied

the characteristics of the different people who came with their humble flowery offerings and wept over the graves of their loved ones. He considered it one of nature's greatest books to study humanity from, and while they were drifting along the narrowing path leading to the topmost hill of the grounds, he was making a careful study of his companion, though she was not aware of the fact. Her silence was marked and appreciated—her unconscious sighs were counted and the expression of her soft brown eyes was carefully watched as they wandered from one lonely plot to another.

When they reached the hilltop, the cinder path narrowed into one where few feet had traveled and was marked by bent grass and weeds leading to a new portion of the cemetery on the side of the hill which was treeless and barren. There were no marble slabs to mark the lonely graves, only an earthen pot or a broken glass appeared here and there with a few withered flowers hanging over their edges.

When Rosamond's eye fell on the scene, she unconsciously hesitated, but only for a second, just long enough to close her eyes, press her lower lip between her teeth and restore her courage.

Weatherbee led the way down the dry grassy path and stopped just before he reached the foot of the hill and stood before a mound that was some distance from the others. A small earthen pot lay on its side at the head of the grave. At the foot of the grave there was a root of green ivy with two tiny vines which were smuggling their way along through the grass as if to greet the empty pot lying at the other end. The grass was short and green and showed signs of care and cultivation and in appearance was quite different from the other graves in that part of the cemetery. The birds were still busy in the trees at the top of the long hill, but the distance was too great for their little voices to carry to the bottom. The lonely silence was not interrupted by any sound, save for a wandering bee buzzing its way about in search of a clover blossom or a wild flower.

It was not necessary for Weatherbee to inform Rosamond that they were stand-

ing before her sister's grave, but he drew his head up slowly, looked into her eyes and whispered softly, "your sister is buried here."

Rosamond replied by a single nod of her head. She could find no words to express her thoughts and the two characters stood side by side staring down at the green, grassy mound.

Rosamond's mind darted back to the doll days, and memory seemed to gather all the childhood games she and her sister had ever played together and pile them in one heap at the foot of the grave; it gathered up the sad hours and scenes of her life and shuffled the sorrow with the happiness and spread it out before her, but the sorrow was so great that it covered and smothered the happiness. The childhood games, the simple dolls and their many little dresses only multiplied the agony and brought her to her knees sobbing like a child.

Memory had been hurrying Weatherbee's mind back and forth, and it bobbed from the little room where he first saw Jack and his mother up to the garret, and from the garret to the Kent mansion, and from the mansion to the grave where he stood trembling with sympathy and love for the girl who was weeping at his feet. His nervous fingers clenched the tiny bunch of sweet peas until they crushed the stems—his heart thumped and pounded against his breast and his tongue seemed paralyzed as he glared down and listened to the sobs of the girl he loved—each sob seemed to cut deep into his heart and leave a gash that would never heal. He begged his tongue to utter one word of sympathy, but it refused to obey. He drew his head high into the air—the peas fell from his hand—he crouched down at her side, seized her hand in both of his—"God, girl, don't cry—I can't stand it—I—I—can't stand it!" he moaned in a soft pleading tone.

His sympathy only augmented her sorrow and the tears rolled from her cheeks and fell onto the small bunch of lilies-of-the-valley that lay in her lap.

He watched each tear as it found its way from the soft brown eyes and anchored on the petal of the innocent flowers. Each tear seemed to trickle and burn its way

through his heart before it reached the flowers' tiny leaves and the intense pain frightened him. He called on his better judgment to explain his agony and when it did, he realized for the first time how deeply he loved the girl whose hand he held clenched in his. He released his grip, unwound his fingers gently, placed her hand on the flowers in her lap and sat silently, his elbows on his knees and his chin resting in both hands.

Nothing heals the wound of a woman's heart as quickly as her own tears, and Rosamond wept and sobbed until the tears ceased and the sobs reduced themselves to a quick double breath that jerked and twitched as if her heart were fluttering with relief.

They sat silently at the foot of the grave—each one thinking of the other—each wondering what the other was thinking, and both forming the wrong opinion of the other's thoughts.

Rosamond raked her mind over and over in search of words that would plainly express her respect, gratitude and love. From the first time she had learned of Weatherbee's kindness to her sister, she had studied the situation carefully—and her respect was based on nobility—her gratitude on charity—and her love on both and a something else which no one living can describe. She found many words and weighed them carefully—she formed them into sentences and whispered them over and over to herself and studied their meaning, then selected the only one that she knew would truthfully and plainly explain her feeling. She drew her head up slowly, gazed at Weatherbee for several seconds and spoke in a firm voice: "John Weatherbee—I—love—you!" Each word was uttered slowly and distinctly.

Weatherbee jerked his chin from his hands—his eyes met hers and stared into them blankly, his elbows remained on his knees, his fingers straightened, the blood raced through his veins and he sat as if paralyzed.

"I know," she continued in the same tone when she saw the wild expression of surprise creep into his face, "that it sounds—rude—or perhaps silly—or sentimental—but I do—I love you. I don't care what you think of me for telling you—



"So he placed the jar of cool water at the head of the grave. They both knelt on either side and she mingled the sweet peas with the lilies of the valley."

but I can't help it—I *do*—and I am proud of it."

She looked into his eyes steadily until his lids slowly covered them. She watched him remove his hat and place it on the ground at his side and run his trembling fingers through his hair. He rose to his feet and struggled to keep from staggering, for his mind was spinning like a top. He pushed his shaking hands into his pockets and glanced about as if in search of his bearings—his heart pounded away as if it were hammering at his tongue trying to force it to tell of its happiness, but he clinched his teeth, sealed his lips that were smiling feebly, and dreamed silently. Dreamed of himself, of the tiny thing—the helpless thing he considered himself, of his lonely home in the attic, of his future prospects—he dreamed through the dream again and again, shook his head and whispered to himself, "she doesn't realize what she has said." He reached for the bunch of sweet peas lying at his feet, took the lilies-of-the-valley from Rosamond's lap, stretched his hand forward to assist her from her sitting position and whispered with a smile, "Let's arrange these now—shall we? You hold the flowers and I'll get some water."

Rosamond made no reply, but accepted the flowers and her eyes followed the tall figure as it strolled away through the dry grass with the small earthen jar hanging from its fingers. His silence baffled her and the faint smile that she discovered in the corner of his mouth when he helped her to her feet puzzled her and she repeated to herself again the words she had said to him. "I *am* proud of it," she whispered and her eyes wandered from Weatherbee to the lonely grave. "Where would she be were it not for him? I wonder if she knows we are here—I wonder if she heard me tell him."

Weatherbee hurried his feet through the grass, though his mind was working slowly and her words were ringing in his ears like Christmas bells. They were not words uttered by a silly child or a foolish girl yet in her teens, they were words from a woman's heart, a heart he considered more courageous than his own, though it was sympathy and respect that

forced his silence on the subject of love; his love was too sacred and his position in life too humble to allow him to mention it—it would mean nothing to her, he thought, so he placed the jar of cool water at the head of the grave, they both knelt on either side and she mingled the sweet peas with the lilies-of-the-valley. He sunk the jar into the earth to prevent it from falling. Their eyes met again—each eye seemed to be searching the other for a word—each face held a different expression, but both hearts were beating out the same message of love to the other.

"Do you think me rude?" Rosamond asked in a soft but firm voice.

"No," Weatherbee answered in the same key as he shook his head slowly.

"Do you think me foolish, then?"

The shaking of his head continued and the same reply was made, but in a more sympathetic key, a tone that might be described as a heart-tone. It was heavier and firmer than a whisper, though softer and sweeter than his natural voice.

"Then what do you think—won't you tell me?"

"Do you realize what you said to me?"

"Every word!"

"Do you realize the meaning of those words?"

"I realize what they mean to me."

"Do you think they could *mean* any more to me than they do to you?"

"No."

"Are you sure?"

"I am positive."

"And you would really like to know what I think?"

"Yes."

He peeked between the swollen lids and studied the tender expression of seriousness in her eyes. The sun hurried its way along from beneath a blue cloud as if it were anxious to brighten those eyes, and a friendly bee buzzed itself down among the leaves of the sweet peas and hummed as if it were lending its music to the words that Rosamond's anxious ears were waiting for.

"Then I shall tell you what I think, for I feel sure you do realize what you have said, and I am positive that I realize what I am going to say. As much as you

love me—I *love you that much*—and that much *more*. Do you believe me?"

"I do."

He reached across the flowers and took her hand in his and held it tightly.

"But there it must end."

"No," she whispered, "there it must begin, for when two people really love, there is no ending—it is always beginning. Each day ends and is bound with a binding of sweet memories, and each day begins anew and nothing else matters."

"But ours would be bound with a binding of poverty and struggles."

"Love knows no poverty, it knows no

struggles. There is no poverty or struggles for love that has *love* for a companion."

The sun backed its way down behind the tree-tops on a western hill and the bee circled above their heads and sung itself away in the distance. Weatherbee clung to her hand; they rose, and sauntered up the steep hill hand in hand; no words were spoken until they reached its top, then Weatherbee paused, looked down into her eyes and whispered, "Nothing else matters?"

"Nothing!"

And they strolled along silently under the bending branches of the trees.

(THE END)

A REGRET

By HOWARD WEEDEN

DAR'S always somethin' wantin'
In my joy at bein' free,
When I think ol' Master didn't
Live to share dat joy with me.

Dem was mighty big plantations
Dat he owned before de war
An' he, de kindes' master
Dat darkies ever saw.

But de care of dem was heavy,
Makin' him de slave, not we—
An' often I have heard him say
He wished dat he was me!

An' if he jes' was livin',
He would have his wish, you see—
Dem niggers couldn't own him now,
An' Master would be free.

—From the *Bandanna Ballads*.

THE CRUISE OF THE "MOLLY O"



Will Gage Carey

DURING my twenty years' connection with one of New York's largest jewelry concerns, I had, I believed, been brought into more or less direct contact with some of the most clever and adroit crooks extant, and believed myself conversant with all their varying modes and methods of operation and endeavor—and yet, I had more to learn. It was a meek-looking, mild-mannered, one-legged individual named Gum McGool—down in the mountain country of east Tennessee—who made me acquainted with something absolutely new and unique in the purloining of precious stones; which leads me to the story of the pursuit of the "Molly O."

* * * * *

Our concern's specialty—if I may so term it—is pearls; nowhere else in New York can so dazzling and lustrous a display be found as in our own salerooms.

From time to time small consignments of pearls had been reaching us, mailed from a small town in Tennessee. Such was the quality, size and delicate coloring of these stones, the attention of the head of the firm had been attracted to them; in fact, he evidenced an interest in them quite beyond that usually manifested by him in trivial dealings with remote consignees.

"They are *superb*, Annin!" he exclaimed delightedly, as I showed him one particularly attractive assignment; "we must get a better line on where these come from." Then after a moment's

serious reflection he continued: "Annin, suppose you take a little trip down to Tennessee, and ascertain what conditions are in the section from which these were mailed; it is quite possible it will be to our advantage to have a buyer there permanently."

"Very well, Mr. Ambrose," I responded, "when shall I start?"

"Start today," he answered; "and stay just as long as you find it to our interests to do so."

I left New York that afternoon.

My arrival in the little town up in the mountains of Tennessee was attended with all customary pomp and attention and gathering of native sons. They scrutinized me from fore and aft—singly and collectively—in droves, squads and platoons. They commented freely upon my raiment and general appearance—with which, I am free to confess, they did not appear entirely pleased and delighted. I heard them speculating wildly as to what might be my business in their midst.

The town afforded but one hotel. To this I made my way, and soon after, through the landlord, let it leak out secretly that I was interested in timber—though I couldn't have distinguished between a dog-wood and a horse-chestnut, had I been brought face to face with them in the forest.

That same night, after supper, I had a more extended chat with the landlord, gradually leading around to the subject of pearls, upon which, it appeared, he

was an enthusiast. He confided much to me that I wanted to know. Then, as though the thought had just occurred to me, I told him I believed I would knock around a few days myself, hunting pearls—just to see if I would have any luck.

"In that case, friend," he observed, "you-all ought to have someone with you who knows the streams; now, if ol' Gum McGool would go along, you'd find 'em certain."

"Where is Gum McGool?" I queried, endeavoring meanwhile not to appear too anxious; "of course, I may not go at all, but if I *should*—it might, as you say, be just as well to have someone along who knows the streams. Will he go with me?"

The landlord shook his head dubiously.

"Reckon not," he responded. "Gum's time is so took up with the local pearl-hunters, you-all might not be able to get him if he'll go, friend; Gum sure knows pearls—and where to find 'em."

I determined, then and there, that Gum McGool was the one man in all Tennessee I most needed, and early the next morning I started out to look him up. I succeeded in finding Gum McGool. It was in a locality, however, some few miles out from town; and under circumstances which struck me as being quite removed from the ordinary.

It appears a big camp-meeting had been going on in the vicinity, and Gum McGool—being intensely impressionable, and possibly not adverse to getting before the public on any possible occasion—had been among the first to go forward to the "mourners' bench," and in faltering tones profess a change of heart, in token of which he had agreed to be baptized. The ceremony, so I learned, was set for that very morning.

On gaining this information, and the necessary directions how to reach the scene, I hired a rig at the livery, and set out, having hastily decided to grace the occasion with my presence. I must find Gum McGool, and have a talk with him, at whatever cost, at the earliest possible moment.

A large gathering was already at the little mountain stream near the campground, when I arrived; the assembly,

however, was so intent on the business at hand, my arrival was scarcely noticed. There seemed to be a spirit of unrest and dissension hovering over the crowd, and I wandered from group to group to ascertain the cause.

Gum McGool was on hand all right—a meek-looking little man, with small, watery blue eyes, and a scrubby fringe of red whiskers encircling his full, round face. Gum, it appeared, was the immediate cause of the unrest and dissension I had noted, for Gum had weakened! In the night it had turned off extremely cold—the water in the stream was like ice, and Gum was all for postponing the ceremony until some future occasion. His friends, however, were not to be denied. Many of them had ridden for miles to be present to see Gum baptized; and he was going to *be* baptized, or they would know the reason why!

I could see poor old Gum glance down over the bank at the stream and shudder; then his friends would gather about him beseechingly, looking hurt and grieved, and it was plain to see he felt that he wasn't doing right by them—but, oh, that icy water down below!

The preacher was ready and waiting, and at last Gum sat down with a sigh of resignation and began taking off his wooden leg; the multitude had prevailed. Then with one hand on the preacher's shoulder, he hobbled down the bank and out into the stream. It was an impressive ceremony, though it was cut short, and hastened through with quicker than the people on the bank thought was quite right.

Gum hobbled out on shore again, and with teeth chattering, sat down to strap on his wooden leg. Then without a glance toward the right or left, he made for his horse, untied it and jumped astride.

"Where ye goin', Gum?" shouted someone in the crowd.

"'Goin'?" snorted Gum wrathfully, "I'm goin' home—fast as hell 'll let me." And off he went, clattering furiously down the stony road.

* * * * *

I made my way back to town; I had found Gum McGool, but hardly at a

propitious time, it seemed to me, to open negotiations for his services. I decided to wait until afternoon, and then visit him at his home. Meanwhile, I sought to draw from the landlord what information I could relative to the subject uppermost in my mind.

"Landlord," I queried, as that worthy sat enjoying one of my best cigars, "if Gum McGool knows so much about pearls, and right where to find them, why is it he doesn't hunt them for himself—instead of hiring by the day to take others out for them?"

"He's jes' too triflin'," was the answer. "He can take anyone to where the shells are—seems to know that by a sixth sense, 'pears-like; but that's as far as ol' Gum's goin' to exert hisself; from that point on in the proceedin's, Gum sits on the bank, and watches the other fellow do the work."

That afternoon I sauntered over to the little shack wherein Gum resided when not out with the pearlers. I found him in, and apparently quite restored to his customary peace and equanimity of mind, though he still felt a little bitter toward his former friends of the morning, as was evidenced by the alacrity with which he forsook their service, and agreed to accompany me, starting out early the following day; so that I felt the incident of the icy baptism had resulted beneficially for me, at any rate.

I secured a small tent, and laid in such supplies as Gum suggested. These we loaded on a dilapidated wagon belonging to my guide, and hauled by a still more dilapidated appearing equine specimen, we started off just at daybreak, along a narrow, winding mountain trail. About noon we reached a small level plateau, bordering a dashing, tossing stream, and here Gum said we would pitch our tent and begin operations.

Luck was with me from the start. That afternoon, working under the guidance of Gum—perched comfortably upon the bank—I scooped up a bushel or so of shells, from which I obtained about a dozen pearls. Three of these were of such wondrous size and lustre that even Gum could scarcely restrain his admiration and delight in the find. When darkness closed in, I ceased my search, and

seated before a blazing camp-fire, enjoyed to the utmost the supper Gum had prepared; then getting out our pipes, and making ourselves comfortable in the cheery glare of the fire, we chatted for a couple of hours before turning in. Gum McGool, I found, was a most diverting and entertaining individual.

He had taken off his wooden leg, placing it within easy reach beside him. I noticed that he seemed to have a real affection for the limb, speaking to it fondly as he unstrapped it, and referring to this inanimate object of his regard as his "Molly O," which struck me as being rather peculiar.

"Gum," I asked at length, "why do you call your wooden leg your 'Molly O'?"

For a moment he sat in silence, and had assumed an expression so sorrowfully pensive and retrospective I half regretted my query; then recovering himself with a slightly exaggerated effort, it seemed to me, he answered:

"I'll tell ye, friend—though it tares my ol' heart-strings to speak of it. It was some years back, an' me a fine, strappin' young lad at the time. I was in love—" he paused, and rolled his little, watery blue eyes upward soulfully, then continued: "I was in love—but a knock-kneed, skinny-shanked son-of-a-gun beat me out! The girl's name was Molly O'Neil. She married the skinny cuss, and seven or eight years from that time she died—died from a broken heart—'cause she hadn't married me, or so I have always thought. I never could forgit that woman, friend, even though she threw me down for the skinny one; and so, when I lost my leg a few years ago, and got this new one, an' got to carin' right smart for it—seein' as how it had become a part of my life—I jes' sort of got to callin' it my 'Molly O'—an' so it has been to me ever since—jes' a little matter o' sentiment, so to speak."

I looked at him closely at the end of this recital to determine whether or not he was "stringing me." I will confess I could not quite decide; his little eyes seemed to twinkle at me with a sort of subtle inner satisfaction at my uncertainty. Either he was a very simple, kind-hearted, well-meaning old fellow, or a

sly and cunning knave and a consummate actor, I could not make out which—at the time.

The next day I was early at work again but met with only indifferent success; late that afternoon we broke camp and moved down the stream a mile or so. From this point I worked diligently up and down the water-course, sometimes accompanied by Gum, but more often alone, as he had acquired a fondness of loafing around camp, lying flat upon his back, and gazing meditatively up into the leafy canopy overhead—thinking, perchance of his early love—the departed Molly O.

My collection of pearls by this time was a goodly one, and of no slight value. I kept them concealed in a small wallet, carefully stored away in the bottom of my suit case. I felt that it was high time for me to be returning to the city; yet such was the joy of this free, open-air living, and so intense the fascination of my work, I kept delaying my return from day to day—increasing steadily thereby my already goodly supply of tan, appetite and pearls.

One morning I had wandered down the stream considerably farther than usual, leaving Gum sprawled out flat on his back on a shady knoll near our camp. For an hour, or such a matter, I had been busily at work, when of a sudden a peculiar feeling came over me—a feeling that some human being was near me, watching intently my every movement. I straightened up quickly and gazed around me; the air was calm and still, broken only by the rustle of leaves, and the occasional chirping of birds in the shrubbery on the bank. At first I could detect no movement of any kind, nor could I discover any form such as that subtle feeling had seemed to indicate was somewhere near; then, chancing to look straight up the bank beside me I beheld a slim, girlish figure sitting there upon a fallen log—and a pair of big, black eyes were gazing down upon me, half-wonderingly, I thought, and half in merriment. She was seventeen, I should think, and very dark; her hair, raven-black, fell in thick clusters down about her shoulders. While her manner and glance were in no ways bold,

it was easy to see that she was not afraid; in fact, of the two, I believe she appeared far more composed than myself.

My attempt at entering into a conversation with this little nut-brown wood-nymph was, I fear, rather stilted and commonplace.

"How do you do," I began, undecidedly—"do you—do you live near here?"

She nodded, then her lips parted in a smile, revealing teeth that fairly rivaled in whiteness and lustre the pearls in my hand.

"What is your name?" I asked.

"Gerza," she replied softly. "I'm from the gypsy camp."

Then, for the first time, I noticed that her raiment and general attire were decidedly of the gypsy order; but her face—that, I was sure, with its soft, madonna-like beauty—proclaimed her and her lineage far removed from the common herd of which we conceive at the mention of the word "gypsies"; I wished for the moment that I were a painter, and could catch her sitting there.

"Have you found any beautiful pearls?" she asked presently, with pretty interest. I showed her those I had found that morning, and she began chatting freely and with much animation, told me of certain portions of the stream where she felt sure I would have better success.

"And you must visit the camp, too," she added presently, as she arose to go. "You must come and have your fortune told."

The work of digging shells of a sudden became monotonous and irksome. I climbed up on the bank to where she stood. "If you'll let me," I said, "I should like to visit the gypsy camp now. Will you show me the way?" Then down a narrow, winding mountain trail I hurried, with Gerza for my guide.

She passed swiftly on before me, her blue-black eyes laughing back, her slim, rag-wrapped figure swaying with sinuous grace as she avoided the rocks and shelving boulders, and the rich, warm glow of her bare shoulders and arms glistening like bronze whenever we merged for a moment out from the shady depths into the bright sunshine.

We came, at length, to the gypsy camp,

just where the stream made a sharp bend, and where the bluff was low, almost even with the water's edge. First, there was a semi-circle of wagons, with horses tethered about, and young colts kicking up the dust; then a cluster of dingy tents, yelping dogs, half-wild children, and picturesque groups of gaudy-garbed, swarthy-skinned, bejewelled women and men on all sides. Many visitors from the nearby mountain resorts visited the camp, and my presence attracted but little notice, excepting for the insistent pleading of the women that I stop and have my fortune told.

Still guided by Gerza, I made my way on through the camp.

At length she paused at a tent before which sat an old man, white-haired and wrinkled, and nearly blind. At our approach he held out an old battered tin cup for alms—then catching a fleeting glimpse of Gerza he began berating her about some fancied wrong, speaking in a voice high and shrill, and with a vigor of manner and expression which caused me to hasten on precipitously.

Gerza laughed at my haste.

"That is my great-grandfather, 'Black Anton,'" she said simply. "He didn't see you at all, or he wouldn't have talked so." Then for an hour or so we sat before her own little tent; and we talked of fortunes—and many things.

* * * * *

The sun was low in the sky when I returned to camp. Gum had supper ready and waiting, and together we sat down to partake of it, almost in total silence, each seemingly absorbed in his own thoughts. The meal over, I lighted my pipe, and sat musing over the events of the day, while Gum busied himself for a time about the camp, then threw himself down upon a pile of boughs, and was soon—to all appearances—fast asleep, which, I recall, struck me as being rather peculiar, it being by this time but little past sundown.

Presently I arose and went to the back of the tent to get out my wallet of pearls. I opened the suit-case and felt inside; then hurriedly picked it up and dumped the contents out upon the ground: *the wallet of pearls was gone!*

I looked around under boxes and quilts, and the litter in the tent, thinking perchance I had neglected to replace the wallet in the suitcase. Then from the corner of my eye I chanced to glance over to where Gum McGool lay outstretched nearby. From under his half-closed lids his little crafty eyes were following my every movement! I ceased my search—I knew beyond a question of a doubt what had become of my pearls.

I felt a hot wave of resentment rising within me; my beautiful pearls—the result of my whole week's toil gone, purloined by this meek and watery-eyed miscreant who was too trifling lazy to get down into the water and dig them out as I had done! I could restrain myself no longer.

"Gum McGool," I exclaimed, turning upon him fiercely, "you've got my pearls! You took them from my suitcase—now you hand them over and be damn quick about it!"

"Eh! what's that?" he mumbled, straightening up and making out like he had just awakened from an exceedingly sound slumber. "What's that you say about pearls?"

"You heard what I said," I answered hotly, "every word; now I'm going to search you!"

I advanced toward him, fully determined to do as I had said. A frenzy of anger was on him now, as I drew near; he had ceased to be the actor. Every element of his coarser baser nature was asserting itself, as his little eyes—not watery now, but red and blazing—glowed at me like those of a wild beast!

I continued to advance toward him.

He snatched up his wooden leg and swung it about his head fiercely.

"Keep back, damn ye!" he snarled. "Keep back, or I'll brain ye!"

I was convinced now beyond doubt, that he had the pearls somewhere about him; unmindful of his threatening attitude, I closed in upon him. He swung the wooden leg with all his strength straight at my head; it barely grazed me as I quickly ducked beneath it; then, striking the hard ground with a thud, it went rolling over and over, finally landing with a splash in the middle of the stream,



"On I raced, in and out, keeping as close as possible to the tortuous winding stream."

and floated swiftly and serenely off with the current!

Gum McGool sprang up and stood as best he could upon his one leg. "Oh, my Molly O!" he whined piteously, "my *precious* Molly O—an' the pearls—the *pearls!*" he checked himself and began mumbling to himself.

"The pearls!" I gasped, "what do you mean, man?" Then it suddenly came to me, he had secreted them somewhere in his wooden leg! I turned and started off down the stream.

"Come back! Come back, Mr. Annin," I heard Gum's pleading voice behind me. "It ain't nothin' but an' ol' wooden leg—an' I'll help ye find—" The rest was lost in the frenzy of his rage, in the storm of abuse and awful oaths which he shrieked after me, until I turned a bend in the stream and was out of view and the sound of his voice.

On I raced, in and out, keeping as close as possible to the tortuous, winding stream. At last I caught a glimpse of the "Molly O," as she bobbed up and down and zigzagged to and fro in the eddying current. I ran on faster now, through brush and briar, yet strive as I might I could gain but little upon the whirling, dashing wooden leg. I remembered that it had a narrow strip of green tin down one side; this I could make out, now and then, as it gleamed in the fast-fading light; then for moments at a time it would be lost to view, only to reappear again in some whirling eddy away in the distance. Occasionally it would swerve in toward the bank, clinging fitfully to the side for a moment—only to dash my hopes again, as caught by the current she would go racing madly on again, with her treasure cargo.

Darkness follows twilight quickly in the mountains; soon I could barely distinguish the outlines of the "Molly O"; then, after rounding a sudden bend, I found that she was lost to my view entirely, and did not reappear again. Tired, exhausted, and mentally depressed I sat down upon a log to rest.

I could not make up my mind to return to camp. Futile as it might seem, I was determined to renew my quest of the "Molly O" at daylight. Then, seeing

a light in the window of a mountaineer's cabin over on a nearby ridge, I made my way slowly and sorrowfully in that direction, and made arrangements there to spend the night.

* * * * *

At an early hour the following morning, after a hasty breakfast, I was on my way again, in pursuit of the "Molly O." I followed the stream closely, watching the banks at either side, hoping that I might find it lodged against some projecting log or driftwood; my efforts were all in vain.

It was along about the middle of the forenoon, when my winding course brought me again to the gypsy encampment at the bend of the stream; I decided to find Gerza, if I could, and have a little chat with her to soothe my ruffled spirit, before continuing my quest of the venturesome "Molly O."

I made my way directly to Gerza's tent, and was pleased to find her sitting out in front. She was in radiant good humor and seemed genuinely glad to see me, showing me at once, in almost childish delight, how she had contrived to fasten the pearls I had given her the day before, upon a narrow band of gold, which she proudly wore around her little brown throat.

"And, oh, you must come and let me show you grand-pap," she rattled on. "He looks too funny!" Then before I could offer any remonstrance she was laughingly leading me off toward the tent of "Black Anton."

He was sitting out in front upon a small keg, patiently waiting, with battered cup outstretched, the coming of the daily visitors from the resorts. I noticed that he had added a pair of blue spectacles to his attire—and then I saw something that made me fairly gasp with astonishment; upon one outstretched leg—in pitiful supplianee—was strapped a wooden leg; a wooden leg with a green strip of tin down one side. It was the missing "Molly O!"

"We found it down in the bend early this morning," Gerza was saying, though I scarcely heard her; "and when ol' great-grand-pap heard of it, he wouldn't be quiet until it was given to him. Oh,

he looks *so* funny!" And she went into silent contortions of mirth—such as she could enjoy without the quick ears of Black Anton being the wiser.

I drew her to one side, and we made our way back to her tent.

"Gerza," I said, as soon as we were seated, "you must get me that wooden leg!"

She looked up at me in astonishment.

"I mean it, Gerza," I went on softly.

"I must have it; you see, I lost it last night, and—"

"You lost it!" she broke in.

"Well, that is—er, a friend of mine lost it," I stammered. "A one-legged man up in my camp—and I've been out hunting it ever since daylight!"

Her beautiful eyes were filled with wonder and dismay.

"But grand-pap will *never* give it up," she faltered at length. "He's just got his heart set on that old wooden leg!"

"Gerza," I went on determinedly, "I know you are a good girl and honest. This wooden leg doesn't belong to Black Anton; it belongs to the poor one-legged man in my camp—and there are, er, certain reasons I am anxious—oh, so anxious, Gerza, to get back this wooden leg. Can't you help me?"

She was silent for a moment, then her face suddenly brightened.

"Black Anton goes to sleep every day at noon," she said, half meditatively, "I might—I might be able to get it then, and bring it to you—"

"Gerza!" I broke in, "you're the dearest little girl in the world! Now you bring it to me right at that place where I met you yesterday; now don't fail me!" Then without giving her time to change her mind or dissent in any way, I turned quickly and left her sitting there, her dark eyes still filled with wonderment and deep concern.

I went back to the place I had named for our latter meeting, and sat down to wait. The hours seemed to drag by. Would she be able to purloin the leg from

Anton's tent and escape with it undetected through the camp—would she be willing to try to do this for me? I could not longer sit still; I arose from the log and began pacing to and fro, my mind filled and racked with constantly changing hopes, fears and beliefs.

At last I heard the sound of footfalls coming rapidly along the trail, and the next moment—breathless, panting—Gerza stood before me.

Then from beneath the folds of her shawl she drew forth the wooden leg and handed it to me.

"Quick—take it!" she said, all of a tremble, "I think I saw someone follow me when I left the camp!"

"But I must thank you, Gerza," I protested, "and here is something else." I handed her a bill of goodly denomination, and when she hung back, pressed it gently between her little brown fingers. She looked at it closely, then tried to give it back.

"I can't take all that," she faltered, "just for an old wooden leg!"

I had, meanwhile, been examining the "Molly O" carefully, and with every confidence of a hidden apartment somewhere I found it, and drew forth the wallet of pearls!

"You see, Gerza," I began jubilantly, "this is not a common 'old wooden leg'; it is the good ship 'Molly O'—the treasure-laden 'Molly O'—of the old Gum McGool line!"

She stood there looking at me for a moment, amazed, yet happy in my happiness; she started to speak, but just then we heard voices and the sounds of approaching footsteps along the trail; she gave me one last sweet smile, and with a faintly murmured "good-bye" she disappeared like a startled fawn into the forest shade.

I replaced the wallet within the inner pocket of my coat, and with the wooden leg under my arm, started in triumph back toward camp—and the cruise of the "Molly O" was ended.



THE CONTRALTO AND MRS. GORDON

by Roy R. Gardner



ALTHOUGH it was late when Thomas Park reached Grand Army Hall, before mounting the lofty flight of steps he stood still drawing in long, deep breaths, to help overcome the nervousness that made him nearly sick. Primed with oxygen, he gave himself a vigorous shake. "Well, here's for it!" he muttered, as he took the steps in three strides of his long young legs and opened the door.

Mrs. Gordon, the minister's wife, met him in the ill-lighted vestibule. Her pale, thin face was flushed, her keen eyes sparkled. "Look in there, Mr. Park!" she whispered, pointing to the hall. "They're standing three rows deep, and every seat is taken. I believe every soul in North Knowlestown is here, and quite a lot drove over from Dorset, beside the summer people at the Street. From the admissions alone we shall make money enough to more than pay the interest on the church mortgage, and if all the people buy ice cream after the concert we shall be able to carpet the vestry."

Park swallowed, "Mme. Waldegg draws a large audience wherever she sings," he murmured. "I only hope . . ."

"I never can thank you enough for bringing her here!" exclaimed Mrs. Gordon. "Most of the summer people here take so little interest in the village, but you have shown yourself so willing to help. . . ."

"Don't thank *me*!" interrupted Park, "I was glad to do what I could myself, but I assure you Mme. Waldegg's coming was entirely her own affair. As I told you before, I am very doubtful about the success of it."

Delighted at the opulence of the box-office receipts, the minister's wife ignored

his protest. "I am so grateful to her!" Her high-pitched voice quavered with excitement. "Mr. Park, I never was so tossed up in my life as I was when Mrs. Park told me your singing teacher had offered to stop off on her way home from the mountains to sing at our church concert. An opera singer! I didn't know which way to turn. It looked uncharitable to throw her kindness in her face, yet I couldn't see my way clear to doing anything that would seem to be countenancing the stage, for I disapprove of the stage from the bottom of my heart. It was a relief when Mrs. Park told me that Mme. Waldegg had retired from the opera. And when I saw the lady tonight I felt easy in my mind. She is so simple and cordial, and so plainly dressed—quite different from the way I imagined an actress; her soul is evidently above gauds. Really, I myself should hesitate to wear that linen duster."

Park recalled the heavy portmanteau he had hoisted into Madame's carriage. "Where is she now?" he asked.

"She's behind the curtain at the left of the platform. You other artists are to be together," Mrs. Gordon continued, leading the way through the crowded hall to the curtained corner at the right of the stage. "In there. Go right in. I must hurry back."

"May I come in?" asked the young man.

Behind the curtain some girls giggled.

"Yes, come in," one of them answered.

As Park drew aside the curtain, Eleanor Phelps, the pretty accompanist, seized him with a hot, trembling hand. "I don't know what I shall do, Mr. Park!" she exclaimed. "Mme. Waldegg was lovely to me when I went to rehearse her accompaniments this afternoon; she's an old

dear. But she sings such odd music I don't seem to get the hang of it, and I'm so afraid the people won't like it, and perhaps she'll think it's my fault. I begged her to sing in English, but she laughed at me."

Park groaned. "I begged her to, too, but she didn't laugh; she scolded. I



"Mme. Waldegg is getting frantic"

know the people won't like it, and she'll be in a fury, and let me tell you Mme. Waldegg in a fury is no joke. But I couldn't help myself; come she would. How hot it is! Why don't they open some windows?"

"They did," explained Eleanor, "but the draught made the lamps smoke, and the chimneys got all black. That's what makes the hall so dark."

"And then they turned down the wicks to prevent its happening again," added

Miss Stanton, the reader from Dorset. "It makes a pretty strong smell of kerosene."

"I don't understand why we don't begin," complained Eleanor. "It's long after eight, and those boys in the front row will get beyond control if they're kept waiting much longer. They're behaving terribly now, pushing each other, and stealing each other's gum."

"They aren't half as bad as that row of Dorset girls behind," sniffed Julie Barker, the village soprano. "They've been staring over here and giggling ever since I came in. My, ain't the heat awful!"

Little Mrs. Park pushed her head in at the curtain. She looked worried. "Mme. Waldegg is getting frantic," she whispered. "She says she can't stand the heat and the squeaking of those settees another minute. But Mrs. Gordon won't begin yet, for there are still some people she expects over from the Street. What shall we do?"

"Begin without Mrs. Gordon's orders," answered Park, after a moment's reflection. "You go back, Deborah, and quiet Madame as well as you can. Eleanor, I sing first. Let's start."

They boarded the bare little stage. After the summer people and the visitors from Dorset had politely patted their hands together two or three times, there fell a dreadful stillness, broken only by the redoubled giggling of the girls and the shifting of feet on the bare floor. In the quiet, Park could hear, as well as see, the little boys chewing gum. He strove through his song. At its close there was a second patter of applause, and then silence. Slinking behind the curtain as quickly as possible, he mopped his forehead. Before he had cooled off, Miss Stanton returned from her reading, she, too, mopping her brow. And Julie Barker twittered her ditty quite as unsuccessfully, although parochial pride secured her a few handclaps. The audience was clearly waiting for the star. The wait was not long, for, immediately after Julie's effort, the left-hand curtain was drawn aside.

Mme. Sidonia Waldegg marched with stately tread to the front of the stage. Here she made a deep reverence. Al-

though the people from abroad greeted her warmly, the North Knowlestown inhabitants caught their breaths. Was this the dowdy old lady they had seen that afternoon walking about the village? She was gorgeously got up in a pale blue velvet gown, long in the train but short in the neck, with three blue ostrich plumes nodding in her elaborate coiffure. Accustomed to sing in vast halls, she was painted accordingly, with very red lips and cheeks, and with awful black daubs about her eyes. "My king!" ejaculated Julie Barker. "Ain't she plain!" From all over the hall similar comments were audible.

At the singer's signal to begin, Eleanor Phelps struck the opening chord of "*Che Faro Senza Euridice*," from "*Orfeo*." With the deep voice and the warmth of temperament that have spread her fame world-wide, Madame uttered Orpheus' first "*Aihmel*." Taken by surprise, Julie Barker's little brother, in the front row, bounded from the settee. The girls behind snickered, and even their elders smiled. Madame saw and heard. Frowning, with increased vigor she repeated her "*Aihmel*." Again little Barker leaped; this time everybody tittered. Although Mme. Waldegg, looking fierce, thundered Orpheus' lament with a passion that bordered on fury, the people were more amused than moved. Too well-bred to laugh openly, they sat stolid. Sidonia Waldegg's aria won less applause than Julie Barker's song.

To avoid any opportunity for trouble, Park rushed Miss Stanton forward for her second reading. Deborah stole in from the other room. "She's raging," she

whispered. "If her next song doesn't go better, she'll make a scene, you can depend upon it."

"Of course it won't go any better," Park whispered back. "She does not realize how that little, low-studded hall brings out every sign of wear in her voice; this isn't the Metropolitan. Can't you warn her not to sing so loud?"

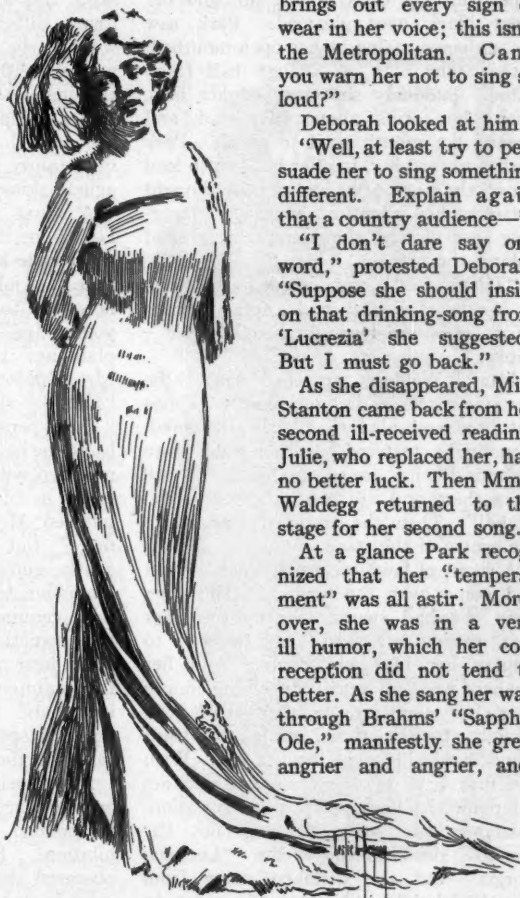
Deborah looked at him.

"Well, at least try to persuade her to sing something different. Explain again that a country audience—"

"I don't dare say one word," protested Deborah. "Suppose she should insist on that drinking-song from '*Lucrezia*' she suggested? But I must go back."

As she disappeared, Miss Stanton came back from her second ill-received reading. Julie, who replaced her, had no better luck. Then Mme. Waldegg returned to the stage for her second song.

At a glance Park recognized that her "temperament" was all astir. Moreover, she was in a very ill humor, which her cool reception did not tend to better. As she sang her way through Brahms' "*Sapphic Ode*," manifestly she grew angrier and angrier, and,



"When there was total silence throughout the hall, Sidonia Waldegg sang a little folk-song"

likewise, ever more perplexed. What ailed the people? Failure to win an audience was to her an experience yet unknown. In her wrath singing louder and more loudly still, her worn tones became harsh. At the gruff notes with which the song ended, the audience murmured openly. Then an oppressive silence fell.

Sick with fear of an outbreak, Park drew aside the curtain, to watch the singer's movements. She stood staring at the people before her as though they were a cage full of curious animals whose behavior puzzled her. Then, with a superb air she drew herself up, and her great black eyes gleamed. Park saw the audience gazing at her open-mouthed, with gaping eyes, as though half fascinated. Suddenly she clenched her fists, raised her arms above her head, and opened her mouth as if to speak. Park darted toward her, to offer his arm to lead her off the stage. She had already thought better of her intention, however. Shrugging her ample shoulders, she retired behind the curtain.

"Thank God!" exclaimed Park, when he had sneaked back to his fellow-artists. "For a moment I surely thought she'd—Jupiter!"

Mme. Waldegg twitched aside the curtain of their dressing-room. "Come out here and play that!" she muttered, thrusting a tattered sheet of music into Eleanor Phelps' tremulous hand. "I will rouse them or I will know the reason why. Come!" Then she tramped forward to the centre of the stage.

A shout of laughter greeted her. What had come over the woman? Her long train she had swung jauntily over her arm, raising her skirts high enough to display her blue kid boots. And her feathers were all awry; one hung limply over her shoulder, another stuck out straight to the right, while the third dangled rakishly over the left eye. With the first bars of Eleanor's faltering accompaniment Park grasped the situation: Madame was going to sing—not the dreaded drinking-song from "Lucrezia Borgia"—but the drunken scene from "La Perichole!" She had the grace to sing it in French:

"Ah! Quel diner je viens de faire,
Et quel vin extraordinaire!
J'en ai tant bu, mais tant tant tant
Que je crois bien que maintenant
Je suis un peu grise, un peu grise.
Mais chut! Faut pas qu'on le dise.
Chut!"

"Si ma parole est un peu vague,
Si tout en marchant je zigzague,
Et si mon oeil est égrillard,

Il ne faut s'en étonner, car
Je suis un peu grise, un peu grise,
Mais chut! Faut pas qu'on le dise.
Chut!"

But Madame's masterly art made the meaning of the song quite clear. As she sang, the contralto swayed a little; she found difficulty in pronouncing certain words; she looked sly. And she got roguish with the feather over her eye, tapping it this way and that to free her vision. Finally, in ever higher spirits, she danced a little, deftly, yet with the uncertainty of intoxication. Then she agilely skimmed behind the curtain.

A burst of noisy applause roused a faint hope in the unhappy Park; possibly the people had taken Madame's performance as a joke. A glance at the audience, however, told him better, for only the young and thoughtless people were applauding; their elders drew long faces. Mrs. Gordon stalked up the middle aisle. "Ladies!" she proclaimed above the din. "That person is intoxicated. Let us leave the hall. What? I say she is." The minister, with his hand on her arm, spoke to her in a low voice. "This is the time," pursued Mrs. Gordon. "Ladies, follow me—" but the minister, firmly though gently, guided her to the vestibule. Then discussion broke loose; was the intoxication genuine or assumed? Everybody had something to say, though nobody could hear a word anybody else said, for the stamping of many pairs of heavy boots and the rhythmical clapping of hands raised an uproar that only the cat-calling of the little boys could cut through.

At the height of the riot Mme. Waldegg appeared again. Park hurried toward her, determined to prevent any further exhibition. But he hesitated when he observed that she wore her plumes once more in an orderly manner, and that the tail of her gown she was content to leave on the floor. With dignified bearing she crossed the stage, motioning to Eleanor Phelps. Bewildered at the transformation, Eleanor mechanically received the music reached her, and sat down at the pianoforte. Madame took the front of the stage. With the same slight gesture which, time and again, had quieted hilarious audiences in Carnegie Hall, she

instantly sobered the stamping men, the giggling girls and the whistling boys. When there was total silence throughout the hall, Sidonia Waldegg sang a little folk-song with which she had moved many a sophisticated audience to tears. But never before had Park heard her throw into the simple melody so deep a feeling. The singer's tones, at last properly gauged to the small, low hall, sounded forth in all their noble native worth; tender, they throbbed with pathos. He wanted to cry so much, Park felt his throat ache. Convinced that even Mrs. Gordon's heart must be touched, he peered through a hole in the curtain. The minister's wife, standing with folded arms behind the ice-cream table, still looked grim. As he turned away, with a sigh of disappointment, the song was drawing to its close. With a slight bow, Mme. Waldegg withdrew quietly.

After a second of stillness the women began to blow their noses, and the men to clear their throats, while the little boys, embarrassed at the emotionalness of the atmosphere, shuffled their feet and squirmed on their settees. Suddenly there cracked out a sharp volley of applause, which swelled into a bombardment the like of which Mme. Waldegg had seldom received even in her palmiest operatic days. The New England temperament, though hard to rouse, when once aroused rivals the Italian in fervor. The people of North Knowlestown were stirred to the core.

After the stress of the last two days, the sound of approval so relieved the tension of Thomas Park's nerves that he sank in a relaxed huddle on a settee in the dressing-room. He could see the singer on the platform, bowing and smiling, tears shining in her eyes. The audience would not let her go. The applause grew frantic. "Say, ma'am," called out Julie Barker's little brother, "won't you sing something else?"

"Yes, yes!" came from all over the hall. "Please sing again!"

"How can I?" asked Madame, beaming with elation over her hard-worked triumph. "It vill make the concert too long. There are the other arteests——"

"Never mind them!" interrupted Julie's

brother. "We can hear them often enough."

"Quite goot, child, if you vill haf it zo," assented the contralto. "Mees Phelps, let us see. Ah! Try this."

In her best style Madame gave them a lively song, which set them all



"'I know,' Mrs. Gordon nodded"

laughing; and after that a cradle song, at which some of the women cried again; and next another gay song, to make them laugh once more. Then, feeling that she had sung enough, she retired to her dressing-room, and it was tacitly assumed that the concert was over.

Presently the prima donna emerged from behind the curtain, wearing on her

head a little weather-beaten black bonnet, and over her velvet gown the shabby linen duster. When the minister offered her his arm, the crowd parted to let them through. Like a princess the contralto progressed, bowing in all directions, shaking hands with many persons, and casting pleasant smiles broadcast in return for the "Thank you, ma'ams" and "Good-nights" which greeted her from all sides. La Perichole was forgotten.

But Park recalled Mrs. Gordon's forbidding countenance. Peculiarly anxious that she should not remain under a mistake, after Mme. Waldegg and Deborah had driven off he turned back to speak with her. He met her coming from the solitary cloak-room. "I want to explain, Mrs. Gordon," he was beginning, when she interrupted him. Her voice sounded strangely subdued.

"Mr. Park, that singer has taught me a lesson tonight, not to judge people from the outside. Her ways are not our ways, but that need not prevent her being a good woman. I knew she was all right, in my heart, when she sang that beautiful song, but I felt so hard against her for taking off a drinking woman, here at my concert, that I wouldn't own it to myself. I almost hated the woman. Then she sang that lullaby—" Her voice shook a little. "Mr. Park, has Mme. Waldegg any children?"

"She did have two, but—"

"I know." Mrs. Gordon nodded. She was silent a moment. "Mr. Park, once I had three." She brushed her hand across her eyes. "Please tell Mme. Waldegg I shall be up to see her tomorrow before she goes. But now I must 'tend to that ice cream. Good-night, Mr. Park."

SUNSET DREAMS

WHEN the weary sun
 His course has run,
 And sinks to rest
 Beneath the west,
 I love to dream
 Of things that seem
 And forget the things that are.
 Then the little star
 That heralds the night
 Is a signal light
 On a tower tall
 O'er a castle wall,
 Where warriors bold
 Stand with helms of gold
 And ladies fair,
 On the terrace there,
 With tresses that float
 On the winds from the moat,
 Look out on fields
 Of gleaming shields,
 And smile at victory.
 Then from the sea
 The pale night comes
 With roll of drums,
 And the sun lies furled
 O'er the edge of the world.

—Henry Dumont, in "A Golden Fancy."

WHY NOT AN LL.D.?

Galusha Anderson

MEETING by chance in the far West a gentleman of gray hair, I found him quite ready, if not eager, to enter into conversation. He seemed to be a man of no mean ability, with a strain of eccentricity in his makeup. He gave his name as Titus Tuter. The surname was so peculiar that I half suspected it to be assumed for the occasion to cover up his identity. We talked freely on the agricultural condition and prospects of the states west of the Mississippi River, the unrest and mooted reforms in politics, and at last drifted into the educational problems of the hour. He was unusually well informed on all these subjects, but before we were through with our discussion of education, in a curious and most suggestive way he went into a careful explanation of why he was not an LL.D.

He said: "I was born and brought up in New England, but in my early manhood I went West and settled at Huckleberryville. While not a college graduate, by diligent reading I had fairly mastered the studies usually required of college students, and soon gained quite a reputation in the surrounding rural community as a writer and speaker. Whenever it was announced that I was to address my fellow-citizens on any local or national question, many came long distances to hear me.

"About this time the policy of establishing a univeristy began to be widely agitated. The whole people seemed to be enthusiastically in favor of the project. A mass meeting of the citizens of the entire region was called at Huckleberryville to discuss thoroughly an enterprise of such vast importance. So deep and universal was the interest in it that a great multitude came from every point of the compass on foot, on horseback and in wagons. The village hall, that seats seven hundred, was utterly inadequate to accommodate the surging

throng. The meeting was, therefore, held in the public square. My fellow-townsmen by common consent chose me to welcome to our thriving village the gathered, and still gathering, crowds. This I did in a hearty speech. Fifteen or twenty eloquent addresses followed; setting forth the inestimable blessings that a university would confer not only upon us, but upon the whole world. At last the chairman of the meeting was compelled to cut short this flood of oratory, which he did with great reluctance. He then put the pending question: 'All those in favor of establishing a university say "Aye."' The excited throng shouted 'Aye' so loud that their united voices were heard a mile or more, and in the delirium which immediately followed, they cheered, threw their hats and coats up into the air, wept for joy and frantically hugged each other. The chairman had no need to put the negative.

"The assembled citizens now discussed for a long time the location of the coming university. Since each town wanted it, the debate engendered considerable heat. But at last it was decided that the community making the largest donation in land for the site of the university buildings should have the projected institution, and give to it its own name. With the best of feeling the meeting now adjourned. The people, satisfied with the good work done, went back joyfully to their homes. Each town or village in all the region was now intent on securing the tempting prize.

"About four weeks afterwards, sealed bids from a dozen different places were put into the hands of a committee that had been duly appointed to canvass them. On breaking the seals in the presence of the anxious, excited messengers from the towns which had made offers of sites, it was found that Brush Creek was entitled to the University. This town had offered for a campus one hundred acres of rich rolling prairie. The representatives of the

successful village drove with their fleetest horses back to their home and proclaimed the glad tidings. The church bells were rung, bonfires were kindled, dry-goods boxes and tar-barrels flamed high, the houses all along main street were illuminated with oil lamps and tallow dips, flags were hung from the windows and one old rusty cannon and several anvils jarred the buildings with their ear-splitting detonations.

"Across the prairie, not far from the village, there meandered a sluggish stream, on whose banks grew plentifully willows and stunted cottonwood trees, which gave it the name of Brush Creek. The brush named the creek, the creek the village, the village the new institution, which was duly christened Brush Creek University.

"It was soon chartered by the legislature and empowered to confer degrees. A board of trustees was created, consisting of forty-eight noted men from all parts of the state. The board was made large in order to secure through the honor of office as wide a patronage as possible. This board elected a president of the University, and a half dozen professors, promising them meagre salaries, these promises being based on the prospective benevolence of the village merchants and prairie farmers.

"Having chosen a faculty, a university building was now a necessity. By dint of hard begging, a few hundred dollars were scraped together for the purpose—Brush Creek contributing most of it. A not unnatural sentiment had sprung up in other towns that if Brush Creek had the university, she ought to take care of it. The money raised with so much labor and difficulty was quite inadequate for the construction of a first-class building, so the trustees put up a plain, cheap, wooden structure, containing a few recitation rooms, a small chapel and fifteen or twenty sleeping apartments; and, having no stone for a foundation, erected it on spiles. They cut the coat according to the cloth and so demonstrated their wisdom.

"When the first school year began there were ten students in the four college classes, for at first university work was not attempted; still, the campus was prophetic of a vast amount of such work in the future. Sites for a divinity school, a

law school, a medical school, a school of architecture, a chemical laboratory, a physics laboratory and a conservatory of music were all carefully staked out on the smiling prairie. Among the ten pioneer students there were four freshmen, three sophomores, two juniors and one senior. During that first memorable year, the president and professors, gaunt with hunger, did their work with praiseworthy energy and thoroughness. The first commencement was drawing near. The trustees began to consider if there were not someone on whom they might appropriately confer the degree of Doctor of Laws. Their mature choice fell on me. Deeming myself not unworthy of the intended degree, without any mock modesty, I readily accepted their distinguished offer. The coveted honor was just in sight. The prospect made me more than happy. But suddenly all my bright hopes were forever blasted. The commencement was to occur on the 28th of June, but on the 20th a terrible cyclone swept over the prairie. The president, professors and students barely had time to crawl into a dugout, when that roaring cyclone took up into its awful, swirling funnel the university building, crushed it into ten thousand atoms, and scattered it for miles all over the fields in the track of its devastating power. Not a vestige of the University property was left save the campus, the dugout and the spiles. This sudden and destructive calamity so disheartened the trustees that they never came together again, and I missed by just six days the degree of LL.D.

"Of late years, I have often been solicited by institutions east and west to receive from them the degree of which I was so strangely deprived in my early life; but I have firmly refused all such kind offers. During the last forty or fifty years the degree has become so common that a man of sound sense would scarcely care to have it attached to his name. So I am, and so I expect to remain, plain Titus Tuiters. Still, I trust that I am none the less honorable because an untimely cyclone so long ago laid my proffered honor in the dust."

After listening to this naive satire on the crude notion of a university sometimes entertained in pioneer communities, I thought it good enough to pass around.

The Nobility of the Trades

THE MERCHANT—UNTIL THE DISCOVERY
OF AMERICA

By Charles Winslow Hall



BYZANTIUM, first founded by the Greeks B. C. 688, on the shores of the Bosphorus, commanding the Euxine Sea, and for a thousand years the terminus of the grand ancient caravan system, the chief line of which lay between Sardis, in Asia Minor, and Susa, in Persia, early became the entrepot of the then known world. Even in its earliest days the commerce of the Black Sea had become of great importance, the Crimea and Southern Russia being the principal granaries of Southern Europe, while the corn and hides of the Ukraine, Siberian furs, Circassian slaves, salt fish, honey, wax and cattle were procured in vast quantities. Through its caravan trade the cities of the Ganges and China furnished silks, pearls and gems, rare spices and balsams, ivory and gold, cotton and linen tissues and many Indian curiosities, receiving in exchange the red coral and amber of the Mediterranean, and glass and metal work.

For nearly three centuries it was alternately held by the Athenians and Lacedaemonians, and in B. C. 390 it became independent until reduced by Alexander the Great. Severus, A. D. 196, captured it after a siege that lasted three years, and destroyed a large part of the city walls and residences.

Constantine, A. D. 330, changed the capital of the Roman Empire to Byzantium, rebuilt it and gave it the name of Constantinople, removing thither the seat of empire from Rome, then constantly menaced by barbarians who invaded southern Europe. In imitation of the Seven Hills of Imperial Rome, he enlarged its boundaries so as to include five eminences, besides the two on which it was originally built.

The Bosphorus, a deep, tideless sea, includes the harbor called the "Golden Horn," which is eminently suitable both for defence, and for ships of all sizes; and constitutes the crossing between Europe and Asia Minor, and the shortest route to the treasures of Asia and Africa. Whatever commodities, therefore, were prized or produced within the bounds of the then commercial world, long found their chief center of collection and distribution at Constantinople.

After the destruction of Imperial Rome, Constantinople, safe from the hordes which then threatened and devastated Europe, retained much of the learning, military genius and traditions of the Eternal City; kept up a commercial intercourse with the countries of the East, and mainly effected whatever was done to restore and preserve art, science and literature.

Under Justinian (A. D. 527-565), a remarkable impulse to trade and manufactures was given by the introduction from China of the silk worm. For many centuries silk was considered, like cotton, a vegetable substance, its true origin having been jealously concealed by the Chinese. Two missionaries returning home from China, at the risk of their lives, concealed in a hollow cane some eggs of the silk worm, which were brought to Constantinople, and carefully hatched and multiplied, until they were distributed throughout the Byzantine Empire. Cyprus and Sicily soon became great silk-producing countries, and in Greece the Peloponnesus became known as the Morea, from the abundance of the white mulberry, *Morus Multicaulis*, on which the silk worms were fed.

When the Moslems took Alexandria, the trade to India by way of Egypt was cut off, as most of the Christian states would have no dealings with the infidel; but a new route led by way of the Greek settlements on the Black Sea, through Independent Tartary, and for two centuries Constantinople dealt with India and China almost exclusively through this circuitous route.

With every generation the ships of the Greek Empire sought more distant coasts, and carried on an active trade as far west as the shores of Spain and Northwestern Africa. This commerce, during the reign of Justinian, comprised raw and finished silks, cottons, linens and flax, sweet wines, dates, figs, sugar, cassia and rugs, Indian spices, cloves, nutmegs, mace, cinnamon, galanga root and pepper. India also supplied precious stones, musk, civet and other perfumes and beautiful horses. The Genoese imported silver, probably from Spain, velvets, broadcloth, laces, perfumes and jewelry, and the people of Pisa introduced woolen stuffs, scarlet robes and coarse fustian. Comparatively few native products were exported; but included reshipments of Grecian velvet, silks, cotton, linen and woolen cloth, nuts, saffron, oil, timber, pitch and honey, gold, silver, mercury, copper, iron, tin, lead, armor and weapons and slaves of many races. An illicit trade existed, owing to laws which for-

bade the export of purple robes and other costly insignia of state. The land trade into northern and western Europe was carried on principally through the Avars, formerly a conquering race, inhabiting the Danubian Provinces, from Upper Hungary to the River Inn. They carried many kinds of goods, some of which eventually reached Scandinavia and the British Islands; but by the middle of the ninth century the Avars and their trade were both extinct.

The Bulgarians carried on most of the trade with the Germanic tribes, until a war arose in which the Greeks were at first defeated; but the Bulgarians were finally subdued by the Emperor Basil in 1018. Much of the Bulgarian and Moravian trade was, however, controlled by the Hungarians, who emigrated into Europe from the Ural ranges, in the ninth century, and established in the plains of the Danube a kingdom which still preserves the ancient name of its tribe, "Hungary," and that of its founders, the "Magyars." During this period the adventurers of Iceland, Denmark, Norway and Sweden in large numbers found their way through Russia and Germany to Constantinople, and were enrolled in that Varangian Guard which was the especial protection of the Grecian Emperors, and their main dependence in their wars with their Bulgarian and Arabian invaders. Through their services and the land traffic which arose from this close connection of the Greek Empire with the northern nations, large amounts of treasure and articles of luxury and use found their way into Norse lands, and made the Norse people in many ways superior to other nations of Northern Europe.

The decay of Byzantine trade was largely hastened by the struggle for empire between the Arabs and the Greeks. The Grecian Emperors could not spare vessels of war to convoy the merchantmen through the Mediterranean, and the neutral states of Venice, Genoa and Pisa took advantage of this condition and largely diverted trade to the Italian cities.

The Grecian policy also often tended to drive away alien merchants, as in the reign of Justinian, when many monopolies were granted, and the state reserved for

itself the traffic in important commodities—a policy which diminished foreign trade and led to a decline in the quality of home manufactures.

Venice took part in the Levantine trade early in the ninth century, but little intercourse took place until the crusades rendered the services of Venice so important that they were welcomed to Constantinople, practically controlled the entire Greek navy, made alliances with noble families and acquired a considerable amount of city property. In 1172 the Emperor Manuel Comnenus required them to assist in an expedition against Sicily and seized their vessels and cargoes because of their refusal. Later he set their merchants at liberty, but they were never reimbursed for their losses. Then the merchants of Genoa, Pisa and Amafi were assigned a portion of Constantinople in which to erect dwellings, stores and churches, but they were unable to forget their Italian feuds, and Genoese and Pisan adventurers fought each other as fiercely as on the Italian seas and shores at home.

Later, during the crusades of 1198-1204, Venetian and Pisan galleys were employed by Count Baldwin of Flanders to convoy his troops and his French allies to the Holy Land. An usurper had occupied the throne, and Alexius, son of the blinded and imprisoned emperor, implored their assistance. Baldwin and his associates besieged and took Constantinople, seated father and son on the throne and agreed to hire their levies for a year to the restored Greek dynasty. The bigotry of both peoples, the failure to pay the full amount promised the crusaders, and the arrogance and oppression of some of the barons and adventurers brought on another conspiracy, and a Greek usurper murdered the young Alexius and tried to expel the Crusaders. Baldwin stormed the city and after a partial pillage became emperor in turn, receiving as his share the overlordship of one-fourth of the empire. Three-eighths of the remainder was conferred on the French barons, and the remaining three-eighths on the Venetians, who chose for their share the better part of the Peloponnesus and a chain of ports and islands reaching from the Adriatic

to the Bosphorus, and acquired a strategic control of the best part of the commerce and trade of the city of Constantinople.

Venice enjoyed this superiority as long as the Latin Empire under Baldwin continued, but Genoa was fast increasing her sea-power and resources and in 1261 allied herself with Michael Palaeologus, the Greek king of Nice, in spite of the fulminations of the reigning pope, who of course favored the Latin usurpers. Constantinople was surprised and taken July



THE BANNER OF CONSTANTINE
"In this sign, conquer"

25, 1261, and Baldwin, saved by some Venetian galleys, escaped to Italy. The new emperor devoted himself to recovering something of the prestige and prosperity which Constantinople had lost between 1203 and 1261, while under Latin rule and Venetian monopoly. He restored the Grecian heirs of those who had been dispossessed; made his allies residents of the city, and invited settlers from his provinces. He also made welcome even the tradesmen of Venice and Pisa, giving each their special quarter and the usual privileges of the law-merchant; having in such matters magistrates and statutes

of their own. The Genoese were finally allotted the present site of Pera, on the north side of the Golden Horn, then called Galata, where they paid no customs duties and practically controlled the navigation and commerce of the Black Sea. They even signed a commercial treaty with the Tartar Khan of Tauris, now the Crimea. The Venetians, thus deprived of their former route to India via western Turkestan, defied the papal interdict against trade with the infidel Arabs of Egypt, and secured another and better route to India, through Syria by land and Egypt by sea. Until the Portuguese doubled the Cape of Storms (Good Hope) Venice enjoyed the cream of the great Indian trade.

Germany and Belgium found the way to Constantinople overland by way of Nuremberg, Augsburg, Ulm, Ratisbon and Vienna, whence the Danube furnished cheap water transportation. An immense trade with Russia poured into Constantinople furs, slaves, grain, fish, hides, iron, timber, pitch, honey, etc., but the Greeks would not allow the Slavonic merchants to meet the foreign merchants in the winter and deal with them directly.

At first the Russians left the great fairs at Novgorod and Tchernigov together, and a jolly company rendezvoused at Kiev and went on to Constantinople together, but at last came only as far as the mouth of the Dneiper, where they were met by the Italian and German merchants, and this immense trade was lost to the Greeks with the exception of the grain and fish imports. Along the same road came the Scandinavian traders and adventurers, who often served in the Varangian Guard of the emperor, and later carried northward rare silks, gold ornaments, foreign coins and splendid weapons and armor that figured for generations in Norse Sagas and histories.

But the Venetians and their allies had pillaged Constantinople of her greatest treasures, the remnants of the learning,

art and science of that "glory which was Greece" as well as of her more sordid treasures and prestige as an emporium of the world's commerce acquired by the labors and conquests of nine hundred years. Even today the "horses of Lysippus," now known to every tourist as the "horses of St. Mark," tell of the sack of fallen Byzantium, of great Constantinople, fallen never again to recover her ancient glories.

The fall of Rome was the beginning of the career of Venice, whose founders, a remnant of the Italian province of Venetia, driven from their homes by the terrible Attila the Hun, took refuge in their boats and landed among the lagoons, which, separated from the sea by a long, narrow belt of sand, lay at the head of the Adriatic,



NORSE VIKINGS

forming an area of much water and little land, about four miles square. Almost utterly destitute of vegetation it offered the fugitives only life and safety, driftwood for fuel, fish and the eggs and flesh of the sea fowl that haunted it for food, and great deposits of salt with which they

cured their sea fish, and sold with them in the neighboring cities, when the Huns had departed with the spoils of Italy.

By degrees they built up a city in the sea, and became at last the chief maritime power of the world, attaining their greatest prosperity in the thirteenth century, when, as we have seen, their alliance with the Crusaders under Baldwin enabled them to control the vast trade of Constantinople and especially her Indian and Black Sea trade, besides absorbing a very large amount of Grecian territory. Deprived of much of this trade by the restoration of the Grecian Emperor in 1261, they braved the thunders of the Vatican and through the Arabs of Alexandria again enjoyed the greater part of the commerce of the East. Later on they defeated the Genoese galleys in several engagements and recovered to some extent the Black Sea trade.

The fruits of this victory were of course lost when the Turks took Constantinople

and paralyzed every form of industry and commerce there centered. Nevertheless, the Venetians were still supreme in the Mediterranean. Through Alexandria and their peaceful relations with the Turks they still secured the larger part of the products of India, Arabia and Africa.

Commerce was the basis of the development of this aristocratic republic, whose nobles were for many centuries as active in trade as in war. At the end of the fourteenth century one thousand nobles had erected their splendid palaces on the massive piers and embankments, which had replaced and built up the sand spits on which the settlers had found shelter.

A quarter of a million of people crowded the public squares and thoroughfares, and covered the canals with their gondolas and pleasure boats. Hotels for the accommodation of strangers and the princely residences of foreign merchants abounded throughout the city, while the flags of every nation waved from a forest of masts at the wharfs and the merchants of the Rialto paid enormous rents for the smallest vacant counter.

Immense amounts of gold and silver were minted for the home and foreign trade, and the first bank guaranteed by a state was founded here in 1157.

About the same date three thousand merchantmen, over three hundred of which were ships of over seven hundred tons and manned by twenty-five thousand sailors, were employed by the Venetians. There were besides forty-five war galleys, with eleven thousand men, and ten thousand workmen were employed in the arsenals. The largest state vessel, "The Bucentaur," splendid in scarlet and gold, its deck and seats inlaid with costly woods, and radiant with priceless banners and canopies, and propelled by many banks of burnished oars, was used once in every year to commemorate the victory gained over the Emperor Frederick Barbarossa in 1117. On such occasions it bore the Doge of Venice seated upon a magnificent throne, under a regal canopy, and at the head of a splendid squadron of war galleys and pleasure ships far out into the Adriatic. There rising to his feet the Doge in the name of the Republic, threw a golden ring into the sea, uttering at the same time the

oft-repeated espousal pledge of the Republic, "We espouse thee, O Sea, in token of true and eternal sovereignty."

The merchant fleet of the Republic was managed under rules as well established as those of any navy, and was divided into squadrons sailing together according to the countries visited. Their courses, the days for departure and return, their size, armament, crew and amount of cargo of each vessel were clearly defined. A convoy of war galleys accompanied each of



GLYPTIS AND EUXENUS—THE OFFER OF MARRIAGE

the six or seven squadrons in regular commission. The argosies sailing to Cyprus and Egypt and the fleets of the Barbary and Syrian trade had their chief rendezvous at Alexandria and Cairo. What was called the Armenian fleet cleared for Constantinople and the Euxine Sea, visiting Kaffa and Alexandretta. The Catalanian fleet traded with Spain and Portugal, another with southern France, while the greatest of all, the Flanders squadron, connected with the chief sea ports of France, England and Holland, sailing northeast as far as the city of Bruges.

The Republic also had an enormous internal traffic through German, Hungarian and Bohemian merchants, who distributed the oriental goods from Constantinople and Egypt through Germany and Italy. These German merchants were accorded a bonded warehouse, where-in they could offer their wares for sale, although only to Venetian dealers. Similar privileges were granted to the Turks, Moors and Armenians.

Perhaps the best example of Venetian policies at their best is afforded by an address in which the Doge Moncenigo wisely advised the Venetians to refrain from war, and thus summed up the value of their trade: "Ye are the channels," he says, "through which all riches flow. Ye provide for the whole world. Every-



THE CRUSADERS

where men have a common concern in our welfare, and gold from every source flows hither. Through peace our noble city has yearly ten million ducats employed as mercantile capital in different parts of the world; the annual profits of our traders amount to four millions of ducats. Our housing is valued at seven million ducats; its rental at five hundred thousand. Three thousand merchant ships carry on our trade; forty-three galleys and three hundred smaller vessels manned by ten thousand sailors secure our naval power; our mint has coined one million ducats within the year; from Milan alone, we draw one million ducats in coin and nine hundred thousand ducats more in clothing, and our profits upon this traffic alone may be reckoned as six hundred thousand ducats. Proceeding as ye have done, you will become masters of all the gold in Christendom; but war and especially unjust war will infallibly lead to ruin."

Until 1272 the foreign trade had been confined to the nobles, but now, permission was given the citizens generally to make voyages to Marseilles, Montpellier and Aigues-Mortes to distribute Venetian goods. The wool imported by the Flanders fleet was made into black cloth for European, and scarlet textures for the Levant trade. Linen, cotton and camel's hair goods, silks, woven by political refugees from Lucca, and the celebrated glass wares of the Venetian factories were also distributed. Vast amounts of salt and salted fish were also exported. Venetian gold smiths' work was universally prized, and the brass and iron work furnished raw material to the armorers whose weapons and defensive armor were unsurpassed for beauty and temper. The ship-building industry was necessarily carried to great perfection.

Venetian travellers who penetrated regions hitherto unknown to Europeans gave to the world records of daring adventure and close observation which are still reckoned among the great discoveries and adventures of the past. Masseo and Nicolo Polo spent fifteen years in visiting Egypt, Persia and India, and finally Tartary and the territories of the great Khan or Emperor of China, and Marco Polo, a son of Nicolo, and Bathema and Joseph Barbara extended the knowledge obtained by the elder Polos in northern Europe and Asia.

The world has never excelled the energy directed to commerce and adventure that made Venice great; but, jealous of the prosperity of other commercial Italian cities, she wasted men and money in destroying the rivalry of Genoa; fettered manufactures with restrictions on the importations from foreign states, with the idea of benefitting the Venetians by preventing competition and thus crippling the production of wealth. Heavy duties on almost every article of home and foreign trade and state monopolies of salt and other commodities were established, and the revenues of Venice were raised almost entirely by these methods.

Prohibitions of like nature shut out the Flanders trade in amber and wool, which the Venetians tried to monopolize, refusing to take money or any other goods in

payment for their cargoes. The Northern merchants, realizing the disadvantages of this policy, gave up the Venetian trade and dealt elsewhere. Finally, forgetful of the sources of their wealth, the citizens even forbade their nobles to trade, yet nevertheless, Venice might have outgrown a bad policy had not the Portuguese in 1498 established factories and colonized ports in several parts of India, having reached that country by the circumnavigation of Africa. The first thought of the Venetian Senate was to try to make an alliance with the Sultan of Egypt, to crush the Portuguese adventurers and shut their rivals out from India. Failing in this they tried to make a treaty of commerce with Portugal, offering to become the sole purchasers of Indian commodities, but were refused. Venice declined thereafter, not through being conquered by rivals, but from a false commercial policy and the changes in commerce resulting from new discoveries and greater boldness in navigation.

Genoa, like most important Italian cities, was formerly a Roman port, and later, allied with Pisa, became famous by attacking the Saracen corsairs, which everywhere harassed Mediterranean commerce; during the crusades the Genoese furnished fleets to the soldiers of France, Germany and England, and her mariners became rich, as well as famous as sea-fighters and bold navigators. It was during the crusades that they conquered Corsica, Sardinia, Minorca and some Spanish provinces occupied by the Saracens; but their chief prosperity culminated in 1261, when they helped to replace the Grecian Emperor upon the throne, supplanted the Venetians at Constantinople and monopolized the commerce of the Euxine.

Genoa manufactured velvet, broadcloth, hosiery, lace, perfumes, jewelry and sculpture, and became the outlet for the exports of Switzerland, Lombardy and Piedmont. In the height of its power, it built up, largely from the ruins of Carthage, in marble and porphyry, the palaces, churches and hospitals which conferred upon the city the title of "Genoa the Superb."

As we have before said, Genoa suffered greatly by its feud with Venice and Pisa.

Four wars with Pisa took place between 1070 and 1282, resulting in the ruin of Pisa. For one hundred and thirty-one years Genoa was almost continually at war with Venice, and in 1351 seventy-six Genoese galleys vainly attempted to capture seventy-four Venetian, Catalan and Grecian ships. Later the Genoese fought another sea-fight against the Venetians, at the close of which only nineteen out of seventy galleys were left to Genoa, and in 1381 they were compelled to acknowledge the maritime superiority of Venice.

During these wars the government was frequently obliged to pledge its customs dues to repay money advanced by its wealthy citizens, who formed themselves



GAUL AND THE BRITONS

into a company known as the "Bank of St. George," whose capital was really the evidence of the state debt. Until the final decline of the republic the Bank of St. George was one of the most famous of the monied institutions of Europe, holding as security in 1456 the entire island of Corsica, and later the important settlements of Kaffa on the Euxine, which, however, were taken by the Turks in 1474. During the wars with France the English found arrayed against them large bodies of Genoese crossbow men, and were harassed more or less at sea by Genoese corsairs and vessels in the pay of France and Spain.

Pisa from the eleventh to the thirteenth century stood third in importance among the commercial states of Italy, holding at one time Sardinia, Corsica and the Balearic Islands, all of them taken from

the Moors. She also acquired wealth and prominence through transporting men and supplies during the crusades; her alliance was sought both by Genoa and Venice and she seemed at times to have been willing to sell her services to the highest bidder. When Genoa succeeded Venice in influence at Constantinople, the merchants of Pisa were continued in their privileges in order to secure their alliance. During this period were built those wonderful edifices which even today excite the envy and wonder of modern architects: the Duomo, the Baptistery, the Leaning Tower and the Arcades of the Campo Santo.

An association partly religious and partly commercial, styling itself "The Brotherhood of Humility," established at this time settlements in the East, which materially extended the commerce of the Republic. The ports of Barbary, Spain and Sicily, at that time held by the Saracens, were all open to Pisanese merchantmen.

For two centuries, Pisa by turns allied herself to Genoa and then to Venice, but made real friends of neither. Finally the Genoese hatred, long restrained, burst into a flame and both states raised fleets that excited the wonder of contemporary historians; but on every occasion Genoa possessed a superior fleet and at the battle of Meloria, Pisa lost five thousand men, besides eleven thousand who were taken prisoners, and it is said for the most part perished in chains. "If you wish to find Pisa," it was commonly said in Italy, "you must look for her in the dungeons of Genoa." The harbor of Pisa was destroyed by the Genoese and its entrance filled up. After this reverse, her commerce dwindled away, her colonies fell into other hands and finally one of the Viscontis usurped the government of the city and subsequently sold it to Florence, with which state after a century of useless struggle and revolutions, it became permanently united.

Florence, the capital of Tuscany, a part of ancient Etruria, at the end of the twelfth century received its freedom from Rudolf, the first Austrian Emperor, upon the payment of about three hundred and fifty thousand dollars, and ultimately became famous both for its luxury and wealth. Its manufactures were the chief source of

its prosperity and enriched many famous families, among whom the Medici attained regal power. The industries of the Republic were controlled by guilds, seven of which—the lawyers', bankers', physicians', merchant's, salesmen's and two guilds of manufacturers were styled "the greatest guilds"; five, and later fourteen lower guilds included the smiths, shoemakers, carpenters, masons, butchers and others.

At first the ships at Pisa transported their exports and imports, but owing to their jealousy of the growth of Florence, the Pisanese refused to serve in this profitable capacity. The Florentines then began to build shops for themselves, and, buying Livorno, now Leghorn, Haven, from the Genoese, acquired an important commerce, as well as a large inland trade. In manufactures they excelled in woollens, silks and jewelry, established agencies in all parts of Europe and acted as bankers to a large part of Europe.

Their mercantile fleet of twenty-six vessels was managed with the same attention to statutory regulation as those of Venice. The importance of their foreign trade is shown by the fact that twelve of the envoys, who conveyed the good wishes of foreign nations to Boniface Eighth, on his elevation to the Papal Chair, were citizens of Florence.

The fame of the Medicis as patrons of science and art, literature, architecture, sculpture and painting is an important part of European history. As princes they seemed to have forgotten their former economies, and lost vast fortunes through the mismanagement of agents. In thirty-seven years, from 1434 to 1471, they expended in buildings and luxuries about six million four hundred thousand dollars of American money. The simple and exquisite taste of the Florentines, their love of learning and refined humor was retained, even amid the degeneracy and love of pleasure which finally became a proverb.

Other smaller republics of Italy, which took a more or less prominent part in the history of Mediterranean commerce, include Amalfi, a small province of Naples, whose career reached the height of its influence and its decline between the sixth and twelfth centuries.

Its fleets took an active part in the crusades, and its commerce was extended to Egypt, Syria and Constantinople, while its harbor was largely frequented by Moors, Hindus, Saracens and Sicilians. Some of its citizens founded in Palestine the hospital of St. John of Jerusalem, from which the great military order of the hospitallers took its name.

Flavio Gioja introduced or improved the mariner's compass about the conclusion of the eleventh century; previously a needle was magnetized by the lodestone run through a piece of straw or wood and floated in a saucer or shallow dish, containing water. Then as the old chronicler says: "The point infallibly turns toward the Pole-Star, and when the night is dark and gloomy and neither star nor moon is visible, they set a light beside the needle, and they can be assured that the star is opposite to the point, and thereby the mariner is directed on his course. This is an art which cannot deceive."

The world is also in debt to the little republic of Amalfi for the discovery of Justinian's Pandects, which were found at the siege of Amalfi in 1137.

Ancona in the Papal states was founded by settlers from Syracuse, about B. C. 400, and has always been the second commercial port on the Adriatic coast of Italy. It has always had an extensive trade with the Levant, and its land commerce covered a great inland distribution throughout Europe.

Only the briefest reference can be given to Bologna, Ferrara, Modena, Lucca, Milan, Mantua, Brixen, Como and Verona, all of which at various times prescribed their own customs duties, carried on trade and, of course, took part in the minor feuds and partisan wars which make up so large a part of Italian history.

Ferrara and Milan were famous for their manufacture of weapons, and Lucca and Bologna are still everywhere famous for producing Italian food products and delicacies. Palermo was made a center of silk manufactures by Roger Guiscard, who was crowned king of the two Sicilies in 1131. Under the name of Lombards, Italian capitalists competed with the Jews as bankers and money-lenders all over Europe, and the district of London,

still known as Lombard Street, received its name from its occupation by this class of financiers.

Portugal was once known as a country held by conquerors of many races. First under the Carthaginians, afterward ruled by the Romans, later still by the Visigoths, who for two hundred years held the country until driven out by the Arabs in 713. The Moors a century later were expelled from her northern section; later Ferdinand of Castile nearly cleared the country of



THE ISLE OF THE DRUIDS AFTER
THE SACRIFICE

them, and then Henry of Burgundy succeeded to its control; his son Alfonso, having gained a great victory over them, was proclaimed King by his soldiers in 1139, took Lisbon in 1147, and at the time of his death in 1185 held almost the whole kingdom.

Portugal naturally had little to do with the commerce of the Mediterranean during the middle ages. Its chief commerce in 1270 was with England and other parts of northern Europe, and both English and Portuguese fisheries were open to the vessels of either nation. Under the rule of King Alfonso and the genius, energy

and munificence of Henry the Navigator in the fifteenth century the maritime enterprise of the Portuguese began to develop the discovery and trade of the west coast of Africa, and colonized Madeira and the Canary Islands and several points along the African coast. Unfortunately in 1442 the first negroes were brought to Lisbon by Nuno Tristan, and the slave trade was initiated. Cape de Verde, the Cape de Verde Islands and the Azores were discovered in 1448-49, and in 1486 Bar-



CARACTACUS, A PRISONER, LEAVING
BRITAIN FOREVER

tholomew Diaz sailed with three ships with orders to continue on until he reached the extremity of the continent of Africa. Sailing on from cape to cape, he found himself finally out of sight of land, and driven out of his course by storms, put about to make the land, which to his surprise and dismay he found upon the larboard tack and trending northward. Returning disheartened by the result of the voyage, he found that he had doubled the cape to which he gave the name of "The Cape of Storms," which the king, on his return to Portugal, changed to "The Cape of Good Hope."

Ten years later in 1497, Vasco da Gama reached the Indies by way of the Cape of Good Hope on the twentieth of May, 1498, and found at Calicut a commercial prosperity based upon husbandry, manufactures and trade, and had little trouble in making a treaty of trade with the ruler of Malabar. The Arabs who had so long controlled the commercial intercourse between India and the west, persuaded the ruler of Malabar that the Portuguese were pirates, and it was with difficulty that Da Gama secured permission to sail from Calicut for Portugal, where he arrived in 1499. In the year 1500 Alvarez Cabra, with Bartholomew Diaz, met with greater success. Cabral, driven out of his course, discovered the coast of Brazil, and after dispatching a ship with the tidings to Lisbon, continued his voyage with six ships to the Indies, where he finally obtained leave to establish a factory under the Portuguese flag.

Spain from her geographical position and natural wealth should have led the maritime nations of the Mediterranean in wealth and commercial prominence. During her early history, she was the Eldorado of Phoenician and Carthaginian enterprise; after the conquest of Carthage she became a Roman province, and her resources were wasted by venal officials and the revenues of the Roman government. Later on, the Spanish Arabs and Moors occupied the whole of her territory, and Barcelona, in which was concentrated nearly the whole trade of Spain, was alternately held by Saracen and Christian rulers.

In 1341 a small fleet of merchant ships manned by Genoese and Florentines, Portuguese and Spaniards, was dispatched from Spain for purposes of trade, and in 1344, Louis of France was made by the Pope Prince of the Fortunate Isles, or Canary Islands, whither he dispatched a fleet to make a permanent colony. In 1350 Spanish discoverers had never skirted the coast of Africa further south than Cape Bojador, two degrees north of the Tropic of Cancer.

In 1492 the discovery of America by Columbus began a new career of enterprise and prosperity for Spain. Previously, however, Barcelona became in

1164 the capital of the Kingdom of Arragon, and by the middle of the thirteenth century emulated the maritime cities of Italy, in both war and commerce. Sailing their vessels to every port of the Mediterranean and northern Europe, Barcelona became a formidable rival of Genoa, with which city it was frequently at war.

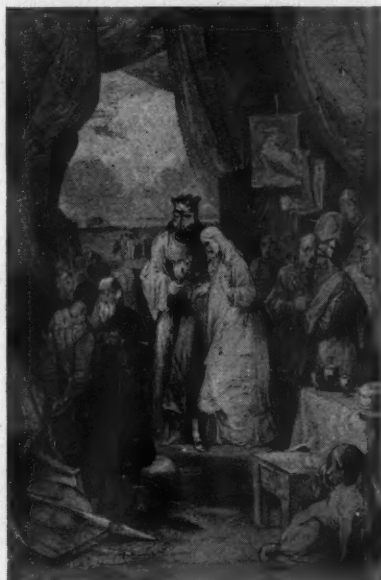
In the fifteenth century, Venice alone exceeded it in sea power; it was the center of the sale of Eastern goods throughout Christian Spain, and the privileges granted by the kings of Arragon were almost as great as those exercised by a sovereign state. No one could be arrested on board ship for debt or crime provided he gave bail for his surrender at the end of the voyage. In ship-building the design and workmanship of their vessels were so superior that the builders of other nations resorted to their dock-yards to learn their methods, or to purchase ships for their customers. The nobles and the common people alike eagerly competed for success in business, skill in manufacture and success in commerce. Barcelona possessed besides ship-yards, docks and wharves, a custom house, a large arsenal, foreign warehouses, factories, banks and exchanges; the latter attracted not only Jews and Lombards, but French, Italian and German traders, who carried on their business under enlightened and liberal laws.

In 1400 there were fifteen Dutch and thirteen Savoyard firms represented at Barcelona. Numerous guilds of artificers existed, and after the expulsion of the skilled Moors of Seville, Toledo, Malaga, Grenada and Almeria, Barcelona alone represented in all Spain anything like an adequate manufacturing interest. The manufacture of woolen, cotton and silk goods, lace, linen, paper, leather and cordage were the principal industries. They exported cereals, flax, hemp, licorice, madder, saffron, almonds and other nuts, figs, grapes, citron, olive oil and silk, with copper, lead, iron, nitre, rock-salt and other minerals. Considerable wine and the bark of the cork-oak with lumber for ship-building were also largely exported.

Barcelona established the first bank of deposit in 1401, and also the earliest regulations for marine insurance. It is also claimed that the first work on maritime

law in a modern language was published at Barcelona.

France, or ancient Gaul, had but one important point on the Mediterranean, originally a trading post of the Phoenicians, and little mentioned by ancient writers. Later, the Rhodians traded there, but were supplanted by the Phocaeans of Asia Minor, through the good fortune of Euxenus, a merchant adventurer, who was hospitably entertained by Nann, chief of the Seobriges, and to a feast, at



ROWENA PLEDGES VORTIGERN—SAXON MAID AND BRITISH KING

which Glyptis, his daughter, was to make her choice of a husband, in accordance with a custom which, it is said, still survives in some degree, among the Basques of the Pyrenees.

The young girl came into the hall bearing a goblet of wine, and blushing looked from one to the other of the chiefs and warriors who awaited her decision. Her hesitation was brief, for stepping before Euxenus and his associates, she proffered the symbolic wine-cup to the Grecian leader, who promptly accepted and drank the wine.

The Gallic chieftain acquiesced in her

choice, as that of his gods, and after their marriage, gave the territory about the haven to Euxenus, who sent his galley back to Phocaea for more colonists. A number of vessels arrived the next year, and Massilia soon became a port of considerable importance. When Phocaea fell before the Persians under Cyrus, a large number of her citizens fled in their galleys and from time to time found a new home at Massilia, from whose trade and enterprise sprung trading-posts which founded



KING ALFRED'S BATTLE PLAN AFTER
VISITING THE DANISH CAMP

or gave importance to many such cities, as Nice, Antibes, Saint Gilles, Avignon, Arles and other French municipalities, which may be said to date their founding and development to that memorable evening when the golden-haired Glyptis passed by the princes of her tribe and offered her hand and heart to a Grecian sea-captain.

In due season, Massilia became a Roman port, and an important naval and commercial base.

Greek, Roman, Carthaginian, Moor and the followers of Charlemagne and Charles

Martel, by turns held it as the key to the possession of beautiful southern France, but it never became prominent in the struggle for supremacy, for world-wide commerce and sovereignty.

It had two competing towns, Aigues-Mortes, at the mouth of the Rhone, and now four miles from deep water, and Montpellier, a centre of woolen manufactures for large quantities of wool were imported into Southern France from the Barbary States, and the looms of Provence were long famous for woolen stuffs, dyed in bright colors, with log wood, madder and carmine, and later excelled in the production of silks, and other costly textiles, but until after the discovery of the New World and the sea-highway to India, Mediterranean France, like Constantinople, occupied a subordinate place as a centre of maritime enterprise.

The Gauls of northern France known to the world, chiefly through the "Commentaries" of Cæsar, their conqueror, and chief historian, were of that great Celtic race, which in Cæsar's day chiefly populated the British Islands, and in the north-east of France mingled, or struggled with the Teutonic races. "Barbarians," in Roman estimation, they were by no means destitute of taste or skill, or ignorant of the benefits of commerce. Indeed the Veneti, on the northern coast, owned sea-going ships, so strongly built that Cæsar's rams could not sink them, and their only disadvantage in fight was in being propelled by sails only instead of both sails and oars. Glass, pottery, linen, jewelry, leather, dressed furs, wine, mead and ale, dairy produce, and arms of formidable weight and keenness were made by their artisans. Their druidic priesthood, like the hierarchy of all the Norse nations, preserved much of the cult of the ancient worship of Baal, which so largely made a temple of "high places" and "the open air," and appeased the angry gods with human sacrifices, and the execution of captives and criminals.

A brave but undisciplined people conquered and almost destroyed by the Roman legions—their growth in manufactures and trade is long a part of Roman history. In the middle ages it was long tributary to English, Teutonic

and Italian enterprise, when not paralyzed by the foreign and intestine wars which so long desolated France; or by the Saracens who held Provence and Languedoc, until their mightiest levies were destroyed under Mont Majeur by Charles Martel.

The adoption of the mariner's compass, the manufacture of paper and the discovery of printing, were great factors in the extension of commerce, through the universal desire of knowledge, wealth and novel luxuries. Piracy and not less piratical warfare still necessitated the armament of all ships, and a new weapon made the great merchant dromond or galleon, cog or caravel, almost as formidable as a man-of-war.

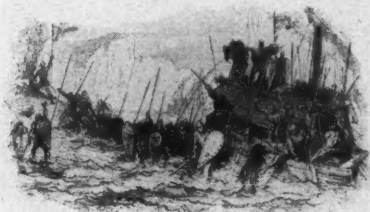
Before the tenth century, the Grecian navy had possessed that famous "Greek fire," which like a carcass, fire-ball or Chinese "stinkpot" could be carried by ships, or stored in the magazines of fortresses and used on land or sea. Certain forms of it were shot with fire-arrows, pushed forward at the end of poles by soldiers, horses and fire-ships, or thrown from the huge military engines then in use, but it was also shot from tubes and tremendous reports added to the effect of its unquenchable fires and noxious vapors.

It was probably also fired from a bronze or iron tube, with a charge of the weak powder long used in pyrotechny, and indeed in the first handguns whose ounce balls required two ounces of powder to give them effect.

During the Crusades it was used both against and to aid the Frankish crusaders, and Philip Augustus of France carried away from Acre a supply from her magazines, with which he destroyed an English fleet at the siege of Dieppe. In 1383, the garrison of Ypres, in Flanders, routed the English besiegers under the Archbishop of Norwich, using both "Greek fire and cannons" and following them to Barburgh, took the city with same terrible weapons. Greek fire was long carried by Mediterranean fighters, both Christian and Mohammedan, and seems to have led the way to the invention or adoption of naval artillery, which in the fourteenth and sixteenth centuries was largely made up of small breech-loading guns with

iron chambers like those of the tubes for Greek fire, which may well have first been employed to throw some light missile when the supply of fireworks was exhausted. Later experience would lead men to make stronger tubes and the balls of granite and lead first used as projectiles.

The Saracens and Turks seem to have excelled all others in cannon-founding, Mahomet II at the taking of Constantinople placing in battery three huge guns, the largest of which was cast in bronze and in two pieces. The breech had a chambered or smaller bore than the barrel, which was of twenty-inch calibre and screwed to the breech. The balls of granite weighed six hundred pounds. Still larger ones made later for the defence of the Dardanelles, were of thirty-inch



LANDING OF WILLIAM THE NORMAN
A. D. 1066

calibre, throwing a stone ball of 1,100 pounds weight, and these "Kemerliks" were actually in battery and action in the last century.

The shipping of the Mediterranean at an early date used not only banners but colored and pictured sails to denote their ownership and nationality. Cleopatra's galley at Actium, whose flight led Antony to defeat, had purple sails, and to this day the sails of Mediterranean craft are the delight of painters. At night, they carried lanterns. A Roman admiral, according to Scipio, carried three, his war-galleys one, and his transports two each.

It will be seen that it was only just before the discovery of a sea-route to India and the Americas, that the navies of Europe had acquired the appliances of navigation, and the modern artillery, which alone enabled them to make good their settlements and expeditions

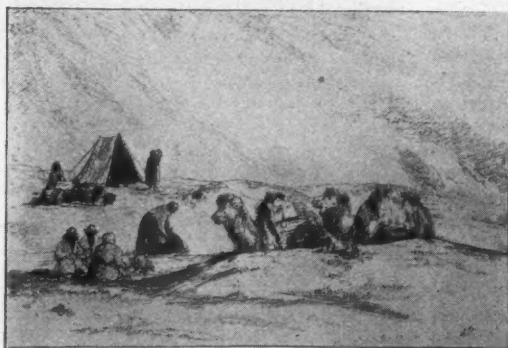
in "the Indies" of the Old and New Worlds.

England in the earliest times of which we have any knowledge, dates her introduction to the civilized world with the invasion of Julius Cæsar, B. C. 556, although there is little doubt that the Phœnicians visited it first in B. C. 550. His memoirs, so full of interest in regard to other nations, contained little about the conditions of life in England at that time, but it is known that in certain things they differed from any other nation in Europe with which he came in contact. The southern kingdoms of England appear to have been largely settled by Belgian-Gauls, who had established principally

and nobles dressed in woollen and linen cloth, wore golden ornaments and were tattooed or painted with figures on various parts of the body. The common people dressed largely in leathern garments or the skins and furs of wild beasts. Further north, as was but natural, the people grew less civilized and were largely of purely Celtic races, but of these Cæsar had little knowledge. In fact, his first expedition to Great Britain was little more than a failure, as he was unable to leave any permanent garrison at any point on the coast. Later on, as the Roman occupation extended further and further into the island, and regular cities and havens were established, a considerable exchange of produce and foreign goods took place.

Intermarriages between the Romans and Cymri or Britons, increased the number of British-born Roman citizens, who abandoned the Druidic religion for the Latin, and adopted Roman fashions and manners. Agricola had penetrated to the Forth, A. D. 43-84, and the Christian religion had its adherents in the first century.

Cassivellaunus, Caractacus and Queen Boadicea in turn opposed the invaders, but the discipline and military skill of the Romans, their splendid



CAMP AND BACTRIAN CAMELS ON THE DESERT

agricultural settlements. Tin, lead and iron were mined and also copper, from which bronze coins were struck either then or shortly after the Roman occupation. Large herds of swine, cattle and sheep were raised, and hides, wool and furs were exporters.

Julius Cæsar is said to have secured many large pearls, which were set in a breastplate, which he presented to the Goddess Venus. He found the people warlike, armed with swords, lances, javelins ported, and also pearls from the Scottish andbows and arrows, and many of the kings mustered a large number of war chariots, whose axles were armed with scythes with which the ranks of his legions were often broken; no other nation in Europe is known to have owned or used war chariots of this description. The well-to-do people

roads and their well-fortified camps enabled four or five legions of five thousand men each to hold the southern tribes in check, and to drive into the Welsh fastnesses such Cymri as they could not control. In the north, the Great Wall of Hadrian, seventy miles long, belting Great Britain from the Tyne to the Solway, was begun A. D. 122, and twenty years later that of Antoninus, from the Forth to the Clyde. The latter was soon abandoned, for the Picts and Scots, aided by Norse invaders, made constant incursions, whenever there was a chance for victory or plunder.

The disintegration of the Empire withdrew legion after legion, and in A. D. 409 Britain was left open to the ravages of the Northern and Norse heathen, and the remnants of the unconquered Cymri

of Wales. Against these Vortigern, a British King, seems to have maintained his hold on southern England, and to have made an alliance with certain Jute or Saxon sea-kings named Hengist and Horsa, with whom he became nearly related through his marriage with Rowena, and in the end saw his people dominated by the Saxon invaders. Thus arose the Saxon Heptarchy, whose kings held their own with difficulty against the Danes, who in their turn invaded the Saxon lands. The famous King Arthur seems to have championed the Christianized Britons about the Sixth Century, and is even said to have taken part in the conquest of Rome.

The Danes overran the country between 827 and 878, although Alfred, noblest of the Saxon dynasty, made King in 871, warred against them with success. How he conquered Guthrum, a great Danish leader, visiting his camp in a minstrel's disguise, and planning his attack from the knowledge thus gained, is one of the most daring achievements told of a long line of English monarchs, and in his later victories against Hastings, another Danish invader, he twice displayed his nobility of soul by returning to his savage enemy his wife and children who had fallen into his hands. He built up a strong navy of warships, larger and swifter than the "long serpents" of the Danes, and the narrow row-galleys of the German river-tribes and undoubtedly ruled England more beneficently and justly than any succeeding monarch for several centuries. During this time a considerable trade was carried on, but principally with merchants who came in their ships to buy and sell, rather than through voyaging to other lands.

After his death, most of the Saxon Kings gave themselves up to sloth and dissipation, and by turns bought off their Danish invaders, or fought them to little purpose, until in the eleventh century, the Monk-king, Edward the Confessor, left his kingdom open to the wager of battle, in which Harold, the Anglo-Dane, defeated Harold Hardraade of Norway, to be in turn defeated and slain at Hastings October 15, 1066, by William the Norman. Harold would undoubtedly have done

better for England than "the tanner's grandson," who transplanted the feudal system to England, and gave the English over to the tender mercies of absentee nobles who owned domains in Normandy and brutal adventurers who had won their lands at the point of the sword. Bitter are the words and sad the picture of the Saxon chronicler of the days when Normans themselves were false to their allegiance, and harassed even their own priesthood.



EDITH AND HAROLD AFTER THE BATTLE

"Then was corn dear, and flesh and cheese and butter, for there was none in the land. Wretched men starved with hunger. Some lived on alms who had been once rich. Some fled the country. Never was there more misery, and never heathens acted worse than these.

"They spared neither church nor churchyard, but took all that was valuable therein, and then burned the church and all together. Neither did they spare the lands of bishops, nor of abbots, nor of priests, but they robbed the monks and the clergy, and every man plundered his neighbors as much as he could. If two

or three men came riding to a town, all the townsfolk fled before them and thought that they were robbers. The bishops and the clergy were forever cursing them; but this was nothing, for they were all accursed and foresworn and reprobate. The earth bare no corn; you might as well have tilled the sea, for all the land was ruined by such deeds, and it was said openly that Christ and his saints slept."

A few great monasteries maintained their privileges, and preserved a certain standard of general industries, literature and art, and the citizens of London, and the Cinque Ports—Dover, Sandwich, Hastings, Hithe and Romney, were too indispensable to the Crown to be oppressed. Whole districts were given back to the deer-forests of king and earl, hanging and mutilation punished the slayer of the "King's deer," and foreign wars and private feuds kept the freeman under arms, until he despised the industries of peace.

Henry I (1102) chartered the guild of London weavers, which paid annually sixteen ounces of gold or twelve pounds of silver for the privilege, and in 1111, a large number of Flemish weavers were assigned lands about Carlisle. Later Henry II settled them along the marches of Wales, where they held the Cymri in check and prospered. In 1156 London had thirty-nine churches, and imported a great variety of luxuries through the Venetians and Genoese.

In the fourteenth century England began to export goods as well as the "staples"—wool, hides and leather. The shipping of the Cinque ports grew rapidly in numbers and importance, as did the merchant-marine of London, Bristol and Southampton, which ports furnished Edward III, for the siege of Calais, 710 ships and over 14,000 mariners. The merchant-princes of England, The De la Poles of Hull, the Cannings of Bristol, Whittington of London, and others arose during the period between the French Wars and the reign of Henry VIII. Slavery existed until the close of the twelfth century, but in 1172 the Irish, who had been

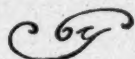
the largest foreign buyers, determined to buy no more white slaves and to free all those already acquired, and it soon died out in England.

King John, who had granted the Magna Charta, June 15, 1215, fitted out a fleet of five hundred ships to assist the Earl of Flanders, then besieged by Philip of France, and captured three hundred vessels and destroyed two hundred more by fire. In 1236 an invasion of Tartars, although confined to Russia, Hungary and Poland, almost paralyzed European trade, and the piracies of certain Cinque Port captains interrupted that of England until sharply punished by Prince, afterwards Edward I. This, however, did not prevent them from cruising against the ships of Bayonne, France, in 1277. Even in Boston, a town of considerable importance, a citizen of standing and wealth, disguised a number of desperadoes as monks and coming among the people while attending a fair, set fire to the houses, slew many of the citizens and secured a vast amount of plunder. The leader was taken and hung, but would not reveal his accomplices.

Such an age was not favorable to a general extension of manufactures and commerce, but nevertheless, the Wars of the Roses and the European campaigns introduced a love of adventure, an acquaintance with foreign luxury and taste, and an independent spirit among the middle and lower classes, that slowly but surely undermined feudal prestige, and taught the people to plow both land and sea, and protect their rights on both.

It is said that in 1344 a gentleman named Machan, sailing away with a beautiful lady whom he had induced to leave her husband, and passing the coasts of France and Spain came upon the Island of Maderia, hitherto undiscovered. Here the lovers landed, but did not long enjoy their paradise, for the lady died and the shipmen sailed away, deserting Machan and his associates, who eventually built a boat and escaped to Spain. This seems to have been the first of many English discoveries.

THE GOVERNOR FROM THE MOUNTAINS



W·C·Jenkins



FOR the first time in thirty years, Tennessee has a Republican governor. A young lawyer from the mountain district is now seated in the gubernatorial chair, and has announced a much-needed house-cleaning in his state.

The history of Tennessee politics pulsates with stirring tales of excitement and struggle. It is a history of patriotism and devotion; of the rise of great men to the most exalted office within the gift of the American people, and, on the other hand, of political bickerings and of underhanded methods; of great possibilities and weak expediency; of Ku Klux Klans, White Caps, and Night Riders' organizations, and of dueling and murder. Tennessee has furnished the United States with three presidents—Andrew Jackson, James K. Polk and Andrew Johnson; and much of the fascinating history of the state crystallizes around these three men.

In the fratricidal strife, when sectional differences were being settled in sad and bloody conflict, Tennessee was one of the great theaters wherein that memorable drama was staged; but notwithstanding the days of struggle and contention, it has ever been one of the most delightful states of the American Union. Blessed with eight months of summer, and having but thirty days of real winter each year—with climatic and soil conditions far superior to that of many of her sister states, Tennessee is without question one of the most ideal spots of the western hemisphere; and when men will cease to defy the will of

the people and the constitution of the state, then will Tennessee's wonderful resources attract thousands of new settlers to that far-famed sunny clime.

Will this young Republican governor from the mountains prove to be a bell wether who will lead the people of Tennessee to an era of better politics and to deeper respect for the principles of honest government? Time will tell.

During a period of recuperation, when the South was repairing its house after the passage of the damaging storm, and was at the same time struggling under enormous debts, it is perhaps not strange that, in solving problems without the advantage of precedent for guidance, there should arise differences of opinion that sometimes culminated in injudicious and unlawful acts. Today, however, there is evidence that Tennessee is about to enter a new period wherein strife and contention will be followed by quiet industry; wherein ingenuity will become acute, the commercial sense sharpened, and the faculty of exploration more self-assertive.

In practically all the Southern states there is but one political organization, the minority party being so weak as to cut little figure in public affairs. In Tennessee, however, there have always been two well-matched political parties, neither having the assurance of domination without a struggle. Before the war the control of the state alternated back and forth between the Whigs and Democrats; since that memorable event the Republicans have most of the time been sufficiently numerous and aggressive to give the Democrats a vigorous biennial tussle for supremacy. The last Republican to hold the office of



GOVERNOR B. W. HOOPER OF TENNESSEE

governor of Tennessee was Alvin Hawkins, who in 1881 was elected, resulting from a split in the Democratic party and two candidates running for office. In 1894, H. Clay Evans was elected on the face of the returns, and a contest before the legislature was necessary in order to remove him from office. Again, the Republicans claim that in 1896 George N. Tillman was elected over Robert L. Taylor, but the latter was seated as governor.

During the past four years, in the administration of Governor Patterson, Tennessee has been torn from center to circumference with political dissension, resulting from the agitation of the temperance question, and from the alleged effort of Governor Patterson to dominate the state and to tyrannize over his own party by means of a strong political machine. This struggle resulted in the killing of ex-Senator E. W. Carmack on the streets of Nashville, by Duncan B. Cooper and his son Robin. Duncan B. Cooper's conviction of murder was followed by a prompt pardon by Governor Patterson, though the sentence had been affirmed by the Supreme Court. It was claimed by members of the court at the time that Governor Patterson attempted to coerce the court into a reversal of the Cooper case. At any rate a majority of its members refused to enter a primary controlled by the Patterson organization. Friends of the court revolted in all parts of the state and met in a great Democratic

convention at Nashville, where they proceeded to again nominate the recalcitrant judges. The Republicans asserted that it was not a partisan question, and that a free and untrammelled judiciary was involved. For this reason they placed a party ticket in the field. The contest was fought out between the Patterson ticket, and the independent Democratic ticket in the August election of 1910, and the independents won by more than forty thousand votes.

Flushed with the victory won in the judicial race, the independent Democrats and Republicans believed that a wise selection of a Republican candidate for governor meant his election in November. A man whose record was not obnoxious to the independent Democrats was needed, and this consideration eliminated many of the older politicians who had been more or less active in the race for the nomination. A delegation from the mountains of eastern Tennessee brought to the front B. W. Hooper, a young man who had made a record in his home section. Hooper had given the matter little consideration until the eve when the delegates gathered. Then he announced his candidacy and opened up his fight for the nomination. Many people had never heard of him, but his fitness was acclaimed by the people from the mountains, in whom the majority of the delegates had confidence. Following the process of elimination, the fight narrowed down to two candidates—Alf Taylor, an ex-Congressman and brother to United States Senator Bob Taylor, and Hooper. The latter won on the first ballot by about two to one.

The Republicans had for many years been divided by factionalism, which condition necessitated their finding a compromise candidate who had not been closely identified with the contending politicians. This requirement was met in Hooper, who followed neither faction save when its course met his full endorsement. He had acted independently of both, and his manly fight for the nomination had made a strong appeal to the independent Democrats of the state, who, on September 14, assembled in Nashville to place a candidate in nomination. This convention was one of the greatest ever held in Tennessee. On

the stage more than five hundred Confederate veterans, tired of machine politics, had assembled to assert their dissatisfaction and disgust. Efforts were made to settle party differences by a "compromise" Democratic nominee; but nothing short of a complete political revolution would satisfy the great assemblage. Hooper was endorsed, and called before the convention, and never did silence reign more supremely than when this young lawyer rose to speak.

Would he steer clear of offensive references to the great party which had so long dominated the state, but which was now



MRS. B. W. HOOPER

torn asunder by dissension; or would he offend a large number of rock-ribbed Democrats who still loved the principles as laid down by Jefferson and Jackson? Hooper came out of his difficult position with flying colors. He assured the people that, in case of his election, he would give them a strictly business administration, partisan only where partisanship meant better government.

Just prior to the convention, Patterson, the Democratic candidate to succeed himself, had withdrawn from the contest, leaving the Democratic party without a nominee; but on October 8, a wing of the party claiming for itself regularity, held a convention in Nashville and nominated

United States Senator Robert L. Taylor, familiarly known throughout the state as "Our Bob." He was the choice to bear the standard of Democracy in what promised to be the most interesting campaign of Tennessee's history.

The Taylor campaign was surely spectacular. The candidate traveled over the state in a special train, crying out for harmony. His slogan, "Come on back,

General Assembly there is a very delicate situation to be met. The House of Representatives is friendly to the governor by a small majority, this majority being made by a combination of the Republican members and the independent Democrats. But the Senate is in the hands of the opposition by a safe majority and is presided over by a regular Democrat, who by a provision of Tennessee's constitution,



THE CHILDREN OF GOVERNOR AND MRS. HOOPER

boys," was shouted along the route. Hooper made a most adroit canvass, pledging a square deal to all the people, and addressing himself particularly to the intelligent business men who had sickened of the state's political conditions. When the votes were counted, it was found that Hooper was elected by 12,500 majority.

It is one thing to promise reforms, but another to bring them into effect. Governor Hooper is not free to bring about all the government reforms that he advocates and which the people need. In the

would become governor in the event of a vacancy during Hooper's administration.

The long-drawn-out struggle for United States senatorship presented a complex situation. Hooper would have had the coveted honor had he been willing to turn the reins of state government to the opposition by vacating the Governor's chair and by allowing the regular Democratic Speaker of the Senate to succeed him. But his duty, as he saw it, was to serve his state as governor, and he declined the great national honor.

In his first message as governor, Hooper advocated law enforcement, reformation of the criminal system, the indeterminate sentence, parole system, the establishment of the juvenile reformatory, a less lax pardon power and a business administration of governmental affairs. The accomplishment of these reforms will depend upon the Senate. The governor urges their passage; they are approved by the House; the people want them, and it remains to be seen whether the opposition and control of the Senate will put aside partisanship

to the arbitrament of the sword; and without a thorough confidence in an administration, no united effort in any state is possible.

The problem in Tennessee, as in other Southern states, is to carry two separate races in peace and harmony, for strife and discord mean ruin. While these races must be carried under the same laws, both must be carried separately, for assimilation means debasement. The white race must dominate, not through violence, but through sympathy and justice, which will



TENNESSEE'S EXECUTIVE BUILDINGS

for the sake of wholesome legislation.

Whatever be the spirit with which the political history of Tennessee is approached, it is impossible to rise from an impartial study of present and past conditions without a kindly feeling toward young Governor Hooper. Even the disposition to criticize his party is dissipated before the manifest earnestness and sincerity of the young executive. Reflective minds feel that the proposition to serve Tennessee in a business-like manner rather than through politics will brook no ill to the state. The South needs a united front today even more than when her sons were called by the bugle to defend issues put

compel the support of the better classes of the colored race. The negro must be taught that his interests and those of the South are identical, but that the supremacy of the white race must be forever maintained.

There will be no seeds of prejudice sown if Governor Hooper adheres to the program he has planned. The South brought to the front a century ago a class of men who championed a governmental theory and who triumphed in every forum. Today there is every indication that a progressive leadership will shortly place the affairs of Tennessee in such a condition that her two races will walk together in

peace and amity, when justice will be prompt and certain, and when there will be no occasion for men to band themselves together into such dreaded and vengeful organizations as the White Caps and the Nightriders.

As to personality, Governor Hooper is a typical Southern gentleman. Fired with the enthusiasm and vigor of youth, with a sympathy as broad as humanity and a quenchless thirst for knowledge, he has an unwavering faith in the resources and possibilities of his state. In countries where distinguished ancestry is a passport to consideration and confidence, Governor Hooper would be at a disadvantage, because, when a child, he was picked up as a waif upon the streets of Knoxville and was placed in an orphanage by ladies of the Episcopal Church. After a few years

he was taken out by L. W. Hooper of Newport, who gave the boy a home and an education. He was graduated from college at the age of nineteen, and when barely twenty-one was elected to the legislature, where he served two successive terms. When the Spanish War demanded volunteers, young Hooper organized a company of East Tennesseans and served as captain of the Sixth U. S. V. I. in Porto Rico. He married Miss Anna B. Jones, daughter of Mr. B. D. Jones, a prominent Tennessean, and now four golden-haired children, the embodiment of youthful promise, prattle about his home. The career of the young governor has proven that a nameless beginning is no barrier when the mind is dominated by indomitable energy, quiet perseverance and perfect sincerity.

GET IN THE SUNSHINE

By JOHN NICHOLAS BEFFEL

THOUGH dark clouds are all around y'
 An' y' don't know where t' turn,
 Though muck rakers' words astound y',
 You don't need t' care a durn.
 Quit your frettin'—it's as easy
 For your face t' smile as mine
 Get a quick divorce from worry—
 Get in th' glad sunshine.

If y' think th' land needs fixin',
 There's a chance y' may be right,
 But sometimes what looks like mixin'
 May be just a faked-up fight.
 You can't fix it with a hammer
 If it lacks an O. K. sign—
 Spurn th' poor, sad-faced windjammer—
 Get in th' glad sunshine.

If th' man next door is tellin'
 That we're goin' t' th' dogs,
 Guessin' he's a glum dyspeptic
 Is like rollin' off o' logs.
 It's th' safest bet a-goin'
 That the weather will be fine
 In this land—it's all in knowin'—
 Get in th' glad sunshine.

If th' fortune teller whispers
 That a dark man's on your trail,
 It may be a man with money,
 So you'd better reef your sail,
 An' th' loud-voiced prophets' wailin'
 Of calamity's no sign
 That this grand old country's ailin'—
 Get in th' glad sunshine.

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MUSIC

I

I WOULD I were where softest music steals
Across the troubled spirit like a breath
Of tenderness impelled by Him who seals
A loveliness on things soon touched by death.
Then would I hide me from the world away,
And all the bitterness of life forget,
And all the worry of the day release;
My tongue would whisper what my heart would say,
And I be still a stranger to Regret,
And evermore my soul be one with Peace.

II

I would the music were the organ's breath,
When in a passion for release it calls,
And no one knows the strange new word it saith
As gently on the heart its pleading falls,—
But not within the chapel's hallowed dark,
Where varied lights through painted windows look,
And heavy-breathing sinners kneel in prayer;
Where vain Religion sets her ancient mark,
And all the truth is sealed within her Book —
I would not listen to its pleading there.

III

But rather in my loneliness apart
With every thought of sin and sinner fled
Back to its native darkness, while the heart
Soars upward by its chosen fancy led,
To wander in the gardens of a dream
Where memory listens for some vanished voice,
And strives to frame the face it cannot see;
Where Night flees fainting from an amber gleam
That lights a vale wherein the Gods rejoice,
And I may listen to their minstrelsy.

—Henry Dumont, in "A Golden Fancy."



Photo by Charles Bedford

From "The Mountain That Was 'God'"
MOUNT TACOMA (RAINIER), SEEN FROM FOX ISLAND IN PUGET SOUND, FORTY MILES AWAY



Photo by Asahel Curtis

MOUNTAIN-CLIMBERS ON WINTHROP GLACIER

THE MOUNTAIN SPEAKS

(Mount Tacoma, Washington)

By EDNA DEAN PROCTOR

EDITOR'S NOTE.—This beautiful poem about the noblest of American snow-peaks is reproduced here from the new edition of John H. Williams' unique book, "The Mountain that Was 'God,'" which has just been published by its author at Tacoma, Washington, in conjunction with G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. Miss Proctor's fervid stanzas picture the grand and stately beauty of Mount Rainier, or Tacoma, as she prefers to call the great peak, using its ancient Indian name. The accompanying illustrations are from the same fascinating volume.

I AM Tacoma, Monarch of the Coast!
 Uncounted ages heaped my shining snows;
 The sun by day, by night the starry host,
 Crown me with splendor; every breeze that blows
 Wafts incense to my altars; never wanes
 The glory my adoring children boast,
 For one with sun and sea Tacoma reigns.

Tacoma—the Great Snow Peak—mighty name
 My dusky tribes revered when time was young!
 Their god was I in avalanche and flame—
 In grove and mead and songs my rivers sung
 As blithe they ran to make the valleys fair—
 Their Shrine of Peace where no avenger came
 To vex Tacoma, lord of earth and air.

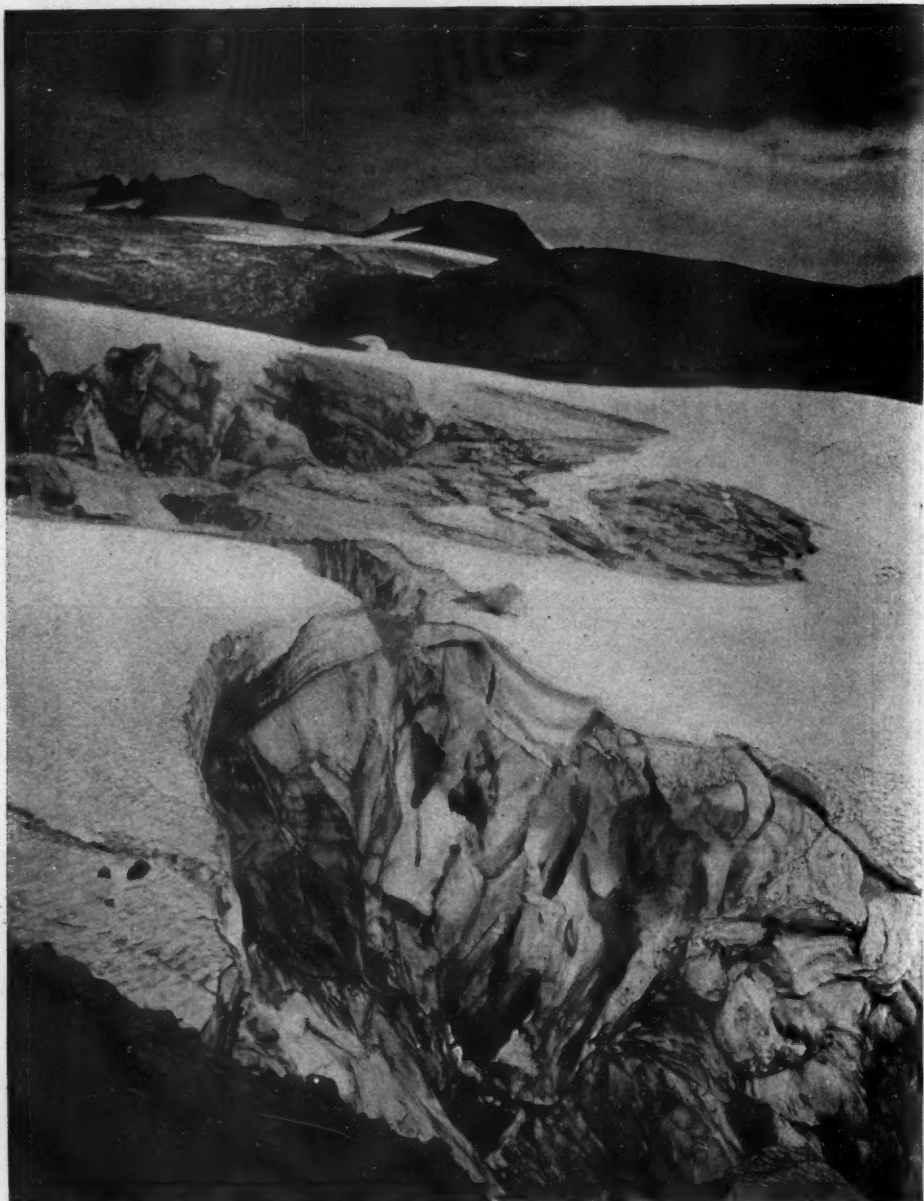


Photo by Charles Bedford

From "The Mountain That Was 'God'"

CREVASSES IN ONE OF THE GREAT GLACIERS OF MOUNT TACOMA (RAINIER)



Photo by George V. Caesar

MOUNT TACOMA

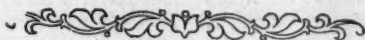
Seen from the north side with part of Spray Park at the timber-line

Ah! when at morn above the mists I tower
 And see my cities gleam by slope and strand,
 What joy have I in this unrivalled dower—
 The strength and grandeur of my sea-girt land
 That holds the future royally in fee!
 And lest some danger, undescried, should lower,
 From my far height I watch o'er wave and lea.

And cloudless eves when calm in heaven I rest,
 All rose-bloom with a glow of paradise,
 And through my firs the balm-wind of the west,
 Blown over ocean islands, softly sighs,
 While placid lakes my radiant image frame—
 And know my worshippers, in loving quest,
 Will mark my brow and fond lips breathe my name:

Enraptured from my valleys to my snows,
 I charm my glow to crimson—soothe to gray,
 And when the encircling shadow deeper grows,
 Poise, a lone cloud, beside the starry way;
 Then, while my realm is hushed from steep to shore,
 I yield my glories to divine repose,
 And know Tacoma reigns forevermore!

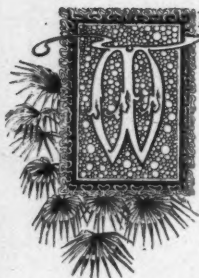
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America's Most Interesting Workshop

62

Joe Mitchell Chapple



WHENEVER good fortune vouchsafes a chat with Thomas A. Edison, I know that I am meeting one of the greatest minds of the age. The great gates that lead to his famous workshop seemed to me more impressive than the portals of European palaces and storied universities, for through them myriads of unsolved problems have been carried, and out of them have flowed inventions and processes that have enriched nations and benefitted all humanity. Entering the gate, the Irish watchman makes a mental survey, asks for reasons and for papers. Then upward stretches the great brick library and laboratory—one of the first built at the great plant at West Orange, New Jersey, which has manufactured the phonographs and other inventions that have immortalized the name of Edison.

In the library alcoves are books from floor to ceiling; bookshelves bulging with fat volumes like those in a public library. Every known scientific work and volumes in all languages seem to find a place on these cosmopolitan shelves. A bit of spirited sculpture was a keynote tribute to the genius of activity as well as art. The model of a cement house, on which Mr. Edison has worked for years, at odd times, occupied the center of the room, and at once shows the persistent purpose of the master mind in solving

the problems of the people. Of course there is a globe—what library picture would be complete without one?—and at a large flat desk the secretary is busy gathering together an immense amount of data and figures required by Mr. Edison in doing his work. Nearby is a simple cot on which Mr. Edison has often spent the "wee sma' hours" when engrossed in a long march investigation.

At a rolltop desk Mr. Edison was found busy with an accumulation of work. Though hard of hearing, which necessitated talking close to his right ear, there was such a bright gleam in his blue eyes that it was a delight even to see him, to say nothing of a delightful chat, punctuated by the originality of an inventive mind. As he put his hand to his ear, he remarked, with a chuckle, that talking with him was like telegraphy—it inspired brevity. Visitors, he said, were not likely to become verbose.

* * *

On his desk was an array of almost everything in delightful confusion, an indication of busy hours, and he swung around in his spiral chair like a man of business instincts. Out of an envelope he poured into my hand some tiny flakes of nickel—just nickel—rolled so thinly that a pretentious encyclopedia of twenty volumes could be compressed into a book one inch and a half thick, if made of pages of this paper. It would make books which neither time, moth nor rust could affect.

Opposite the rolltop desk was another desk filled with papers and books not

arranged by any card system. Over the large brick mantel and fireplace hung a view of the Edison Cement Works at New Village, N. J., and as I looked at it, the Wizard of Menlo told how the farmers in the locality fought to stop the plant's erection. Litigation was later encountered and damages claimed on account of the dust from the plant. Finally some of the farmers sold their land to Mr. Edison because of this dust, which it was later found provided a most efficient fertilizer furnished without expense to the acres about. "And now," said Mr. Edison, with a smile, "we are making handsome dividends for the farmers who remained, and fertilize our own farm without the expense of purchasing and distributing."

In every movement and action of Thomas Edison there is the constant suggestion of concentration. When talking with you, he concentrates every energy in just talking to you. He seems to anticipate your thoughts as he looks up sideways with a kindly smile and catches your expression, and interprets the sentence before lips can form the words. "Yes"—he said it definitely—he considered Boston the "best city in the United States—a place worth while." He recalled his career as an operator for the Associated Press in good old Boston, where he made a name as an expert telegraph operator, and indulged in dreams of his great inventions. Some of his former companions of those days love to tell stories about his becoming so absorbed in books from the old library on his lay-off days that he would stay up all night to finish what he was at work upon before taking up his task at the key.

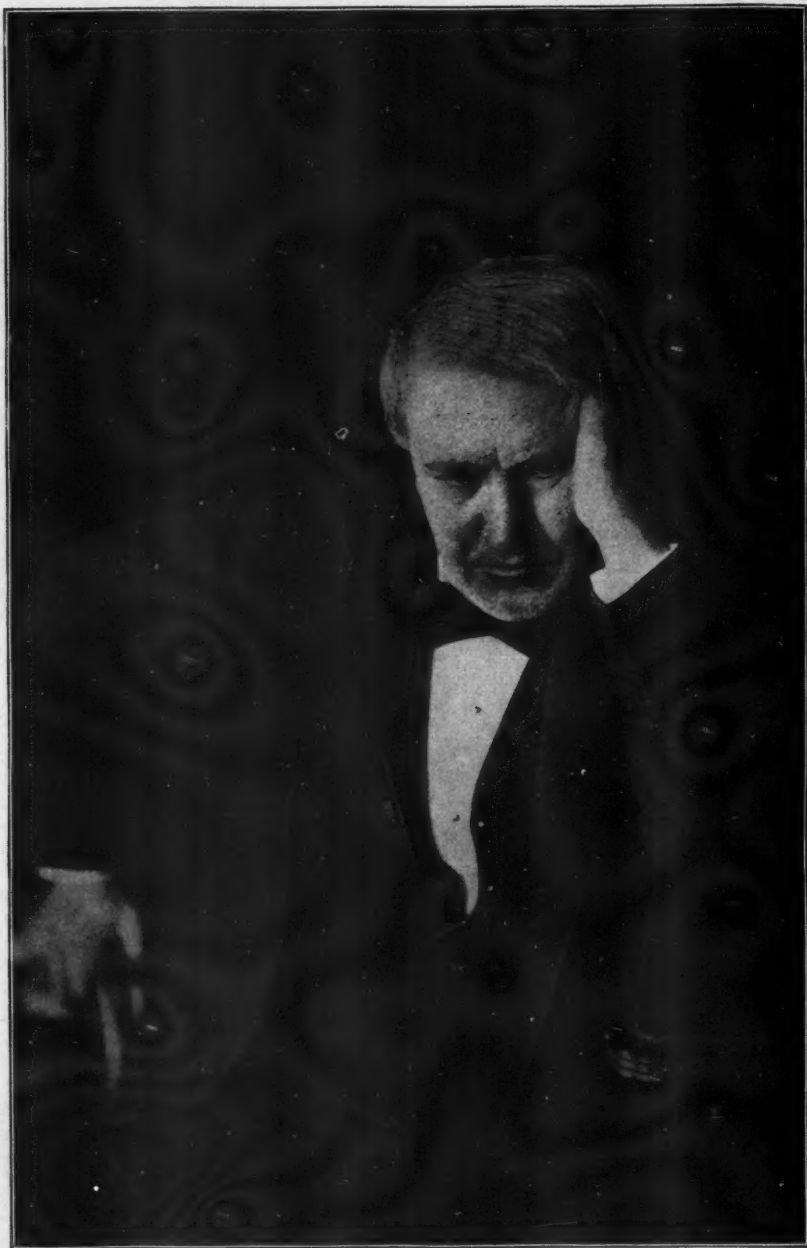
"Boston is a city worth while," he repeated. "I don't often go to New York—once or twice a year—the confusion is so distracting. They are growing so wild-eyed and so boisterous down on Broadway." He told of the delightful play-days in Florida, where tarpon fishing was a real sport and the cold winds of February were forgotten. As he sat resting his arm on the table, in the early winter twilight he seemed to acquire the inspiration of prophecy as he exclaimed, "We are living in a great age. Every day, every hour, any minute may bring to us some new discovery that will throw past achievements into confu-

sion and make inventions obsolete. The power of research," he said, "is growing stronger than the developments of the great telescopes which are sweeping the heavens. The limitations of the human mind are only prescribed by the power of concentration and keeping a perfect balance"—and he put a proper emphasis on the last word *balance*. "Many an inventor," he went on, "does not realize that a balance is as necessary in a mind as in a machine. It will never go on steadily until it is adjusted. Telepathy and mind-reading are used scientifically by detectives today. They chart and reckon a course of thought as old mariners did the sea before the days of the compass."

Strolling about the library, he looked at the books on the shelves and patted some of the backs as if they were old friends. He took down one that had been read and re-read and well-thumbed. Surprising it was to realize that with every minute detail of the science of which he is master, Mr. Edison is thoroughly conversant with every phase of current news as well as scientific information. "It's served up to me in tabloid form, Joe," he said, smiling, "and I only have to hear the real news; people waste their energies often on non-essentials."

He was attired in a gray suit, wearing old-fashioned boots and a ruffled shirt bosom, and as he leaned back in the chair, with his brow slightly wrinkled, I was furnished a striking picture of the Thomas A. Edison of today, with his fresh and almost boyish enthusiasm in "finding out something." His hair may be a little grayer than it was years ago, but there is the same youthful smile that has never yet failed to refresh his visitors. He bears his sixty-five years lightly.

As he thrummed the desk, it seemed as if I could distinguish the dots and dashes of the telegraph code, with which he talked in the old days. Incidents of those early years came to him very vividly, and his experiences with distinguished men in bygone days made interesting flashlights of reminiscence. A son of Tolstoi and many other eminent Europeans made their first pilgrimages in America to sit with Thomas Edison—the man whose ideas multiply the efficiency and comforts of the whole people.



THOMAS ALVA EDISON

The kind-heartedness of Thomas A. Edison remains proverbial. Many a young newspaperman has had his start from the gracious interviews with Edison. They see in him one who by the work of his brain rose from a telegraph operator to the master mind of the great Edison interests, and who still retains firmly his hold on youth. In a laboratory close by is being made his new and marvellous electric storage battery which promises to revolutionize the electrical world.

Neither heavy, unmechanical lead nor strong, corrosive acid have any place in Edison's storage battery. It is made of nickel and steel and works with an alkaline solution, and has stood the hardest kind

of tests for six or seven years. No one knows yet how long it will take to wear out. Being very light in weight and difficult to injure, it seems destined to create a revolution in trucking and hauling, as well as for running street cars and pleasure vehicles. Even now there are over 1,200 trucks

and 13 street cars so operated and over 1,000 men employed in making these batteries. The great life ambition of Edison is to create things that are commercially profitable and to give all the people the benefit of his work. He takes a great pride in the phonograph, which has delighted so many millions in all parts of the world. In the archives of the Patent Office the records of his inventions represent shining chapters of governmental department history. The many legal contests that have been necessary to maintain his rights have cost more than two million dollars, and of themselves form a thrilling story. He insists upon his rights from start to finish, but is free from petty jealousies. No one is keener to accord credit to other inventors. He freely gives Marconi the full credit of the wireless, although he had conducted experiments and taken out a patent many years before on wireless telegraphy that might have been

followed to a successful conclusion along this line; but it was not entirely completed as far as commercial adaptation was concerned.

With face aglow, he talked in anticipation of the coming fishing season down South, and more delightful days with his old friend, Colonel Henry Watterson, in Florida, basking upon the sands and waiting for "a bite." There were many visitors to see him, for a decision or some advice on this or that, or a word of counsel, but in all this pressure of work there was none of the distracting hurly-burly of business. Nothing could disturb the buoyant and cheerful expression on his face, bright with anticipation of the pleasures of a well-

earned "play spell," wherein even amid relaxation he never ceases to let his tireless mind work out some problem every day that the sun rises and sets.

On his birthday he enjoys a "beefsteak dinner" given by his friends and associates at the Edison laboratory. Then it is "Tom," "Dick," "Charlie" or "Bob,"

all members of a great family, who with unswerving loyalty to the concentrated purposes of their chief, add to the genuine delights of the busy inventor, whose master mind finds interesting employment ever amid the activities and pleasures of life wherever chance may lead him for work or recreation.

* * *

The inventions and experiments of Mr. Edison have added billions to the industrial earnings of the world and created pay-rolls of fabulous proportions. His fame as a practical scientist is world-wide, but he has devoted much time to the investigation of economic questions. The possibilities of largely increasing gold production by mechanical means, and the effect on society if success was attained, has absorbed him as it did the alchemists of old.

He has called attention to the fact that the Bank of England is bound by law to



AN EDISON CONCRETE HOUSE
Poured into iron moulds in one operation

purchase all gold of a certain weight and fineness offered to it for sale at the uniform price of seventy-seven shillings and ninepence (\$16.92) per troy ounce. Estimated on this basis, the world produced in 1890 5,749,306 fine ounces of gold valued at \$97,278,257; which aggregates, with comparatively little fluctuation, increased steadily to twenty-one million ounces in 1909, valued at \$355,320,000; and an estimated production in 1910 of 23,000,000 ounces, valued at \$389,160,000.

The immensely increased production in old and new workings in Africa and South America, the extension of railways into fields hitherto practically unworkable, the improvements in mechanical and chemical reduction and the ever-increasing by-production from other ores, Mr. Edison insists make it almost certain that the rate of the present increase will continue for the next quarter of a century. If so, the normal yield in 1936 of 73,000,000 ounces of fine gold will be valued at \$1,235,160,000.

With the same precision of a financier he pointed out that this immense annual addition to the visible supply of standard metal must in itself be a disturbing influence, and would in the quarter of a century add to the accumulated gold of the world 1,269,000,000 fine ounces, valued at \$21,481,480,000. Mr. Edison points out that modern mining machinery and reduction processes have already enabled immense fortunes to be made out of very low-grade ore such as the Treadwell Alaska Mine, which reduces ore as low as \$3.40 to the ton, and declares that immense beds of clay, assaying from forty cents to one dollar to the ton, underlie sections never yet supposed to be gold territory. Experiments made with these low-grade deposits, which are easily accessible, have been so far successful that their profitable exploitation seems practicable and within the bounds of probability.

The prophecies of the "Wizard of Menlo Park" foretell the probable status of the yellow metal in the years to come. "The world's business," he says, "has increased so enormously that the increased production of gold has heretofore fitted in, but this point has been passed and will hereafter increase faster than business.

"The mass of this commodity will be-

come a burden. Thinking men of capital will hesitate to loan money to be repaid at some long distant period in the future with this commodity. If they lend at all, and place themselves at the mercy of a steam-shovel and a chemical works, the calculated deterioration as to its value over the loan period will have to be paid by the borrower in an increased rate of interest.

"More and more shall we see that it is safer to own the stock of say a railroad having no bonds than the bonds of a railroad, because the stock ownership represents something intrinsically valuable, whereas with the bonds, speculators could step in and pay them off with a depreciated commodity like gold."

He added in a graphic way, "Years ago aluminum, also a constituent of common clay, was so great and costly a curiosity that Napoleon III made gifts of small bars of the new metal carefully protected by beautiful caskets lined with velvet and bearing the imperial arms and signature. Now the poorest housewife may own a cup or saucepan, and thousands of small articles are given away as advertising novelties."

The reverend but unregenerate Jernigan did not lie to his Boston dupes when he told them about the enormous quantity of gold contained in sea-water. It was there all right, but only about six cents' worth to the ton. It has been extracted by nice chemical processes, but not economically.

When Edison says that there are easily-worked clay places, not yet hardened into rock, or acted upon by fire, that are likely to furnish large amounts of gold in the future, his prophecy is likely to come to pass.

In every question he discusses, Mr. Edison has a lucid and clear way of saying things, which reflects the almost universal scope of his intuitive genius. He never drifts far from practical things which mean betterment and help for the people at large. And somehow, in shaking his hand "good-by" I felt that I was indeed looking upon a man of great heart intelligence, cast in the Lincoln mould, thoroughly imbued with his love and sympathy for the welfare of the great plain people.

THE LOVE STORY



Maitland LeRoy Osborne



WHY don't you write a love story once in a while," pouted the Only Girl, "instead of all those horrid old detective stories? I'm sure anybody would rather read a good love story than a detective story any time. I know I would."

"Well," I said, after due thought, "I might answer that question variously. I might say that now I am actually in love myself, I shrink from commercializing my sentiment at a cent a word, or that I prefer to lavish all my priceless emotional inspiration on you rather than on a cold, unfeeling public—"

"Bosh!" interrupted the Only Girl, with derision.

"Or," I continued calmly, unheeding the interruption, "—I might say that I had exhausted my inspiration, as it were, on one object; but I cannot tell a lie, even if my avocation is writing fiction, and the really, truly reason why I write the kind of stories that you classify as 'horrid' is strictly a commercial one—they sell."

"Not always," said the Only Girl doubtfully.

"Well—not *always*," I conceded sadly.

"But you might write one, just to please me," she suggested.

"I don't believe I could sell it," I objected.

"You won't know until you try," insisted the Only Girl, perching herself

airily on the arm of my chair and drawing intricate geometrical designs upon my bronzed and manly cheek with an adorably dimpled finger.

"Oh, all right, if you make a point of it," I said with well-simulated resignation, and after laying out a neat little pile of clean paper and sharpening a pencil, I lit my pipe as a preliminary to the task in hand and began. Usually I find the first sentence of a story the most difficult to construct to my satisfaction, but this particular story seemed almost to write itself, without effort on my part. This is the way it began:

"I wonder—" mused Darlington reflectively, "I wonder if it would be amusing to be in love." He yawned, and eyed his cigar with a detached air of abstraction. "That is—really *in love*, you know." He consulted his watch once more. "A whole hour still to wait," he said, half aloud, and yawned again. "Very stupid of DePeyster to allow his car to break down when he had an appointment. Very stupid indeed."

But then, DePeyster was always stupid. Darlington himself was stupid—he felt so, anyway. Also the club was stupid, deserted and dreary—except for old Browne, in the corner there, buried in the *Transcript*, and an occasional servant stealing noiselessly about. It was very depressing—really.

Darlington concluded he would have a drink, and beckoned lazily for one of the noiseless ones to approach. Then he reflected that he had resolved the day before that he would stop drinking for a month—

besides, it was too early in the day to drink. Moreover, he had had two drinks already. The noiseless one was at his elbow waiting. Darlington raised his eyebrows enquiringly.

"Beg pardon, sir," suggested the noiseless one, "you beckoned, sir."

"Did I?" asked Darlington. "I wonder what for."

"Beg pardon, sir, I could not say, sir, I'm sure," answered the noiseless one.

"Well, then," said Darlington, wearily, "go away. Don't bother me."

"Yes, sir," acquiesced the noiseless one humbly. "I beg pardon, sir," and effaced himself forthwith.

"Now I suppose—" said Darlington to himself, "that if I were in love—that is, really *in love*, there might be some interest in living. I'd have something in the morning to look forward to—something at night to look back upon, more than this beastly club in the summer, and Palm Beach in winter."

(At this point I paused to relight my pipe, which had gone out—actually, not figuratively—and read what I had written to the Only Girl.

"How do you like it, so far?" I asked. She munched a chocolate daintily. "Isn't there to be a girl in the story?" she demanded. "Why—of course," I answered her. "I'm leading up to that—gradually. Developing the plot, you know." Privately I believe editors call it "padding." "Oh!" said the Only Girl, doubtfully. I began again.)

For the fellow in love, cogitated Darlington, there were certain duties to be performed, which would employ his otherwise empty time—and certain privileges to be enjoyed. Society and his fiancée demanded of him certain observances of ancient customs. There would be flowers to buy, dinners to be given, functions to be attended, innumerable delicate attentions required. Rather exhausting, probably, Darlington reflected, but any occupation requiring time and thought must be rather exhausting—and certainly nothing could be more tiresome than doing nothing, in which laborious occupation he had been exhaustively engaged for more years than he cared to remember.

Time was when Darlington had been obsessed with the customary enthusiasms of youth. Lacking the physical robustness required to make the football team of his college, he had gone in for sprinting instead, and made an enviable record for the five-mile run. He had boxed and fenced and stolen signs with joyous abandon and eclat. After college there had ensued a hiatus of nondescript years in which he took the customary tour abroad; shot grouse in Scotland, climbed the Matterhorn, joined in the drinking and singing in sundry boisterous students' cafes in Montmartre, loafed about the Mediterranean, and came home bronzed, ennuied and purposeless, to find his old college chums and boyhood friends immersed in business, married, scattered, dead or utterly forgetful of his existence. Two lines of small type in the *Herald* announced his return, one or two of his old friends recognized him when they met by chance—and that was all.

He had to make his world anew and people it with new faces, and it bored him. He tried motoring, yachting, hired a box at the opera, attended the horse show, joined the Country Club and learned to play indifferent golf, won money at bridge that he didn't want and had no use for—and finally, tiring immeasurably of it all, drifted to membership in a club on St. Botolph Street, where quiet reigned and they cooked terrapin to his taste, and there he loafed and read the "Tentmaker" and the *Transcript*, and yawned his gloomy way through eight months of several successive years. Winters he went to Palm Beach, fished a little, flirted a little, danced a little, drank a little for want of anything else to do, smoked a good deal, and found life in general and particular a deuce of a bore.

Just now he was feeling especially depressed. The weather was hot, uncomfortable. Most of the few casual acquaintances he cared to cultivate were in the mountains or at the shore—both of which places he abhorred, and DePeyster, with whom he had foolishly made an engagement to motor down to Lenox for the week end, had stupidly allowed his machine to break down and telephoned that he would not be ready to start before three o'clock.

"I suppose now," reflected Darlington, "if there was a girl at Lenox whom I particularly wished to see, going there wouldn't seem such a bore. I wonder if there's anybody there I'll care to meet, anyway."

He reached for the *Transcript* and lazily scanned the list of present and prospective guests at Lenox without result.

"About the usual crowd," he yawned. "Well, it can't be duller than this," and he scowled savagely at old Browne's cackle of senile laughter over a time-worn joke in *Life*.

(This is a most provoking pipe. It persists in going out at the most inopportune moments. Here am I, right in the midst of this story, and now I must stop to relight that confounded pipe. Before continuing, however, I read the foregoing to the Only Girl. She wrinkled her brows perplexedly. "Isn't there going to be a girl in this story?" she wails. "I'm just coming to that now," I hasten to assure her. "I am about to develop the real interest of the plot.")

As their machine swept gracefully up the winding curve of the Van Austen driveway and panted to a quivering pause beneath the porte cochere, Darlington and DePeyster, dust-covered and muscle-cramped from their long ride, clambered stiffly out, and removing gauntlets, goggles and dust coats, shook hands in turn with the boisterously welcoming tribe of Van Austen boys and girls, from tall and stately Margaret to the smallest and chubbiest pair of twins, with portly, jovial Van Austen himself, and with matronly Mrs. Van Austen, handsome still, and looking young enough—as DePeyster laughingly informed her—to be an elder sister of the clamoring brood that hung about her. Hesitant in the background, Darlington discerned a fleetingly familiar face, and stirred for the moment from his customary apathy by the warmth of his greeting, advanced with both hands extended.

"Katharine!" he exclaimed, "or does my dust-obscured vision deceive me? Can this really be the tomboy schoolgirl who romped over the fields with me all of one August afternoon three short years ago?"

"The same," she dimpled, "only in the meantime, like Topsy, I've grown."

"I should say you had," assented Darlington, admiringly. "As I remember you in that blessed time, you were all arms and legs and big black eyes, and you had a great smudge of dirt on one cheek, and had torn your dress and pinned the rent together with a couple of thorns. And now—" he paused and inspected her with critical appraisal, "now you are distinctly a young lady, and actually rather good looking."

"Thank you, sir," said Katharine demurely, dropping him an exaggerated courtesy. "You have a most excellent memory—and judgment."

"Don't be a pig, Darlington," expostulated DePeyster, coming forward, "and monopolize every good thing you see. How do you do, Miss Katharine? It's a long and dreary time since my bewildered eyes have rested on so fair a vision."

("That DePeyster chap carries a real live line of conversation," comments the Only Girl, reaching for another chocolate. I continue, disregarding the interruption.)

She offered him her cool, slim hand. "Ridiculous as always, I see," she answered. "Will you ever acquire the sobriety that befits your age?"

"I fear me not, fair lady," responded DePeyster sadly. "I was born young and the habit clings to me."

A pair of twins festooned themselves tumultuously about DePeyster's legs. "Come and see the puppies," they clamored loudly, dragging him, weakly protesting, away.

Darlington removed his thoughtful gaze from Katharine's face. "I think I'm going to enjoy myself," he said enigmatically.

... The moon, a resplendent disc of burnished silver, rose gloriously and flooded the dark tops of the Berkshires with its mellow radiance. The pines whispered quietly among themselves, and the scent of the roses that rioted all about hung sweet and elusive in the summer air.

Pensive in a screened corner of the wide piazza, Darlington found Katharine and seated himself by her side.

"It is perfect," he said presently, "the night and you. I have been wondering

why this should come to me—wondering if I deserve it—if I am worthy.” He spoke simply, as of some great fact that could not be misunderstood. “I am glad now that I have never loved before.”

Startled, Katharine turned toward him with inquiring gaze.

Darlington smiled gently. “Did you not know it?” he queried, half amusedly. “Must I formally declare myself? Shall I get down upon my knees and say ‘Katharine, I love you—in the short space of a half dozen hours you have become the sun of my existence—you are grown to be the Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the ending of my adoration?’”

He flung back his head boyishly. “I think that the moonlight and the smell of the roses and the light in your eyes have bewitched me, Katharine,” he said. “I am impelled to seize you in my arms as the cave men seized their brides, and carry you away to some hidden sunlit glade among those hills and teach you how to love. I—I—Katharine, I don’t know what’s come over me, unless it’s being in love that makes one feel this way. I’d like—I mean I want—dear! would you mind very much if I should kiss you?”

(“Well, hasn’t he got the nerve?” the Only Girl interpolated.)

With both hands pressed to her softly fluttering bosom, Katharine gazed at him with dreamy eyes. “If,” she whispered, “if it would not be wrong, I should not mind at all. Wait,” she said swiftly, as his arms enfolded her, pressing her hands against his face. “Let me be honest. I *want* you to kiss me,” she whispered adorably, and her round young arms stole about his neck.

. . . More lately they discussed wonderingly their great happiness. “I think that secretly I have loved you ever since

that August afternoon in the fields,” Katharine confessed. “You were my girlish hero, whom I worshipped from afar. Wild horses could not have dragged the secret from me then, and now I glory in it. I shall walk in presently beside you, quite brazenly, and listen unblushingly while you tell that boisterous room full of people that we have fallen madly in love with each other.”

“How soon may we be married?” asked Darlington. “I want to show you Switzerland in midsummer. We’ll climb the Tyrolese Alps together. And Paris—there are quaint old corners in Montmartre where the very atmosphere of the Revolution still lingers. I have wandered many a summer afternoon among its narrow, lilac-shadowed ways and dreamed of you—not knowing that it was of you I dreamed.” He drew her closer. “I know an hotel in Venice whose windows look upon the Grand Canal, almost in the shadow of the Bridge of Sighs. And Rome—we’ll have such a honeymoon, dear, as lovers never dreamed of.”

Katharine sighed happily. “‘Twill be delicious,” she agreed, “but first you must slay the dragon.”

Darlington gazed at her amazed.

“The dragon?” he queried wonderingly.

Katharine gurgled with delight. “You look so adorably bewildered,” she said. “Don’t mind my laughing at you. I mean, you must ask my father formally for my hand.”

“Oh, that,” said Darlington airily. “I’d ask a thousand fathers, if it were necessary.”

(There! that confounded pipe is out again. “Is that *all*?” asks the Only Girl, when I have read it over. “Isn’t it *enough*?” I answer her, and leave it to the reader to decide.)



THE GREAT WORK *of the* PAN AMERICAN UNION

By FLYNN WAYNE



THE BEGINNING of the twentieth century will be notable for many novel and remarkable events, projects, inventions and discoveries, but the organization of the Pan American Union and the completion of the magnificent building at Washington will hereafter figure greatly in American annals.

The attitude of the Spanish American republics toward the United States has not

always been friendly, often suspicious and sometimes hostile; albeit the United States as a government has undoubtedly more than once headed off European plans for the destruction of some and the impoverishment of many of our sister republics.

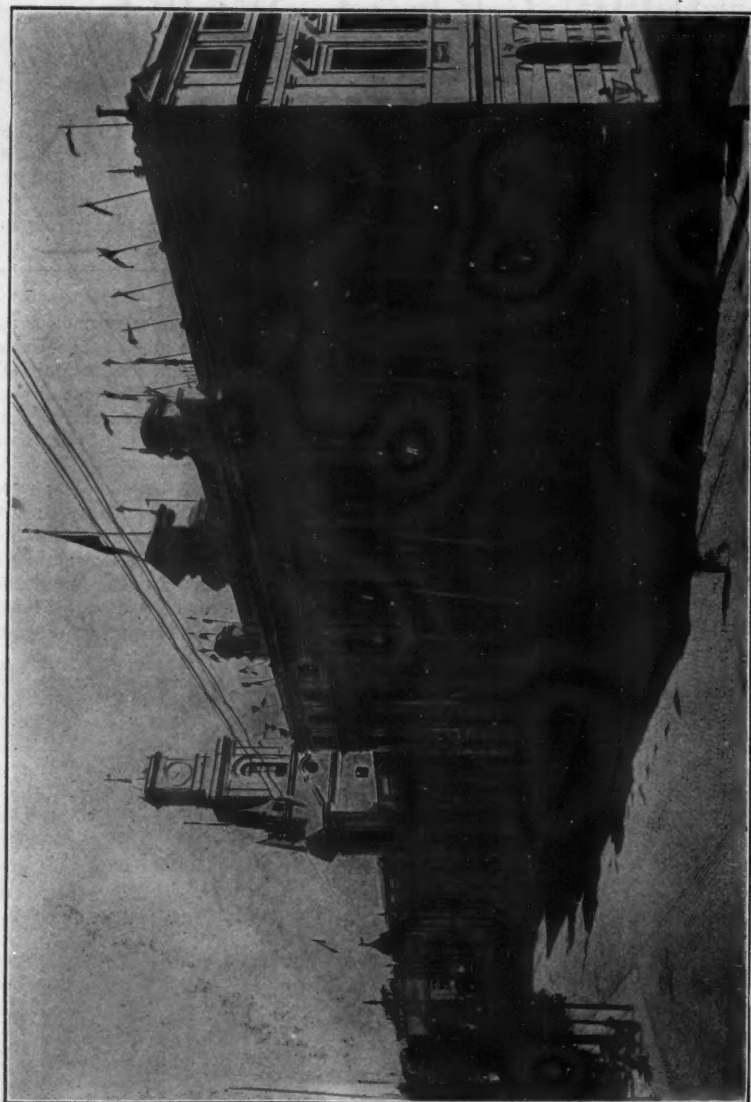
On the other hand, bygone conspiracies to increase slave-holding territory, and the love of excitement and desire of gain, which has always brought into action myriads of adventurers, has brought "the Americans" into unsavory prominence; not because there were lacking desperadoes of every



Courtesy of the Pan American Union

TEMPLE OF MINERVA, GUATEMALA CITY, GUATEMALA

On October 28, 1899, President Manuel Estrada published a decree setting apart the last Sunday in October of each year as a national holiday to celebrate the benefits of public instruction. The exercises and festivities are participated in by teachers, pupils, and the general public, and are held in temples erected and dedicated to this purpose



Courtesy of the Pan American Union

MUNICIPAL BUILDING, SANTIAGO

Shown in the foreground of this picture, is situated on the north side of the beautiful Plaza de la Independencia, or Plaza de Armas. The adjoining building, with the tower, is the office of the Intendente or Governor of the Province of Santiago, the Post Office being next to it

race and clime, but because he was nearer at hand and struck harder and more audaciously than his fellows. Also the American business man, pursuing too exclusively that "home market" which has long since been over-exploited, when it is not controlled by great monopolies, has long since ceased to continue the old-time energy and enterprise which made a harbor for American shipping and a market for American

ignorance of the importance of the trade and commerce thus lost, but for over thirty years export journals and bulletins and a perfect flood of consular communications have kept up a ceaseless campaign of education, remonstrance and warning, which, for the most part, has "fallen on hardened hearts and irresponsible ears."

A few really enterprising concerns have taken time by the forelock and corralled



Courtesy of the Pan American Union

A GLIMPSE OF THE PATIO

The Patio, an open interior court, is the distinctive feature of Spanish and Latin-American houses, which are constructed with a view of obtaining the maximum of coolness in tropical countries

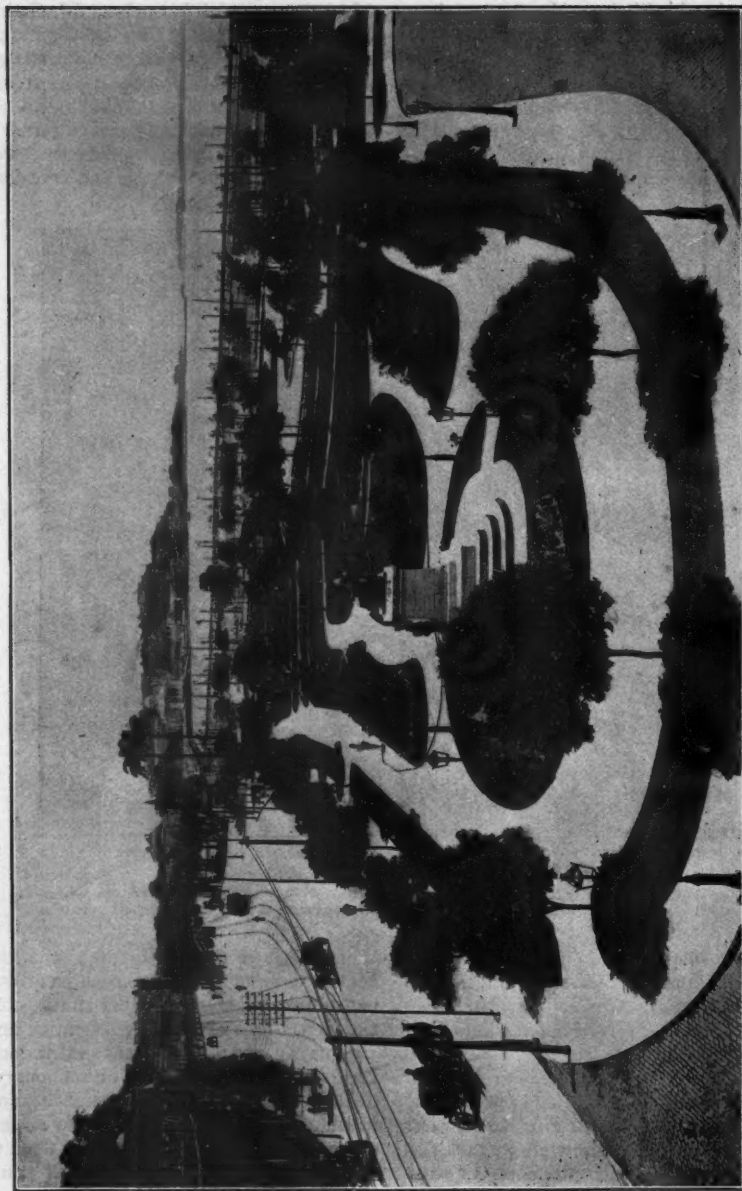
goods at every South and Central American port from the Straits of Magellan to the Rio Grande.

The English, French, Spanish and Germans, against whose punitive expeditions our ironclads are supposed to be kept ready for prompt action, and our soldiery to back up their remonstrance, are far wiser in their generation, and while we purchase the lion's share of their products, our sister republics take our gold and pay it over for European and colonial commodities.

Much of this is supposed to be due to

concessions, contracts, territory and the control of great industries, such as forests of rubber, mahogany, ivory nuts, etc., the great cattle exports of Argentina and Uruguay; and government loans and bonds reaching into tens of millions of dollars; but the average merchant and manufacturer has yet to learn to do his share in reclaiming a part of that flood of wealth which Spanish America still pours into the coffers of the Old World.

But it was much to interest and concentrate government interest and influ-



Courtesy of the Pan American Union

GLORIA GARDEN, RIO DE JANEIRO, BRAZIL

Gloria Garden is one of the new parks on the water front of the Bay of Rio de Janeiro, laid out in accordance with the recent plan for the beautification of the capital. The fine driveway of Beira Mar, or Bayside Drive, extends through this garden and along the Beach a distance of $4\frac{1}{2}$ miles

ence on the necessity of stronger and more mutually beneficial ties between the several republics of the New World, and few tourists visit Washington today without visiting the home of the Pan American Union, whose marble walls in somewhat severe simplicity stand in the very shadow of the Washington Monument.

The interior is most fittingly designed in accordance with Spanish-American tastes and customs, and the vestibule leads

by gargoyles above the central basin, duplicating the sculptured heads of that feathered serpent which still astonishes and perplexes the archaeologist amid the titanic ruins of Uxmal.

The stairways are easy and open upon the patio through wide-arched openings, and the ideals of tropical comfort and luxury are carried out on the second floor where great open windows, made even more open in tone by their balustraded



Courtesy of the Pan American Union

THE NEW BUILDING OF THE PAN AMERICAN UNION. (FRONT AND SOUTH SIDE)

through massive arches to the central patio, which, opening to the sky above, can in cold weather be roofed over, forming a hot house in which the semi-tropical and tropical plants and trees which decorate it can in winter be kept growing and beautiful.

A prominent feature of this reproduction of the ancient Roman *atrium* is that instead of the *impluvium*, or open tank or pool, a fountain of noble proportions raises from an octagonal basin a snowy pillar with figures symbolizing the extinct civilizations of America, which is further represented

parapets, give unobstructed views of the interior walls and roofs of the building and the patio below.

Broad and open galleries and flights of low, wide steps give access to the grand salon, or assembly hall, now generally known as the "Hall of the Americas," whose lofty dome springing from a splendid colonnade of twin Corinthian columns, and lighted by magnificent chandeliers of cut-glass, has an enormous seating capacity, or can be cleared for receptions and balls, which will be reckoned among the semi-diplomatic events of Washington society.



Courtesy of the Pan American Union

VIEW ACROSS THE PATIO FROM AN UPPER GALLERY

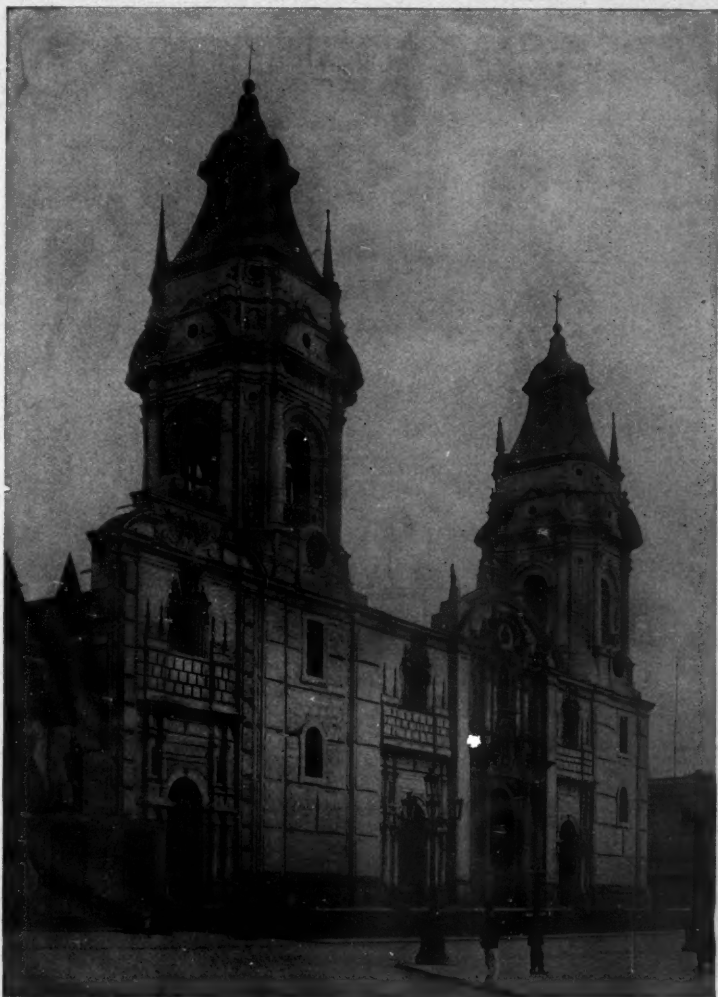


Courtesy of the Pan American Union

**VIEW FROM THE FOYER OF THE HALL OF THE REPUBLICS, LOOKING
DOWN ONE OF THE MAIN STAIRWAYS**

The Board Room, in which the accredited representatives of as many republics gather around the great oval table, each seated in his own special high-backed

For if there is, indeed, any reason to apprehend the invasion of the Pacific Coast of the New World by the re-awakening civilization of Asia, how much more



*Courtesy of the
Pan American Union*

THE CATHEDRAL AT LIMA, PERU

carven chair of state emblazoned with the arms of his country, is almost certain in the near future to witness debates and concerted action, which in due season must arise out of the inexorable progress of time and pressure of human necessities.

likely it is that the semi-tropical and tropical countries, rich in natural resources, but weak in military and naval power, are likely to first feel any possible attempt to gain naval stations or military colonies on the American continent; and the first



Courtesy of the Pan American Union

BEIRAMAR AVENUE AND BOTAFOGO PLAZA, RIO DE JANEIRO, BRAZIL

Beiramar Avenue follows the shore of the Bay of Rio de Janeiro for a distance of about five kilometers, ending at Botafogo, formerly a suburb of Rio de Janeiro, but now a part of the city. The circular esplanade and the plaza are one of the finest promenades in the city

attempt to do so cannot be misunderstood, as the harbinger of greater and more ominous events soon to follow. If, indeed, any considerable plan of conquest is yet to make the Pacific an arena of desperate conflict for the acquisition of national prestige and prosperity, the Pacific Coast of America alone presents a promising field for commercial and military exploitation.

Canada is under the ægis of Great Bri-

famine and pestilence; while India cannot always grow in knowledge and commercial and manufacturing resources and remain content with the sordid and tragical misery which in every decade claims its millions of victims.

Such and other considerations remind us that the council board of the Pan American Union is not unlikely to deal hereafter with questions which today are not press-



Courtesy of the Pan American Union

THE PATIO

View taken from the vestibule. The figures on the column of the fountain symbolize the old civilizations of America. The gargoyles of the central basin are heads of the feathered serpent of Uxmal. The plants are indigenous to Latin America.

tain, and the United States has but few harbors, and those would cost much to conquer and infinitely more to hold. France, Germany, Russia and Great Britain hold nearly every desirable "center of influence" in Asia, Australasia, Oceanica and Africa, and an attempt to take possession of the acknowledged territory of one would be likely to arouse the apprehensions and opposition of the other powers, and yet the actual necessities of human life may eventually force China to expend in war the myriads that now fall a prey to

ing upon the nations for solution, but which are none the less unlikely to become famous in the world's history. It may yet be possible that in the "Hall of the Americas" a great assemblage of the wise, wealthy and brave men of all America's free republics may ratify the suggestions of a Pan American Congress to adopt the motto "All for one and one for all," and pledge the war strength of twenty-one free peoples to prevent the conquest or partition of the weakest of their fellowship.

Neither is such a union, even when



Courtesy of the Pan American Union

THE GRAND SALON OR ASSEMBLY HALL OF THE NEW BUILDING KNOWN AS THE "HALL OF THE AMERICAS"

merely sentimental in its nature, an insignificant development of American feeling. Few of the smallest of these republics have a population inferior to that of the American colonies during the Revolution, and several of them are today formidable competitors in European markets, and promise to add enormously to their present exports and importations.

Cuba is probably best known to Americans of all the republics; has much charming scenery and has long been noted for its immense natural resources; but its

of better flavor and at lower cost than those now brought eastward from the Pacific slope.

Brazil, the only republic of Portuguese descent in the Americas, is still an empire in extent, resources and commercial importance. Its chief cities and especially Rio Janeiro, the capital, abounds in evidences of wealth, intelligence and exquisite taste in municipal improvements. The views given of Beiramas Avenue, which for miles borders the splendid Bay of Rio Janeiro, and the beautiful Gloria Gardens,



*Courtesy of the
Pan American Union*

A STREET IN HAVANA, CUBA

ancient exports of sugar, tobacco, honey, bananas, pines, rare woods, dyestuffs and the like are soon to be more varied and that along lines which will attract a great emigration of English-speaking people. The citrus fruits of the north coast of Cuba are utterly safe from frost, and the grape, fig, olive, currant and date palm are already being cultivated in large numbers, not to speak of other "truck" which in winter now reaches us in small quantities from Mexican points.

The Spaniard, too, will undoubtedly turn to the culture of vine, olive and orange which have made Spain famous for so many centuries and will probably develop fruits

one of the new parks lately completed, certainly impress one with the belief that the American republics are all making progress beyond public realization.

Argentina and Uruguay have immensely increased their annual production of wealth, and their cities have few superiors in municipal or commercial prosperity. Paraguay still suffers from centuries of isolation, and misgovernment, but rail, canal and river transportation will soon be perfected, and through a beneficent interchange of products and ideas, the Paraguay of Francia and his tyrannical successors will become a tradition and horror of the remote past.

Chile, one of the first and most strenuous of the revolting Spanish colonies in 1816, has ever since kept up the record of courage and enterprise then established by her people. Valparaiso has long been the acknowledged queen of Pacific seaports south of San Francisco, and has continued to grow in every department of municipal progress. Santiago, the capital of the Southern Province of the same name, is also a modern city, whose solid and tasteful architecture may be judged of by its magnificent city hall, and the adjoining building devoted to the official business of the province.

A certain leaning toward classical learning and traditions and a deeper sentiment in the expression of popular feeling is often noticeable in governmental action. Such, for instance, is the great statue of Christ, the loving and merciful, which stands on the mountain boundary line between Chile and Peru as "a heap of witness" that the

devastating wars which so long embroiled the two republics, are never more to alienate them. Guatemala, which twelve years ago set apart a public holiday for the celebration of the establishment of popular education, has built at several cities temples of classic design, open on all sides to the air, within whose columns officials and citizens join with teachers and scholars "in rejoicing over the possession of a boon so long denied to the people of the little republic."

Peoples capable of such sentiment and of such progress as has been made by the Latin republics during the last thirty years are certainly fated to make their mark on the escutcheon of human history, and that in no little or unimportant way. It is well that at Washington their representatives have a home and a forum from which their desires and their purposes may, with no uncertain sound, be announced to all mankind.



LA INDIA PARK, HAVANA, CUBA, LOOKING NORTH

The most interesting feature of Havana is its series of parks stretching from Monte Street to Malecon and the sea. La India is a diminutive park named for the statue of an Indian girl of Grecian loveliness. I was told by a tourist that this girl is a likeness of Christopher Columbus' wife; when I added that I supposed the necklace she wears is the same Queen Isabel pawned to equip the Discoverer's fleet, the statue acquired an increased interest for him.—Photo by American Photo Company from an illustration in the book "Cuba," by Miss Irene A. Wright; copyright, 1910, by The Macmillan Company

TREVANO CASTLE

*The Home of
.. Louis Lombard ..*

By JOE MITCHELL CHAPPLE



FROM the balmy spring weather and burgeoning fields and orchards of sunny France, it was only a night's ride into wintry wastes and splendid desolation, and the next day we rode through a world in white and the glaciers and avalanche-haunted peaks of Alpine Switzerland.

Berne, Zug, the Unterwald, Uri, canton after canton, ancient in name and famous in song and story, might have lured us in midsummer, but we were bound for a land of enchantment, the fairest, sunniest spot in all the land of Tell, the canton of Ticino; a mere tongue of territory extending into the plains of Lombardy, won with gold and not by the sword of the Confederate cantons, and ceded by the Duke of Milan in 1572.

On we raced through Lucerne and threaded the St. Gothard tunnel, "The Door of Summer"; descended from the lofty passes and toward the plains of Lombardy, and shooting through a dark last tunnel drew up in the station of Lugano, the capital city of Ticino Canton, sitting like a queen on the slopes above the lake whose name she bears and whose beauty has no equal among all her exquisite sister lakes and lakelets of Lombardy.

For, grand and majestic as are the charms of Lake Maggiore and rich as Lake Como is, not only in scenery but in the subtler charm of inspired poesy and song, the very

jewel of the queenly trio is little Lake Lugano, fed by the overflow of Lake Como and discharging the pure cold Tresa flowing into Lake Maggiore. Its shores are chiefly bold and abrupt, but from the cliffs the swell of velvety sward slopes in terraced vineyards and orchards up to the eternal hills or opens out to where Lugano, mirrored in the turquoise lakelet, fills the Valley of the Cassarate with suburban villas and the arcaded streets, broad avenues, generous squares and fountains, statues and foliage of a typical Italian town. On the left roof, spire and parapet showed darkly and sharply against the Alpine heights of Mount Brè, and on the right rose row on row on the slopes of the low Paradise Range, while across the lake towered the cyclopean cliffs and sharp peaks of Mount Caprino and more majestic Mount Generoso.

Nearer appears the solitary cone of San Salvatore, to whose summit a cable transfers the tourist who has long, dreamy summer days in which (like Whitman) he may "loaf and invite his soul," and happily survey the savage recesses of Mount St. George, the mountain chalets and hamlets of the northern ranges, the infinite variety of Lake Lugano bordered with villas, drives, gardens and vineyards or storied Lugano itself amid its pines and palms.

But for us Nature had worked a marvel and for the first time in many years had the night before covered the whole land with a carpet of snow through whose delicate wreaths the unharmed foliage peered and glistened, as more ethereal beauties

glare with added charm when seen through foamy clouds of snowy laces. Over all the clear blue, deep-vaulted Italian sky, domed mountain gorge, turquoise lake and picturesque Lugano, and the warm Italian sun painted the splendid distances with ever-changing gold and crimson tints, fading into violets and purples in the hazy beyond. Even the little squares of ploughed land and the weather-stained rocks gave something of color and effect to the unwanted scene, which no future tourist to Lugano may ever hope to see repeated. It was a beautiful but evanescent picture, but it will always be remembered as a remarkable incident in one of the happiest and most unexpected events of a lifetime. For magical as it was, could it be possible that this, too, was a part of the realization of my boyhood dreams of some day visiting a real castle as a welcome guest?

It must be so, for the dream had devolved itself in successive instalments out of a series of charming letters from Mr. Louis Lombard, the castellan of a demesne famous throughout all Europe. Oases of rest and delight amid the desert of accumulated correspondence, these letters had, little by little, evolved the realization of my boyish *Château en Espagne*, and now as the train stopped, Mr. Lombard himself was at the station to meet us.

In a few moments we were speeding up through the streets of Lugano, whose seventy hotels house an army of tourists and winter visitants from Northern and Western Europe, and every part of the New World. There is enough to delight and enthrall the fancy of the most exacting in the many beauties of the canton, lake and city themselves, but the crowning glory and attraction of all lay before us in Trevano Castle, whose snowy towers rose from a vast terrace, amid surrounding foliage, on an eminence, once the site of the village and castle of the bishopric of Trevano in Ticino, whose rule, established in the twelfth century, endured for nearly four hundred years.

About forty years ago, Baron von Derwies, a Russian multi-millionaire, associated through the Minister of Public Works in the stupendous government railway development of Russia, determined to build here a domain worthy of the sur-

roundings, of the dignity of his own house, and a center of musical patronage and development.

The great Italian architect Botta, and the sculptor Vela were engaged to design and create the enormous structure, and over twelve millions of francs (\$2,400,000) were expended upon its construction and decoration. It was the wonder of all Europe, but the shadow of many tragedies hung over its hitherto fortunate possessor. His illustrious friend and associate mysteriously disappeared, and the tragedy cut off a large part of the Baron's immense fortune; but worse was to follow, for his only daughter died after terrible sufferings; and from his ruined hopes and fortune, Baron von Derwies sought refuge in death. The funerals of both father and daughter were held on the same day; such was the tragical denouement of his career.

The estate was sold to another eminent Russian officer, General Heinz, who at once made preparations to occupy Trevano, but died in the same year before taking possession. For twenty years it was unoccupied, for to many an apparently fatal spell hung over its occupants or possessors, but in 1900 our host, undeterred by the fate of its former owners, purchased it and since then with his charming wife and children has made it his home.

Entering by a gateway, we sped up the long spacious avenue shaded by feathery acacias, and bordered by luxuriant hydrangeas and with an admiring glance at a magnificent fountain, a marvel of the Japanese artists and bronze workers of the thirteenth century, entered the castle.

Crossing the court of honor, and admiring the central facade, embellished with sculptures in high relief by Vela, we were ushered into the Roman atrium, designed after Pompeian originals, but immense in area and surrounded by galleries, sustained by immense columns, each cut from a single mass of priceless Macchia Vecchia marble. The walls of stainless Carrara statuary marble enclose mosaic pavements, a fountain whose falling spray makes perennial music, and everywhere roses, citron trees, palmettos and other green trees, shrubs and vines make an unending summer land of this beautiful central glory of an ancient Roman house.



Photo by
Z. Garrigue

LOUIS LOMBARD, HIS WIFE AND FOUR OF
HIS CHILDREN

In the center, a marble group of Venus and Cupid faces a reproduction of a Roman throne, under whose dais Queen Victoria, the Empresses Eugenie and Elizabeth, the Czar of Russia and other famous visitors have stood admiring the wonderful beauty of the scene.

From near the fountain a magnificent double stairway leads to the solarium or sun-parlor, whose lofty ceiling is highly decorated and contains three hundred colonnettes of Bohemian cut glass, whose facets and clear coloring reflect the sunlight like immense gems.

Ushered into one of the splendid chambers of the castle, we found a blaze in the great fireplace and every luxury and convenience. A few moments later Mr. Lombard genially insisted that we should join the family at lunch, where for the first time we met Louis Lombard *en famille*.

Rather under, than above medium height, thin, wiry, energetic and indomitable, Louis Lombard's eyes lit up a handsome face with something of the soft and liquid charm of Southern France, more of the firm aplomb and conscious strength of the successful man of affairs, and with it all a suggestion of almost superhuman ability to fathom and control the minds of his fellow-men. His dark auburn hair, now somewhat tinged with gray, and parted in the center, reveals a broad, high forehead, and his mustachioed lips and full peaked beard make up a face whose counterpart you may never see except in the ancient portraits and engravings of men who in their day were as gods in their power to conquer, rule or instruct nations and principalities.

For the time being, he was the courteous host, the affectionate husband and father, the friend, unobtrusive of his superiority of wealth, prestige and genius. It seemed almost impossible that he could be the same man whose career and rapid advance along many lines of human endeavor had not only secured great wealth, but had demonstrated that whether rich or poor, successful or unsuccessful, Louis Lombard had ever been more than a pawn on the chessboard of human society.

The castellan of Castle Trevano was born at Lyons, France, in 1861, just half a century ago, when the altars of our great

Civil War were first beginning to claim their holocausts of gallant sacrifices to the opposing dogmas of State and Federal domination, and the continuance or extinction of human slavery. One of his mother's brothers had served under the fiery-souled Garibaldi in South America, and in the Franco-Prussian war; and his father's great-grandfather, a Roman Catholic bishop, had barely escaped with his life during the "Reign of Terror" of the French Revolution. A very precocious child, the young Louis was sent to a kindergarten school when only two and one-half years old, and later profited by the severe discipline of the French public schools; at nine years old he entered the Marseilles National Conservatory of Music, as its youngest pupil.

Left fatherless and motherless at fourteen, he engaged at Paris in 1876 with an American manager to come to New York as a violin soloist; but on his arrival found himself deceived, with little or no knowledge of the English language and almost moneyless. But he found employment as leader of a beer garden orchestra, and by 1878 the sixteen-year-old boy was the orchestral leader of a small opera company which went to pieces at Utica, New York. Here, however, an enthusiastic amateur, recognizing his musical genius, secured for him the position of director of the Utica Philharmonic Society, in which capacity his abilities were recognized, even in other states. In the eighties, his orchestras commenced remunerative engagements at public resorts, his concert company made successful tours under his management, which meant any service which would ensure success; he read law as a diversion, and added to his earnings and savings by small manufacturing and real estate operations, selling music, instruments and the like. In 1886 he had saved enough money to take his first vacation since as a little child he was sent to the kindergarten school. It was not an especially restful vacation, for he visited nineteen countries in Europe, Asia and Africa, observing and studying men and things, and always "dreaming great dreams" of future wealth, prestige and self-culture.

Returning to America, he studied law for a time, but going to Utica, interested its

leading men in the establishment of a Conservatory of Music and School of Languages, and in a few months opened the proposed institution, with hundreds of students and over \$29,000 in advances paid for tuition. Here was certainly a remarkable achievement.

In 1896 he sold his conservatory and threw his abilities and entire fortune into the seething maelstrom of "frenzied finance" in Wall Street from which he emerged, after some defeats and many successes, not only a multi-millionaire, but with the esteem and support of some of his most strenuous opponents; and he is still receiving a large income from administrative positions which require only a portion of his present leisure.

And with all this business activity, my host had found time to write in unusually pure English, several books, memoirs, addresses and pamphlets, hundreds of brochures on vocal and instrumental music, the comic opera of "Juliet," and the grand opera "Erissinola"; also successfully to promote hundreds of noble charities through his wonderful energy and psychological ability to influence men. All this is only a part of Louis Lombard's history.

Now, with his American wife and six of his eight healthy, happy boys and girls, (two sons were away from Lugano), he was enjoying a period of rest in his Lugano home, acquired not only because of its beauty and splendor, but because it appealed especially to his intense love of music and his ability as a virtuoso, composer and princely patron of the highest form of human expression.

Trevano had been built by Baron von Derwies for a purpose: to create at Lugano a "Temple of Music" which should be more magnificent than that built for Wagner at Bayreuth by the Bavarian king, and to give to the softer, sweeter melodies and songs of Italy a center of inspiration and development. His successor was inspired by the same lofty ambition, but he, too, died before he could make majestic Trevano the Mecca of musical pilgrims from all parts of the earth.

But under Louis Lombard's ownership, artists of every race and country are welcomed with a simple yet princely hospitality, and a catholic recognition of all that

is noble, great and sincere in the realm of music and song. Every summer a symphony orchestra, which has included among its members a very large number of the notable musicians of the world, enjoy the splendid hospitality, and under the direction of Mr. Lombard, render the best and sweetest music of the present and the past.

Nor is his hospitality confined to the "masters of the joyous art," for indeed he might say with the ancient sage "All knowledge is my province." Here Lombroso loved to come to contemplate upon and expand his theories of life. Here William Jennings Bryan, Greeley, the Arctic explorer, crowned heads, ambassadors, consuls, magnates of the great American vested interests, painters, sculptors, no matter how wealthy or renowned, count themselves fortunate on the day which first gives them the freedom of Castle Trevano.

* * *

When the time came for the children to continue their studies, it was suggested that the lesson be dispensed with for the day, but all joined in the request that the order of family life and discipline should not be disturbed. So the little ones gathered at the piano about their father, who suggested that they had better "sing in English, in honor of their American guests."

One dear little girl said as sweetly as pertinently, "Do-re-mi-fa-sol-la-si-do is Italian—how can we sing it in English, papa?" The lesson exemplified the severe training that Louis Lombard prescribes for "Other People's Children," but it was followed by some exquisite solos on the harp and recitations in French, German and Italian. At night, just before they retired, came the "Children's Hour," when papa and his darlings have lovely times together, —such jokes and caresses and kindly words as will hereafter come back to memory, no matter how the hurrying years lengthen out the slender thread of life.

There are no drones in the Trevano hive; for the energy of the father finds a thousand employments, and the little ones have their duties which must be performed well and in due course. His two eldest sons were not at home; one was at school in America, while the other was at another villa in Algiers, where Mr. Lombard believes

developments such as made Carthage great are yet to astonish the world.

The elder daughters act as secretaries to their father and help their mother in many ways. Of Mrs. Lombard one cannot write too warmly, whether as the gracious castellane, the whole-hearted American, or the loyal, tireless helpmeet of her distinguished husband. Many and wonderful as have been the gifts of fortune, it has been the lot of few of the great and fortunate sons of men to woo and win a wife so content to realize with him one of Tennyson's noblest utterances:

"Then comes the statelier Eden back to man
Then reign the world's great bridals, chaste
and calm;
Then springs the crowning race of human
kind:
May these things be."

Mrs. Lombard was the youngest daughter of the Hon. Thomas Allen, of Pittsfield, Massachusetts, and St. Louis, Missouri, formerly a member of the House of Representatives and builder and president of the Missouri Pacific and Iron Mountain Railroad, a great-granddaughter of the famous "fighting parson," Thomas Allen, who led his parishioners to the battle of Bennington, and related to Ethan Allen, the captor of Ticonderoga, William Allen, the founder of Bowdoin College and many notable people of the present day.

A part of the afternoon was given to visiting the various rooms of the castle, which, indeed, were simply too elegant and interesting for me to do them justice in so cursory an inspection.

Briefly, Castle Trevano has a frontage of 174 feet with a depth of 168 feet, rising from massive and splendid stone terraces from which one may descend by noble balustraded flights of steps to the grounds below. The great dining hall in the west wing of the castle is ample in size for any but Mr. Lombard's princely hospitality, and its splendid carvings in red oak, wall decorations of Spanish cordovan embossed, tinted and gilded leather; immense sideboard and buffets, filled with priceless china and artistic glass and silver, are worthy of the admiration they have elicited from many royal guests and connoisseurs of exacting taste.

The great billiard room holds an immense

and magnificent six-pocket English pool table and an exquisite carved bagatelle board, nearly half as large, and certainly a remarkable creation of the wood carver's taste and chisel. On the walls, great pictures from immense panels and luxurious estrades furnish seats to the players and their friends. The chambers are warmed by fireplaces which, while imitating the *couvre feu* of the Middle Ages, embody the best arrangements of the open hearths of the early part of the Nineteenth Century. Carving, wall and ceiling decoration, rugs and furniture are all in keeping with the surroundings.

The Egyptian salon, dedicated to Miss Aida, who was born in Egypt, is decorated and furnished in the highest style of modern Egyptian art, and contains many curiosities of the "most ancient land" and of its Turkish conquerors.

The salon of honor, a rich and artistic conception of architecture, decoration and furniture, contains, as a great curiosity, a throne of solid silver, made for an emperor of Siam about the time of the discovery of America, and even more exquisitely artistic in its regal fitting and scheme of color and decoration is the Empress' Salon, prepared years since for the visit of Eugenie, empress of the French.

One wing of the castle is devoted to a spacious opera house, whose theater and concert hall are splendid in design, tasteful in decoration and amply provided with stage, scenery, mechanism and appliances for the successful production of any class of entertainment, from a lecture to an orchestral concert, a drama, comedy or opera. In the magnificent opera house Gounod has conducted his immortal "Faust," and Glinka's "Life for the Czar," the most loyal and noble production of the Russian tragic muse, was presented in the presence of the Czar, Nicholas III. Here recently, Lombard himself staged and conducted his own impassioned and unique opera "Erisinola," mounted and interpreted to such universal appreciation that Trevano and its castellan have become to Italian maestros and *cognoscenti* what Bayreuth, Wagner and his imperial patron of Bavaria are to German musicians. At this "Bayreuth of the Italian Lakes" over eight hundred symphony concerts have

already been given by invitation under Mr. Lombard, with the most celebrated singers and virtuosi as performers, and his private orchestra, principally made up of the professors of the royal conservatories of music throughout Italy.

A great pipe organ of immense compass and great sweetness of tone, a string and symphonic orchestra, magnificent pianos, harps, and in short, every musical instrument played by the most famous and care-

kept walks, contained a magnificent fountain of Neptune, and was lost in the wooded mazes of the park, where rustic islets and odorous water lilies must in the hot summer days recall the age of fable and its dryads, nereids and wondering gods.

We could only spare time to glance at the wonderful system of grottoes and underground aquariums; the sylvan springs and winding paths, rustic and modern bridges, elegant greenhouses and hotbed,



CESARE LOMBROSO AND LOUIS LOMBARD AT TREVANO CASTLE, LUGANO, SWITZERLAND
This is probably the last picture taken of Lombroso

fully trained musicians of southern Europe, must make Trevano a very "magical cradle of song" in the summer season of Lugano.

About eighty acres form the dependencies of Trevano, through whose drives we were carried for some time before visiting Lugano on the day of our departure.

The intendants and gardener's houses, kitchens, storehouses, garages, stables, dairy and great barns, were all constructed to add to the dignity and attraction of the central pile; and below the terrace that surrounded these dependencies, a beautiful lake, bordered by exquisite foliage and well-

parterres, lawns and infinite variety of sylvan scenery.

* * *

But most enthralling of all was the man himself, who, famous in two worlds for his wealth, prestige, attainment and character had received us like old friends, entertained us like princes and until late into the night talked of many things with the enthusiasm of a boy, the wisdom of the sage and a scope of knowledge that drew its inspiration from every source of information.

As King Olaf Trygvason is said to have listened to the wraith of Odin through the

long night watches, and thereafter counted it one of the greatest of the many wonderful experiences of his stormy reign, so I shall ever look back to the evening hours in the luxurious study, where amid books and manuscripts, Louis Lombard talked of past events and future possibilities.

"The most versatile of living men," was Lombroso's synopsis of his character; he might have gone further and said truthfully that he is as versatile in his good works as in his attainments.

In his former villa at San Remo on the storied Riviera, where the peasants gather oranges, lemons and olives, and harvest millions of odorous flowers for the makers of perfume, and at his occasional winter home in Algeria he helps charitable institutions and offers a princely hospitality to honored and appreciative guests. He recompenses generously the musicians who assist in his unique auditions, and where an admittance fee is charged, aids thereby worthy projects while elevating the public taste.

Nice welcomes his annual concerts as the musical feature of the year; Berlin applauds his successes as conductor of the Berlin Philharmonic orchestra, and a like enthusiastic recognition has attended his leadership of the principal orchestras of Paris, Cairo, Milan, Algiers, Nice, Lucerne and Budapesth.

Equally fluent in seven languages, he is an eloquent and magnetic orator, and during a recent visit to New York addressed a large audience in behalf of the survivors of the Messina earthquake with an effect only comparable to that exerted by actors of the first eminence. His American citizenship is accounted one of his greatest privileges, and every Fourth of July is celebrated at Trevano Castle by so many loyal American and enthusiastic demonstrations, that the gathering has become a European feature of current news. It is needless to say that Louis Lombard's annual address is not only eloquent and sincere, but it always suggests great and timely thoughts.

For Mr. Lombard has exhaustively studied the problems of finance, capital and labor, and insists that side by side with the encouragement of individual initiative must go the controlling influence of discipline and the leadership of strong men in centralized authority, just as the skill and enthusiasm of a hundred musicians must for the time being be ruled and directed by the baton of one man. In his youth, like many others, he drifted toward agnosticism, but he now believes that church institutions are indispensable to civilization. In many ways his remarkable experience of men and affairs has modified his earlier views and taught him tolerance, and even acceptance of views to which he was once almost diametrically opposed.

It is difficult to set forth in a single article the character and life-work of a man who revives in our day the versatile and phenomenal accomplishments and successes of the "Admirable Crichton." Those two short days at Trevano, what beauties of scenery, genius and magnificence of architecture and sculpture, splendor of decoration and luxury surrounded us; and yet the charm of it all was the heart of gold, the soul of fire, and the splendid intellect of one man.

And so my memories of Trevano may divert me for a while with broken panoramas of lake and Alp and city in that fair Swiss-Italian land; of that castle of magnificent beauty and mysterious providences of the combined charms of Roman, mediæval and modern art and architecture, of princely luxury and simple family homelife, but in the end I shall hold first among many remembrances the kindly meeting and greeting at our coming, the hours of enthralling communion in the master's study, the countless kindnesses during our stay, our last long ride through the splendid park of Trevano and through ancient Lugano to the heights, and our parting at the little station, which was like the parting of brother from brother, or of old and tried friends.



Establishing Bad Precedents IN SAINT LOUIS



W. C. JENKINS



THOSE of us who have believed that in the last analyses the solution of the ever-perplexing public-utility problem would be determined by public service commissions have had our faith rudely shaken by a recent report made by a commission at St. Louis, Missouri. This report is so unusual and so surprising in its nature that no apology need be offered for its examination and consideration at this time.

In 1907 the Missouri Legislature passed what is known as an enabling act. This legislation empowered the city of St. Louis to create a public-service commission whose duties were to make investigation into all facts and matters touching the establishing of just rates and efficient service of public-utility corporations. Pursuant to this authority the city of St. Louis appointed a commission in the spring of 1909 and an investigation was immediately begun into the affairs of the Union Electric Light and Power Company. Nearly two years were spent in the investigation and the findings of the Commission were awaited with much interest not only by the corporation under investigation but by the general public.

The Union Electric Light & Power Company was incorporated on September 9, 1903, for the purpose of manufacturing and distributing current for electric light and power within and without the city of St. Louis. The Company was formed

by a consolidation of two electric light and power corporations which had during previous years, through mergers and purchase, acquired the property of several distinct companies operating in the city of St. Louis. The history of these various companies carries with it the history of the electric lighting and power in that city. This history would include also a story of many financial disappointments; of unusual difficulties, of high ideals and weak expediency. But the story is not entirely a new one; its counterpart may be found in the majority of our American cities.

The St. Louis story, however, is distinctive in that the Company has never been able to earn an adequate return on the money invested in the business. The principal reason is that the people of St. Louis have been wise enough to provide themselves with broad streets and parks and were generous in providing open spaces around their residences, thus making the number of customers per mile of street low in comparison with more closely built cities, and increasing the individual cost of construction and maintenance on each customer's electric installation. Notwithstanding this condition, the Company has always felt that efficient service, and rates as low as in any city in the United States, would in time attract sufficient patronage to enable the business to pay dividends and give the property a value so that in the end the investors would not suffer loss. But if the findings of the commission be

accepted as doctrine, then the Company's officials have been building air castles and have been dreaming many wild dreams.

Other than for political purposes it is difficult to determine wherein the necessity existed for the city of St. Louis to impose upon a progressive and efficient public-utility corporation the enormous expense to which the Union Electric Light & Power Company has been subjected during the process of this investigation. However, commissions are popular today, and the Company offered no objection to the establishment of the commission.

The railroad and public-service commissions are distinctly American creations. Such institutions are called into being because in this country we must be phenomenal in all things—in prosperity and adversity; in booms and blizzards, in our virtues and our defects. We will have the biggest trusts and the strongest anti-trust laws; we must have the most progressive and efficient public-utility corporations and we must have the most drastic rules for their regulation. We will array against each other stupendous combinations of labor and capital; we will encourage the best and tolerate the worst forces of civilization. The most public-spirited citizen will rub shoulders with the most grasping monopolist, the creator of values mingles with the professional wreckers, and the most conservative financier will affiliate with the wildest gambler. This is Americanism. But to return to St. Louis.

As already stated, the investigation of the affairs of the Union Electric Light & Power Company occupied nearly two years. The Company welcomed the appointment of the Commissioners and offered no objection to the proposition to have a thorough examination made of its capitalization, method of doing business and rates of service. It believed that it is immeasurably to its interests and those of the stock and bondholders as well as the public that the fullest and clearest information as to its service, rates, operating expenses, and income, and also the amount invested in its properties be given the fullest publicity among those who have any financial interest in

the Company as well as among its present and prospective customers. This policy, in its widest application, was adhered to throughout the inquiry. The Company simply claimed the right to earn on its capital investment, and it did not claim that in valuing its property for the purpose of rate-making anything should be included for good will or franchises, although it is paying taxes on the franchises and the State has assessed them for this purpose at \$5,000,000.

According to a most careful computation made by expert accountants with a national reputation, it cost approximately \$23,412,000 to produce the property. As no dividends were paid for a number of years, interest amounting to \$5,738,000 should be added to this amount, making the total value of the property more than \$29,000,000. In order to arrive at a fair value it was necessary that an inquiry should be made not only as to what the property actually cost but as to what amount of money would be required to reproduce the entire system and its present business.

A firm of well-known engineers, Messrs. Ford, Bacon & Davis, recognized as among the most competent authorities in this country, made an exhaustive examination of what it would cost to reproduce the property and reported that it would require approximately \$26,000,000, to which should be added the cost of creating the business which would bring the total up to more than \$30,000,000. Mortimer E. Cooley, Dean of Engineering of the University of Michigan, made a similar examination and also placed the reproduction cost at exceeding \$30,000,000.

And now comes the report of the Public Service Commission after its two years of labor and finds that the value of the property on which interest may be earned is \$16,134,393, or a trifle more than half the amount fixed by Ford, Bacon & Davis and Professor Cooley.

The officials of the Union Electric Light & Power Company were dumbfounded when they learned of the Commission's findings. They had fondly imagined that the report would be another vindication, and that many misconceptions regarding

their property would be fully explained and the prejudice of certain misguided people removed. In this they were doomed to disappointment. The company, however, promptly filed with the Municipal Assembly its objections and exceptions to the report. Its reasons were as follows:

1. Because the method of investigation is prejudicial to the interests of the Company, in that a member of the Commission made the investigation as engineer to the commission, and therefore was not in position to review the report in a judicial capacity.

2. Because the investigations were conducted in violation of the ordinance creating the commission in that hearings of the commission were not open to the public as required by the ordinance, but were in part conducted in secret and were not open either to the public or to the company.

3. Because the commission examined witnesses in secret and failed to submit them to the public investigation for examination or cross-examination.

4. Because it was influenced in its findings and conclusions by ex parte statements made in secret by witnesses not submitted to examination or cross-examination and gave to such statements more weight than to statements of witnesses examined in public.

5. Because the findings and conclusions of the Commission are in conflict with the conclusive testimony of witnesses publicly examined before the commission and are not supported by the record of the proceedings.

6. Because the findings of the Commission fail to support and are, as a matter of fact, in conflict with its recommendations.

7. Because the conduct of the entire investigation by the commission was in conflict with the fundamental principles of law, the long-established and recognized policy of the Government and the recognized rights of individuals under it, in that it was in part a secret investigation in which it was attempted to affect the rights and property of citizens without affording to them an opportunity of being properly heard or of examining or cross-examining witnesses adduced against

them or of inspecting the record of the investigation.

8. Because the findings of the Commission regarding the cost and value of the property of this Company are erroneous and are not in accord with the evidence or the facts.

The Company asked that the report be referred back to the commission with instructions that the investigation be re-opened. This request was denied, and the Municipal Assembly passed an ordinance in conformity to the recommendation of the commission.

It has been a matter of common knowledge that the rates charged by the Union Electric Light & Power Company are as low on the average as are charged in any city in the United States, but it has been confronted with the charge that its stock was more or less watered and that it was striving to pay interest on excessive stock and bond issues. A finding to this effect, the commission well knew, would be more popular with the people than the statement that the present rates are inadequate to provide a reasonable return on the money actually invested.

The capitalization of the St. Louis Company is no higher than that of similar corporations in other cities, but like our American system of capitalization it has been freely criticized by many well-meaning but misguided people. It is simply a part of our industrial system and in conformity to American policy. It is the direct antipode of European methods which are evidently in favor with the members of the St. Louis Commission. The basis of the European gospel is cheapness. So far the tendency of American capitalization has been toward dearness. The advantage of the European theory is that its virtues appear on the surface while its defects can be discreetly kept out of sight. Comparatively speaking the capitalization of the Union Electric Light & Power Company is most reasonable. The Company has indulged in no speculative capitalization and does not seek, as is often the case, to surround the tangible assets with a halo of prospects and possibilities.

The dangerous feature about this St. Louis Commission's report, if allowed to

stand, is that it is likely to act as a precedent; and one precedent creates another. They soon accumulate and constitute law. What yesterday was uncertainty, today is doctrine. What was the case of the Union Electric Light & Power Company in 1911 may be that of a hundred similar corporations in 1912, and if a bad precedent is established in the fourth city of the United States, the common rights of thousands of innocent stockholders in our American public-utility corporations are invaded by the precedent. If the effect were confined alone to the city of St. Louis this article would never have been written.

In the cost of construction of the Company's plant, and which is the principal item in the valuations, the commission's figures were but five and one-half per cent lower than those of the Company's engineers. This, however, is not strange, because the matter was merely a question of fact, and hence no great variation was possible. But in five other items of value the theories of the commission are so startling that a proper regard for consistency and justice demands a searching inquiry into this part of the report.

There are certain features of the commission's report that are admirable. For instance, it says "the Union Electric Light & Power Company is now a well-established enterprise, has a large, growing and profitable business and is exceptionally well managed. It is not, however, an assured monopoly and may at any time be called upon to withstand the severe competition of holders of rival franchises. This element of risk justly entitled the investor to a higher rate of return than would be the case were the city able and willing to protect the Company as well as to regulate its charges. If a municipality can effectually control the rates and service of a public utility it is evident that there is no need of competition. It is also evident that if the risk of competition were removed the city would be able to demand that a lower rate on return on the investment be paid by the consumers. However, in this case the city has no power to protect the investment from competition, so that a rate of return equal to that of a perfect-

ly safe investment cannot be considered adequate."

The commission concluded that eight per cent was, under such conditions, a reasonable rate on money invested, and no one will question the wisdom of its conclusions in this respect. However, as far as the Union Electric Light & Power Company was concerned it would have resulted in the same returns to the investors had the commission declared that four per cent was sufficient, provided, of course, that its findings of the total value of the property agreed with that of the Company's inventory and the estimate of Ford, Bacon & Davis and of Professor Cooley.

The commission totally ignores the cost of financing the properties which now comprise the system of the Union Electric Light & Power Company, although in the estimate of Ford, Bacon & Davis this item was placed at \$2,400,000. The commission believes that when a franchise is given free, the people have the right to assume and expect that the grantees have money to perform their part of the contract or at least in addition to granting the franchise the public shall not be called upon to pay for the cost of getting the money.

In the midst of a shifting controversy this position cannot be considered solid ground, for it is very unusual when money employed to create a public-utility company is secured on a better basis than ninety per cent, which means that ten per cent must be paid for brokerage, commissions, discounts and other compensations incidental to getting the money. This item of cost is as certain as is the charter fee and is something for which engineers must make full allowance in their estimates, because it is a cost incurred in the inception of the enterprise and the construction of the plant. There are many instances where the cost of money for an absolutely new company is from twenty to twenty-five per cent on the amount needed in the beginning. No banker cares to handle an issue of unlisted securities for less than five per cent. Oftentimes ten per cent is charged for the reason that he has to exploit and advertise them and in a certain way stand

sponsor for the issue. The commission, had it cared to do so, could have discovered many precedents for guidance in this matter, but apparently it was not seeking precedents so energetically as it was trying to establish a low valuation of the property.

The cost of establishing the business of the company, according to the opinions of Ford, Bacon and Davis and Professor Cooley, was \$4,408,469. This cost was represented by deficits since January 1, 1904. The commission admitted that there is a legitimate element of value in the cost of establishing a public-utility business, but for reasons best known to itself could not agree that the cost in this particular case had exceeded a million dollars. Therein is a very important question that affects public-utility companies throughout the United States. It is important that this St. Louis finding shall not act as a precedent if it can be shown that it is unfair and unreasonable, and upon this hinge the most important principle of the whole affair is turning.

This cost of establishing the business has been given several characterizations. It has been termed "going value," "the sum of the earlier deficits" and "development cost." These earlier costs and incidental losses amount to the same thing as a predetermined expense, and no public-utility enterprise has ever been able to escape them. They are considered a part of the legitimate investment and therefore are subject to capitalization. Any other conclusion tends to advocate the confiscation of the property.

The principle upon which this asset is founded is well established; it is based on justice and good morals and is in conformity to our American spirit of business development and methods of obtaining returns on money invested. If the St. Louis Public Service Commission's conclusions in this respect were to suddenly become doctrine, who could be induced to invest money in American public-utility companies, knowing that in later years he could not be permitted to recoup his early losses? It has been the general custom in condemnation cases to consider the going value as an asset because the corporation not only has a

capacity to earn but is actually earning and hence has a distinct value above the actual cost of reproduction. The difference between a dead plant and a live one is a real value, and this value was created by a previous investment of money.

It requires no judicial decisions, though there are many, to convince an unbiased person that the investor in a public-utility company is entitled to a return on his investment from the time the property goes into operation, provided, of course, that the enterprise can earn such a return at reasonable rates of charge for its services. If such were not recognized as a sound principle, who would care to invest in a corporation of this nature? That there have been a great many instances where investors have not been able to obtain such return does not alter the principle, for such disappointments were, as a rule, the result of the corporation being unable to meet all the requirements for operating expenses and depreciation necessities. But no one ever expected that their sacrifices would be anything but temporary.

The investor regards these early deficits as an additional investment which will be refunded to him in some form just as he expects the rest of his original capital in the enterprise to be returned; and in these days of public-service commissions and rate regulation, no matter is worthy of more serious consideration.

In the case under consideration at St. Louis it has been found that in the history of the property from 1890 to 1907, the stockholders received two dividends—one in 1893 when one of the earlier companies paid a dividend of \$35,000 and in 1901 when a \$30,000 dividend was paid. Up to the last consolidation the company and its predecessors were generally unable to earn a sufficient amount to create new business, pay operating expenses, interest on the bonds and provide a depreciation account. It now regards these earlier losses as a necessary expense in creating the present excellent condition of the property and rightfully considers them as a part of the assets. It would be a difficult matter to find a St. Louis banker or business man experienced in the affairs of corporations, who views the matter in

any other light, for upon a moment's reflection it becomes apparent that the present efficiency of the property, its satisfactory service and low rates have been reached through the earlier losses which the stockholders have sustained.

Mr. William J. Hagenah, statistician of the Railroad Commission of Wisconsin, was retained by the Gas and Telephone Committees of the Chicago City Council to report on equitable gas and telephone rates which the city has the right to regulate. In his report on gas rates to the committee of the city council he treats the subject of "going value" in a manner rather different from that in which the subject was handled by the St. Louis commission.

I submit the following extract from Mr. Hagenah's report:

"Whatever single method should be followed for determining going value, if there is such a correct method, it is believed that the final calculation should be tempered with a consideration of fairness to all interests. The amount involved representing many millions of dollars and the effect on the final rates schedule both as regards the investor and the public requires that consideration be given to equity as well as to mathematics. A high going value means a large investment upon which returns must be allowed, and this requires a high gas rate; a low going value, or no allowance for going value at all, means a smaller interest requirement and consequently permits a low rate for gas. It is therefore possible to secure a very low gas rate if the value of the plant is placed sufficiently low, but court decisions are firm in defining particular elements of value. * * *

"Where the law is not definitely settled mooted questions of valuation have been decided upon a basis which appeared reasonable and just in the premises. With these principles in mind it is believed that the going value of the Peoples Gas Light & Coke Company can best be determined from its own records and history. * * *

"If the investor has failed to receive each year that amount which constitutes a reasonable return he should be permitted to charge rates sufficiently high to reim-

burse him for early losses, or such losses should be considered as costs of developing the business and their addition to the value of the physical property permitted. Such additions, from an equitable standpoint at least, may be said to constitute the correct going value of a public-service corporation. The application of this doctrine to the facts in this city and the logic upon which it is founded is shown in the following discussion. * * *

"There must be paid to capital, irrespective of who provides it, such a return as will yield a fair interest for the use of the money and an additional allowance determined by the risks of the enterprise."

In regard to interest during construction there is a discrepancy of \$1,765,000 between the figures offered by the Company and the estimate of the Commission. The Company's claim amounted to \$2,400,000, while the commission's allowance was \$725,000, and herein is another matter of important difference.

The item of interest during construction, including commission on bonds sold, is a part of the cost of construction and should be capitalized. After construction has terminated, interest cannot be capitalized and must be cared for out of income. The Company prepared for the commission a statement of the actual amount expended for organization expenses during construction by the predecessors of the Union Electric Light & Power Company, but the commission neither accepted the actual cost of these items as found and reported by the accountants, nor has it made any independent investigation of the subject. It simply rejected the figures and did not accompany the rejection with any plausible reason for its action.

In fixing a valuation for the Company's land the commission unwittingly displayed its attitude toward the investors in the company's property. There might be excuses for considerable difference of opinion regarding the earlier costs of establishing the business, but it seems almost incredible that there should be a difference of approximately \$2,600,000 between the valuation fixed by the Company's appraisers and those of the commission, and this, too, in the face of the fact that the commission frankly admitted

that the present value and not the original cost should form the basis for the estimate. The commission states in its report that the company had its land appraised by "two recognized experts in real estate values in this city" and that "the value fixed by the commission is based upon the appraisal made by two equally prominent and reliable experts in real estate values." In the face of the tribute to the company's appraisers the findings of the commission appear ridiculous. Either the tribute is not deserved or the estimate of the appraisers is nonsensical.

Obviously, a fair valuation of the Company's land is of the highest importance to the credit of the corporation and its property in general. It involves a determination of the amount on which securities might be issued as well as the total investment upon which the Company is entitled to earn a return.

This part of the commission's report is of the utmost importance to investors in public-utility enterprises and deserves careful consideration. Apparently the commission seeks to establish a new precedent which will upset all existing theories regarding public-utility property valuation. But in its efforts the commission committed grievous errors which, when analyzed, tend to discredit the entire work.

From the report it appears that the commission consulted, as to the value of the company's land, two gentlemen whose identity was not disclosed and decided this important issue upon their secret statements and not upon the testimony of the witnesses produced before the commission. The presence of any official of the company or its attorney was not requested, and herein the corporation was given no opportunity to examine or cross-examine these witnesses. The procedure is contrary to all time-honored customs, and to permit investigations in this manner, affecting, as they do, the rights of persons and property, is manifestly against public policy. Findings and conclusions reached by commissions contrary to the customs and the ordinances which created those commissions, ought not to have weight with a municipal assembly when determining a basis for legislation regarding rates.

Summed up briefly, the commission places a value on the company's property which is but little above fifty per cent of that fixed by the engineers when testimony was presented and not much in excess of fifty per cent of the cost of the property as testified to by the accountants, and it also finds the company's real estate to be worth less than twenty-five per cent of its value as testified to by the appraisers.

As a result of its labors and findings, the commission recommends as to rates: The reduction of the maximum rate from twelve cents to nine and one-half cents per kilowatt hour; the reduction of the minimum monthly bill from one dollar to fifty cents.

The reason stated in support of these recommendations is in substance that while the commission has concluded that the average rate now charged is reasonable, the schedule in use is, in its opinion, discriminatory as between different classes of customers, and that the small consumer is charged too high and the large consumer too low a rate.

The Union Electric Light & Power Company has wisely decided to appeal from the findings of the commission, not that it desires to place itself in a rebellious position, but because it feels that the commission has been unfair and that the report, if accepted without protest, would not only establish dangerous precedents, but would result in a serious injustice to the Company.

There is no prominent business man in St. Louis who will not declare that the Union Electric Light & Power Company is at the present time ably managed, and that the service is of the most efficient character. In every sense the Company is progressive; it is an important factor in building up St. Louis, because through its low rates for electric current the commercial organizations are enabled to offer important inducements to manufacturing enterprises desiring to locate in the city.

The Union Electric Light & Power Company is deserving of better treatment than has been accorded the company by the Public Service Commission. St. Louis cannot afford to be placed in a position of antagonism to outside capital. It

needs the co-operation of Eastern money. Within the next few years the Union Company must arrange for from \$10,000,000 to \$15,000,000 additional capital. This money will be of distinct benefit to the city, and the investment should receive fair treatment.

The company is making very satisfactory gains in its business at the present time. The increase in gross revenue during the last fiscal year was 9.3 per cent, while the average rate to customers was two per cent lower than in 1909. From July 1, 1909, until December 31, 1910, the company spent \$784,385 in improvements in the distributing system and \$621,443.64 to replace old equipment. During the present year the company will expend \$850,000 on new equipment and \$260,000 for replacements. Apparently the company aims to keep its plant in the highest state of efficiency, to furnish the most satisfactory service at the lowest possible cost to the customers that will permit a reasonable return upon the money invested.

In the face of the commission's report the company must firmly assert its rights or make an humble, slavish surrender of them at the feet of this inexperienced St. Louis Public Service Commission. The laws provide as effectually as laws

can do for the protection of the property of the citizen. If through indifference a corporation injured by a city council does not appeal to the law, it fails in its duty to the public and is unjust to itself.

The disproportionate recommendations of self-appointed reformers is often carried beyond all bounds of dignity and reason. As a consequence our capitalists are exposed to public hatred and derision. The minds of the people are easily inflamed and their affections are alienated from their public-service corporations.

Without any abstract reasoning upon causes and effects we can easily be convinced that the business of a public-utility company is precarious enough without any municipal effort to destroy its credit in the money markets of the world. The function of a public-utility commission is to conciliate and unite. How can this be done if the commission defiantly ignores the evidence of experts who are called to give testimony? Men who invest capital are easily aroused by every appearance of oppressive, precipitate measures, and prudence compels patriotic citizens to make common cause even with the hated corporations, if they are persecuted in a way which the real spirit of the laws will not justify.

YOUTH

YOUTH, like a flower, blooms but once, then dies,
And hides its sweetness from the thirsting air,
Ah, happy flower, if while it bloomed 'twere fair,
And stilled the hunger in some gazer's eyes
When withered on the grass of time it lies,
No earthly power can aid it to repair;
But, borne afar upon a fragrant prayer,
Its soul may bloom again 'neath fairer skies.

O Youth, how frail art thou! How like a moth
That circles to the candle's flame which sears!
How like a silken film of spider's cloth
That, breathed on, breaks! How like the wave that nears
The sands, and, breaking, flutters into froth!
How like a maiden's smile between her tears!

—Henry Dumont, in "A Golden Fancy."

CHARLES WARREN STODDARD

By GEORGE WHARTON JAMES

Author of "In and Out of the Missions of California," "In and Around the Grand Canyon," "Through Ramona's Country," etc.



ON SATURDAY, April 24, 1909, there passed away in the old Monterey he loved so well, Charles Warren Stoddard, one of the sweetest, kindest and truest of men.

The death of this noted writer, poet, scholar and educator leaves a void in the literary ranks of the Pacific Coast that is keenly felt by many, especially as the list of the earlier writers is growing shorter year by year. One after another the "Old Guard" of the *Overland Monthly* are taking their flight to the Beyond. Bret Harte, W. C. Bartlett, Gilman, Sill and many more have gone, and now is added to the increasing roll on the other side another cherished name—that of the beloved Stoddard.

His work as a poet was first brought into prominent notice by the regularity of his contributions to the *Overland*. It is well known that when Harte was asked to edit the magazine he went to Stoddard and Ina Coolbrith and pledged them to contribute monthly, and then asserted that with what they wrote and what he would write the literary position of the new venture would be fully assured from the start. Indeed they were seen together so often about this period, conferring and making plans for the success of the magazine, reading proof, discussing contributions, etc., that one day as they left the office a wag said: "There goes the Golden Gate Trinity," and the name thus early given has stuck to them ever since. The first volumes show that Harte's assurance was not misplaced, and that the name was no misnomer. In almost every number poems by each of them appear. In the first issue, occupying two pages, was printed Mr. Stoddard's "In the Sierras," in which are many lines of power, such as:

"Out of the heat and toil and dust of trades
Into the shadow and forgetfulness
That bless secluded streams and sheltered
vales."

Here is a finely descriptive line:

"The misty girdle of the hills of God."

In this poem, too, he condenses material enough for half a book of some so-called nature writers. Even Browning never surpassed this exquisite picture:

"While ashore
A glossy water-thrush trips close upon
And curtsies at the margin as he wets
All of his slender body in the pool."

In the August issue he describes in perfect verse the unique and "solemn beauty" of the "Snow Plant." The September number has a characteristic piece of verse, "In Clover," and there is an equally delicious bit in October which winds up with the oft-quoted:

"There is a sigh in every breath
And I am out of love."

November contained "Robinson Crusoe" and December "Deux Enfants Perdus." And the later volumes under Harte's supervision were nearly as much indebted to Stoddard's genius as was the first. In one of these appears the first prose article of his, entitled "South Sea Idylls." I have before me now, as I write, the original letter from which this first article was made. It was written to Mrs. Jeanne C. Carr, the "literary mother" of several men and women whose names are honored in American letters. Mrs. Carr was the personal friend of all the notable people of her day and generation, a woman of great executive force and ability. Her husband was a professor in the University of Wisconsin, and it was there that John Muir first learned to know her. When Dr. Carr removed to California he be-

came the State Superintendent of Public Instruction, and Harte, Stoddard, Ina Coolbrith and a score of others soon came to know him and his gifted wife as warm-hearted and helpful friends. When Stoddard went to the Hawaiian Islands he was to write a series of letters to the San Francisco *Bulletin*, and these letters afterward blossomed out into his first and greatest book, "The South Sea Idylls," of which Rudyard Kipling said, in effect, that it and Melville's book were the only books that satisfactorily described the glory of a tropical island.

Accompanying this letter is a personal one to his friend, dated Papeete, August 30, 1870—forty-one years ago—in which he says: "I am unhappy for this reason. I am friendless, must work my way back home when I get ready to go. Can get nothing to do here, as I had been told I could easily, and am now meditating, a flight to some savage spot near by where I can take one long breath of natural life and get back to dear old California with its sweets on my tongue. Tell the Yosemite Pilgrim he can come here for \$75 and return to California for \$100, stopping here very comfortably in a little cottage (one or two rooms plainly furnished with two meals per diem and the etc. for \$50 per month), and less if he chooses to economize. How cheaply one may purchase quiet and comfort, yet it is beyond my means. I will go to the natives and they will care for me for a while. Oh, to be cared for all my days! In a few months I must return, D. V., and blossom the seeds that are sowing themselves these sad and homesick days."

How truthfully he forecasted a part of his life in this letter. He actually did what he then only "meditated." He retired to a "savage spot" and took many long breaths "of natural life," and the result was the giving to the world of his inimitable, charming, exquisitely delightful and whimsically titillating "Lazy Letters from Low Latitudes" and "The Island of Tranquil Delights." In a copy of the latter he wrote for me, "I'd like to live all this over again and have you along to share it with me," and in still another copy he says, "All but two of these sketches are autobiographical and what fun they

were when they were happening!" The perfect and simple naturalness of the untouched and uncivilized Hawaiian he could fully appreciate and enjoy; just as he would doubtless have enjoyed the unspoiled Indian. What other people saw as bestial and unrefined he saw and felt as the unconscious naturalness of the child or the animal, and again and again, in discussing this matter with me, he declared that there was more real purity of thought and life in these nearly naked natives than in many of the wholly clothed "civilized" people who were too refined to believe that the nudity in which God Almighty created human beings could be anything else than vulgar and obscene. And yet he was not blind to the failings of the simple people he learned to love so well. One of the letters, afterward published, now before me, closes with this whimsical description of the Tahitian husband and wife: "Matrimonially considered, the Tahitian is eccentric; as a husband he is altogether too *general*. As a wife she is apt to overdo it." Who but Stoddard would ever have thought of expressing it in that way? And it required just such a warm-hearted, all-loving, impulsive character as his to understand, to feel, to know, with a sympathy that gave a never-failing precision of comprehension, the child-hearted sons and daughters of the South Seas. Pick up his three tropics books, "South Sea Idylls," "Hawaiian Life" and "The Island of Tranquil Delights," and turn to any page you will, and dive into it. In a moment you feel the understanding that existed—the very blood understanding you might call it—between the writer and those written about. Ah, it is a rare gift of God to be able to appreciate and understand the inner life of other and entirely different of God's creatures. Stoddard was indeed blessed, for he had the intuitive understanding and sweet sympathy that gave the savage immediately to feel his brotherhood, and then he ran up the whole chromatic scale of humanity to poets, philosophers, statesmen, princes, kings and emperors—to the highest in intellect, social station and soul—and he was one with them all. A universal nature, a universal lover of mankind. And that is why so many today

mourn his death. It was not his greatness that dazzled people; it was his lovingness that made him lovable, and everybody loved him and spoke of him as "dear old Charley."

Though he began his literary life as a poet, the success of his Hawaiian letters so far transcended his success (at least from a financial standpoint) as a poet that he continued to write letters, which were afterward collected and put into book form. Thus his "Footprints of the Padres," his "Exits and Entrances," "Over the Rocky Mountains to Alaska" and "The Lepers of Molokai" came into existence. But there are letters and letters. These were his public letters, but, ah! to get the real Stoddardian flavor one had to be the recipient of his private letters. Viewed from this standpoint what a delightful letter writer he was! Nowhere did his quaint, whimsical, loving nature so assert itself as when in the perfect freedom of a letter to someone he loved and fully trusted, did he pour out his heart on whatever subject was uttermost. Here is a letter, not written to me, that I yet prize most highly. It is headed "Pax Vobiscum," and then without prelude begins. "Even one drop of honey is welcome after a long fast, and an early welcome is worth two in the bush. This is not Tupper, my dear distiller of sweet phrases, but Stoddard.

"Thanks for the precious lines that came to me second hand, inasmuch as Mrs. M. had the first flavor of them all to herself.

"Thanks, and just as many for the letter you wrote her inasmuch as I have had it in the same proportion as my own.

"As for yourself, you blossom perennially out there in fruit and flower in your branches after the manner of the trees of Eden.

"As for myself, I have torn up my roots so often that they do not strike into any soil with much vigor.

"The warmer and the softer it be, the better my chance—but I was ever an air-plant and what right have I to be p . . . of roots?

"I wish you were out of Sacramento. It is utterly unblessed save only in name. Some of the sorest hours of my life I have suffered in that burg. God knows when

I am to see it and you again. I am ready to get home when the wind and the tide set that way, but I cannot war against both of them.

"You will find me changed, I fear, and most likely not for the better. My enthusiasm has boiled down; man delights me not, nor woman either. I feel just a little like a wind-fall, but I can stand it if you can. Color is color, whether it come from fire or frost. I am not without color as they well know who have been in swimming with me.

"I love the people I have learned to love. I don't tap as freely as I used to; I lose my temper and let slip my tongue even at the peril of good-fellowship, but there is more grit in me than of old and I feel my ribs bracing themselves against the day when I shall come breast to breast with the world.

"It is a dull day and a dull letter, but we are sworn friends for all that. Greet the friends one and all."

This letter is dated, Rome, 8 March, 1877.

Here are some written long before this:

SAN FRANCISCO,
5 August, 1873.

Dear Friend:

"Would that you were here for a few days just now. It is likely that I shall go East next week or the week beyond that, and there are friends of yours that I need so much to see. I have hoped that your soul would be filled full enough of grace by this time and that you would be back among us on your mission of imparting the fruits of the same to your fellows before now. Will you never come down out of the high places?

"To be brief, for your soul is attuned to smoother and sweeter voices, and the scratch of a pen no doubt is grating, I may stay a day or two in Salt Lake and the same space of time in Chicago; thence to New York for a week or two and to Boston for a few days—and by October, or near it, over to London for the winter, and Lord knows how much more of new life and new atmospheres before I come back laden with the riches of these experiences.

"Write me here where I shall be for a week or ten days and then to New York

City. I would I might get a hand-clasp to take inwardly through the elbow and the *queer bones* that take toll thereabouts! You will send me messages not mental only, but visible and tangible! Adieu, if I don't lay eyes on you for a few months to come. I leave in Oakland a chum who has a bit of my actual soul grafted into his innermost self. If you come across him, treat him tenderly for my sake; his name is ———; his local habitation the ———; his destiny to be loved by me while I am in my right mind.

I am, yours,

CHAS. WARREN STODDARD.

As I reread this letter I think of what he wrote many years later in what is certainly a part of his autobiography—"For the Pleasure of His Company"—about letters: "He wrote scores and scores of them to all sorts of people; he was constantly receiving letters from the four quarters of the globe and in most cases these letters were quite out of the common run. . . . Yes, he certainly liked letters, and liked to hear the reading of letters that were not addressed to him—that is, provided they were not hopelessly commonplace. They seemed to him like living people out of human histories, as of course they were, and therefore, to him, of far more interest than any novel or romance."

This August letter was followed by another written just before he left the United States for England. It is dated New York City, October 3, 1873.

"Dear Friend and faithful:

"A line to thank you heartily for the glorious letter from you and the letters for your friends here and in Boston.

"They came a little too late, but I am satisfied to bide my time. I sail in morning for England. Write to me if you love me, and if you see my well-beloved chum ———, tell me how you find him.

"Please write me care of Tom Hood, 80 Fleet St., London, England.

"Do you see my *Chronicle* letters, and are they as bad as they might be?

"With love to you all,

"Yours,

"C. W. S."

Here is just one more, or extracts from it, written in Rome, March 30, 1874:

"Faithful and Beloved Friend:

"You have deserved better from me. When your first letter came to me in London I was quite mad with joy. I at once worded a letter to you—in my mind—it is a way I have of doing, and after it I sometimes forget that message was invisible and that no one but myself can possibly know of the spirit that prompted it and forgot to put it on paper.

"Your second letter came to me like an agonizing wail, and it at once put it beyond my power to write you, for a time at least.

"I was just living with Mark Twain at the 'Langham.' We had our suite of rooms and lived in a kind of gorgeous seclusion that was broken only by our nightly trip to the Lecture Hall, where Mark was holding forth.

"We talked and talked and talked. He saw few people; he was nervous and ill and irritable, and no one suited him but me, and sometimes I didn't exactly suit. But we were together night and day, and we went deep into each other's lives—I deeper into his than he into mine, for he loved to talk and I to listen. Then there are so few who care to look into my case beyond the mere surface ripple.

"Well, in the midst of this your sad letter came. I had a cry over it; for I began to feel as if California were going to pieces, and there is no place so dear to me in all the world beside. . . . I didn't try to write to anyone but the folks at home and my chum ———. I only went down on my marrows and prayed the saints to keep folks a-writing to me and to give them patience to wait my feeble answers.

" . . . I am giving my honest opinion of things in the *Chronicle*. Rome is to me a dreadful disappointment. All of these months we will discuss over tea-cups in the new house, when I get home, which I pray may be before many months.

"Will you tell John Muir that I would give much to see him? That the Alps are not finer than the Sierras, and the Apennines not so good; that there is nothing broad, or bold, or towering, or rich, or

sweet in this land that doesn't bring to mind and to heart some part of our universal coast. As for climate—there is positively nothing worthy of the name but our own; this darned climate is completely worn out; it has been lived in too long. I don't believe there is a fresh breath in the whole continent.

"Will you have these consecrated leaves that I gathered lately, thinking of you the while.

"Your loving friend,

"CHAS. WARREN STODDARD.

"P. S. Send me a long, long letter to ———.

"P. S. S. Send lots of letters while you are about it."

Dear Charley Stoddard! There was ever at war within his soul two opposing forces. Today he was a sombre monk, ascetic, devout, religious; tomorrow a gay cavalier, frolicsome, reckless, epicurean. He was either on the mountain tops of joy, or sitting on the stool of repentance, clothed in sackcloth and ashes. His soul ran the whole chromatic scale up and down between these two extremes, and it depended entirely upon the place in the scale at which you happened to find him what impression he made upon you. Ever and always he was the courteous, cultivated, cultured gentleman, and nothing ever destroyed his sweet and gentle spirit, but it depended upon his mood whether he was the gentleman of mirth and gladness or of sadness and gloom. In one of his letters he signs himself, "I am yours, as ever, full of sorrowful hopes, and joyful griefs, toned down by disappointments and lifted up by fair fortune," and in another, written from Rome, he says, referring to his beloved mother: "Were it not for her,—dearer than life, and that idolized sister in the Islands and that dear chum of mine—three steps only—I would hurry myself out of this world into the seclusion of one of these monasteries. I never pass one but I keel a little over to that side. I am not morbid. I laugh and go about and see people who don't suspect me of melancholy." And in another, while there is this same note of subdued despondency, his quaint spirit asserts itself

in the use of a piece of festive slang, common then as now. He says: "There will be overmuch howling, I fear me, when I get home to Frisco. My roots have been carted about in my pocket so long that they now refuse to strike into any given soil to any extent. Consequently I don't blossom as I *used to did*."

"After all, since there is a place for every soul and no soul is quite at ease out of its place—I am probably misdirected.

"Had a three hours' restful talk with Father H—— yesterday. Held in my arms a cast (from death) of the hand of St. Ignatius! My God, it was like throwing miraculous arms around a firmament. I was drunk with awe! It may be I shall come to it after all—a cloister, restful routine—a stepping out of one's self into the semi-spiritual existence which I know is all-sufficient. I have seen it!"

There is no violation of the sanctities in thus revealing the heart longings of my friend. They were well known to many, and there was no reserve at times in speaking as he has here written. He longed for the quiet, the seclusion, the—what he calls semi-spiritual—existence of the cloister; but at the same time there were calls which he would not, could not, stifle, which kept him from it. So the warfare was a constant one, and did not cease up to the time of his calling away. For only a few months before the end he suggested, in a conversation, the possibility of such a retirement even at that late time in his life.

While he expressed himself in such exquisite, poetic, correct English—for he was a purist in his language—he was never able to spell correctly up to the day of his death. How he used to laugh at his bungling spelling! He would throw his head back and give forth such a hearty hal ha! every time he spoke of it. "Spell! Why, my dear fellow, I never could spell; I never shall spell. Neither man, woman, angel or devil could ever teach me!"

And as I look over his correspondence I am inclined to believe him. In one of his very latest letters to me he begins "Dear Seaseless (ceaseless) Wanderer," and I find "tryumph" for triumph, "finnish," for finish, "rong" for wrong, "ex-

honerate" for exonerate, and about the funniest of all are "mellencholy" for melancholy and "Seirious" for Cereus. But, as I used to comfort him, "Any fool, with a dictionary, can spell as well as a college president, but few or no college presidents ever lived or ever will live who could write as you write."

Of his books, there is no doubt that the "South Sea Idylls" is the best known and possibly the best liked. It struck a new note in American letters. Never before, as Kipling remarked, had anyone so really entered into the spirit of the Islands and their simple-hearted inhabitants. The tropical glory, the gorgeous floral growths, the sublime terrors of the great volcanoes, the horrors of the doomed lepers, the splendor of the sea and sky all made such vivid impressions upon Stoddard, first singly and then in contrasting combinations, that his soul was constantly stirred to a rare degree of poetic eloquence that stamp the "South Sea Idylls" as a masterpiece.

"Hawaiian Life" and "The Island of Tranquil Delights" are written in the same bewitching style. He was bewitched, and he frankly says so, but says it so naively and vividly that you are bewitched as you read. Listen:

"How long did it last? How long did I stay there in the mountain heights among the mysteries undreamed of in that business world below? Well, really, I cannot tell you. No one kept tally up yonder; and as for pinning me down to so fine a point, I'd as soon think of someone who had been in Paradise for a while suddenly sitting up and asking, 'What time is it?'"

It is this quaint humor that so often strikes you unexpectedly that is one of his great charms and delights. And yet three of his books are serious and earnest, and strange though some may deem it to be, they have sold far more largely and appealed to a far more serious audience than have the others. These three are "A Troubled Heart," "The Wonder-Worker of Padua," and "The Lepers of Molokai." The first is the personal record of his conversion to the Catholic Church. He was brought up in the fold of a Puritan church, and part of his education was received while in the home of his uncle, who used to stand and sing:

"On slippery rocks I see them stand,
While fiery billows roll below."

This uncle was a very "honest, practical, much-respected man, of a pronounced Protestant type, relentless and even stubborn in his narrow religious views; he was one in whose veins the blood had flowed coldly from the dark days of the Plymouth Puritans." Stoddard, on the other hand, was possessed of a warm, emotional, sensuous nature, and the "dim religious light" of the churches, the rolling peals of the solemn organ, the mysteries of the mass, the odor of the incense, the gorgeous ceremonials and elaborate rituals—all these appealed to him. And finally he entered the fold of the church, which ever after gave full scope for his genius and delighted to do him honor.

He chose for his patron Saint Anthony of Padua, and as he studied the various lives of this sweet-spirited man there grew up in his mind the second book, which holds a warm place in many a non-Catholic, as well as Catholic, heart.

His "Lepers of Molokai" is a sympathetic and tender account of the lives of these "despairing but unresisting souls, swallowed up in the transfiguration of the sunset, snatched from the breast of sympathy and from the arms of love, doomed to the hopeless degradation of everlasting banishment, and borne in the night to that dim island whose melancholy shores are the sole refuge of these hostages to death." How tenderly and gently his sympathy manifests itself all the way through the pages of this beautiful little book! How he pours out his heart in devotion to the good men who have, as most people would say, sacrificed their lives to care for those from whom the world turns in disgust and terror, even though some pity be mixed with their fear. And what a beautiful picture he gives us of Father Damien and his fowls: "The chapel door stood ajar; in a moment it was thrown open, and a young priest paused upon the threshold to give us welcome. His cassock was worn and faded, his hair tumbled like a school-boy's, his hands stained and hardened by toil; but the glow of health was in his face, the buoyancy of youth in his manner, while his ringing laugh, his ready sympathy, and his inspiring magnetism told of

one who in any sphere might do a noble work, and who in that which he has chosen to do is doing the noblest of all works.

"This was Father Damien, the self-exiled priest, the one clean man in the midst of his flock of lepers.

"We were urged to dine with him. Good soul! he was conscious of asking us to the humblest of tables, but we were a thousand times welcome to the best he had. When we assured him that our dinner was even then in preparation . . . he insisted upon our adding a fowl to our bill of fare, with his compliments and blessing.

"Having with a few words dispersed the group of lepers—it was constantly increasing in numbers and horrors—he brought from his cottage into the churchyard a handful of corn, and, scattering a little of it upon the ground, he gave a peculiar cry. In a moment his fowls flocked from all quarters; they seemed to descend out of the air in clouds; they lit upon his arms, and fed out of his hands; they fought for footing upon his shoulders and even upon his head; they covered him with caresses and with feathers. He stood knee-deep among as fine a flock of fowls as any fancier would care to see; they were his pride, his playthings; and yet a brace of them he sacrificed upon the altar of friendship and bade us go in peace."

And in his Epilogue, written after Father Damien had himself contracted the leprosy, he quotes the father's letter apprising him that: "I am now the only priest on Molokai, and am supposed to be myself afflicted with this terrible disease . . . Those microbes have finally settled themselves in my left leg and my ear, and one eyebrow begins to fall . . . Having no doubt myself of the true character of my disease, I feel calm, resigned and happier among my people. Almighty God knows what is best for my own sanctification, and with that conviction I say daily a good *fiat voluntas tua*."

Then he prophesies for the devoted man the universal honor and saintship that the world accorded him when he was gone: "At your feet I lay this tribute in memory of our last sad meeting and parting. In my heart you live forever; nothing can touch you further, and when you are laid to rest, I believe that you will have

achieved a record of modest heroism, almost without a parallel in these times. Degradation it may be in the eyes of many, the death in life, the slow, sure-footed decay; but out of the loam of this corruptible body springs heavenward the invisible blossom of the soul."

It is a small book, this "Lepers of Molokai," but it is one that grips the soul and makes better, nobler, purer, more spiritually-minded men and women of its readers.

Of four of his later books I have autographed and annotated copies. In "Over the Rocky Mountains to Alaska" he said: "Behold the record of a jolly outing during my first vacation as a Dominie. It was the best part of the scholastic year." The book is a racy series of letters, full of sparkle, vim, snap and humor, descriptive of its title.

It was followed by "In the Footprints of the Padres," a purely Californian book, full of personal recollections of San Francisco and the wonderful journey thither, across the Isthmus of Nicaragua, with his mother. On the fly leaf of my copy he wrote: "On page 133 you will find the opening of a sketch of what was once the Mecca of the Poets, Artists and Bohemians of the Pacific Coast. You know what it is now—I need not tell you."

On turning to page 133 I found the chapter headed "A Memory of Monterey." How he loved the old place, as I shall later relate. On a postal card photograph of the Stevenson house he wrote and put in its place in the book, "I spent my first night in Monterey in this house—in the room which a year later was occupied by Robert Louis Stevenson. The house has taken his name." In December, 1905, he wrote in one of the popular magazines: "The other day I visited it—the Stevenson House—I thought with pity of the dismal hours R. L. S. must have spent there at a time when he was most in need of every home comfort and the refinements of domestic life. The landlady of today, whose house is of interest only through its association with his name, graciously pointed me to the wrong room as having been the one he occupied, now sacred to his memory. It is let, like the others, to any transient guest for a trifle. His room

is on the opposite side of the hall, in the rear of the house."

In this volume also he tells the "Mysterious History" of Theresa Yelverton, Countess of Avonmore, whom he knew well at Sansalito, near San Francisco, and with whose tragic misfortune he became so well acquainted.

His next book, "Exits and Entrances," is another delightfully reminiscent volume. He tells of Stevenson, Mark Twain, George Eliot, and George H. Lewes, the Pasha of Jerusalem and other interesting people he had met. In his description of a visit to Stratford-on-Avon he gives a word picture of the ascent and song of a skylark that is to prose what Shelley's "Ode" is in poesy. It is one of the classics of the language and reveals Stoddard at the pinnacle of his genius: "In the midst of the lush grass, compassed about by limitless greensward, the trees whose bark was black with rain, and more of those bland-faced sheep, I heard a voice that was as a new interpretation of nature—a piping, reedlike voice that seemed to be played upon by summer winds; a rushing rivulet of song fed from a ceaseless fountain of melodious joy. I looked for the singer whose contagious rhapsody accorded all nature to its theme! It was not of the earth; those golden notes seemed to shower out of the sky like sunbeams, yet I saw no bird in the blank blue above me. If bird it were, it was invisible, and that voice was the sole evidence of its corporeal life. Such fingering of delicate stops and ventages, such rippling passages as compassed the gamut of bird ballads—vague and variable as a symphony of river-reeds breathed into by soft gales—such fine-spun threads of silken song, and then a gush of wild, delirious music—why did not that bird-heart break and the warm bundle of feathers drop back to earth, while the soul that had burst from its fleshly cage lived on forever, a disembodied song!"

"Hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings! Ah, how he sang, tipsy with sunshine and sweet air, while the world was reeling below him, and the little worldlings were listening to his canticle with dumb wonderment. I found him at last, away up toward the planets, seeming the merest leaf afloat upon the invisible currents of

the air. He was never at rest. It was not enough that his madrigal had revealed a new joy in life to one listener, at least; he must needs pant upon the waves of the air like a strong swimmer, crying out in an ecstasy. He drifted for a moment, and graciously descended toward the earth; but his rapture was not yet ended, for he again aspired, and grew smaller than any leaf, and I saw nothing but a mote panting upon the bosom of a cloud, and heard nothing but a still small voice coming down to me out of the high heaven of his triumph."

His last book was "For the Pleasure of His Company," the title given to it by Rudyard Kipling, who, on reading the manuscript, said that to have the pleasure of Stoddard's company, even in the veiled form of an autobiographical novel, was a privilege and benediction. On the fly leaf he wrote: "Here you have my confessions. This is one of the truest stories ever told. Do not think me egotistical: I am merely frankly ingenuous."

In it he gives many experiences with real characters, and one who knows can readily discern Harry Edwards, Ina Coolbrith and many others of his intimates of those early days when he hovered between poetry and the stage.

In brief, his life may be summed up as follows: He was born in Rochester, New York, in 1844, on the 3d of August. When he was twelve years old his mother brought him across the Isthmus of Nicaragua to San Francisco. January 4, 1859, he and his elder brother, who was an invalid in search of health, returned by way of Cape Horn to Rochester, where two more years were spent in school. His remembrances of this trip are made into an interesting chapter in "The Footprints of the Padres," and in one sentence of it he says of himself: "This was indeed simplicity of the deepest dye, and something of that simplicity the boy was never to escape unto the end of time." How well he knew himself.

On his return to San Francisco he attended school awhile, and then became a clerk in a book store, where, between whiles, he surreptitiously wrote verses and sent them to the local newspapers. Some of these fell under the eagle eye of Thomas

Starr King, who, hunting out the author, urged him to go to school again. Content with this for a while, his destiny was gently sweeping him along. When the *Overland* was started, as I have elsewhere shown, Stoddard was one of its main standbys, and his poetry appeared in every number. Then he went to the Sandwich Islands, and his letters home, and his love for the natives changed him from a writer of poetic verse to a writer of poetic prose. Back again in San Francisco he tried literature as a means of gaining his livelihood, but not being of the reporter type, failed to gain a steady income. Admiring friends urged him to go upon the stage and in "For the Pleasure of His Company," he tells us, with whimsical humor, all about his experiences. Six times he went to the South Seas—at one time or another—and his letters having proven to be so popular, he was sent to Europe as a special correspondent. In the meantime he had become a Catholic and in 1884 was called to teach English literature at the College of Notre Dame, Indiana, from whence, in two years, the Pope, in the words of Joaquin Miller, "put out his hand over the heads of the hundred thousand learned men of Europe who would have been proud of the place, and chose him professor of English literature for the Catholic University of Washington, D. C." Here for thirteen years he lectured to students and the great outside world, and then retired to private life.

After he gave up his lectureship in the Catholic University, he burned the whole of his lecture manuscripts, lest he should be called upon at some future time to re-deliver them. The thought of going upon the platform was always trying in the extreme to him, and he never again appeared before an audience. For two happy years he dwelt in Cambridge, Massachusetts, the honored guest at the homes of all the leading literary and scientific lights of the university town, and then, yielding to the continuous pull upon his heartstrings that had never once "let up" in all the years of his absences, he decided to return to California and end his days in the shadow of that old Monterey he loved for its own sake and because of the affection he had for Robert Louis

Stevenson. And it was here that I first saw him.

When the earthquake and fire of April, 1906, seized San Francisco, he suffered a tremendous nervous shock, from which he never recovered. He felt that were there to be another such experience, no matter how slight, it would end his days, and he thought it would be better to return East. Yet he dreaded to leave California, and, alternating between decisions he was taken ill, and on Saturday, April 24, 1909, closed his sweet and beautiful life and work on earth.

My first meeting with Stoddard was a long-to-be-remembered event. We had corresponded for years, and knew each other pretty well through dear and intimate friends, but we had never met. He had come West to his dear old Monterey to live out the remainder of his life—so he said—and I was to go down and spend a few days with him. I climbed up the stairs to the room which his landlady had denoted to me, and knocked. Almost instantly he opened it, and without a word placed one arm around me, taking my right hand in his, and drew me to him into the room, and kissed me, while tears rolled down his cheeks. His desk stood in a square "bay," with windows on three sides, and still without speaking, he gently led me behind the desk, pushed the curtains aside and began to talk. And for fully half an hour I stood there, silent, listening to one of the sweetest, most poetic, pathetic, tender pourings out of heart I have ever heard. Can I reproduce it? It is almost vain to try, and yet to those who know the spot and realize his love for old Monterey, there will be some joy of recognition and remembrance even in my poor attempt at recollection of his vivid and eloquent words.

It was a brilliant night; the moon shone with a radiance unusual even in this region of bright intensity, and there was the faintest rippling of the surface of the water, on which the moon made a scintillating path of diamonds and silver completely across the bay to the green-brown sandhills and verdure beyond. In the direct foreground were the spread-out nets of the fishermen, and their flotilla of boats gently dancing in the water beyond; to

the right was the old custom-house, and to the left other evidences of the age of Monterey, yet immediately at our feet, in the street into which we looked, was the track of the electric line, and a number of soldiers walking down from the presidio to the town, or returning in company with their friends.

"Do you wonder that I have longed to be back to all this, away from the whirl of cities, the fever of civilized life, the bustle of society, the unreality of most men and women? I am not fit, and never was fit for such a life. I never should have gone into it. Here, here, in this quiet and beautiful spot was my natural stopping place. Do you wonder I love it? Here the ancient and modern meet and clasp hands. There is the old custom house, where Spanish officials met, with haughty pride, the Yankee captains who represented a race they hated. At that very landing have stood the most noted and important figures in early California history. I can see them all and hear their sweet, liquid Spanish speech, Serra, Palou, Crespi, Portola, Rivera, and the later priests and politicians; and then the visitors—Rezanof and the learned Langsdorff, Perouse, Vancouver and all the rest. Spanish, Mexican, Russian, English, Yankee, one language gliding into another. I stand here and

"Dream of the splendid trappings of the troops that met and mingled—

Mexican caballeros and hidalgos of old Castile:

Hark to the music of the spurs of silver that jolted and jingled;

And loudly laugh, as the wine we quaff, at the past beyond appeal."

"Just behind the house here is a wall, beyond which the gay *caballeros* and the *senoras* and *senoritas* used to watch the bull fights; a few stonethrows away is the house sanctified by dear Robert Louis Stevenson, the best-beloved of us all; directly opposite us is the spot from which the whale fishers used to embark, and many a whale has been caught in this bay and towed here and its blubber reduced to oil on the beach, where now these fishermen's nets are spread out to dry and to mend, and where these boats swing and toss in the tide, or turned upside-down on the beach or the sand are awaiting the time when their owners will use them.

"On the hill not far away was the old presidio, and hour by hour I hear the bell of the mission, founded by the angelic Serra. Ah! it is a place of memories, of memories; a place that appeals to one's soul. And yet it is a place of the life of today. Right there before me whizzes the electric car going to Monterey and Del Monte—that great and fashionable hotel, where all that is modern may be found—and in the other direction to Pacific Grove. The soldiers, wearing the blue and the new khaki, with caps jauntily tilted on one side of their heads, strut back and forth to and from the presidio, and every now and then the toot of the whistle of an oil-steamer or the chug-chug of a power launch is heard over the bay, challenging the chug-chug of the automobile or the honk of its horn, as it dashes under my window.

"What a place! what a place! The old and the new, the ancient and the modern, the past and the present, the Spaniard and the Yankee, *dolce far niente* and twentieth century bustle, jostling elbows, and then"—pointing to the moonbeams on the water, while the tears coursed down his cheeks—"over it all the same moon that shone in Judea and Bethlehem and over Jesus and Loyola and St. Francis and Serra and Stockton and Fremont, making a pathway of silver and glory from the here to the yonder. Oh, how I love it all; how I love it all!"

Then we sat down and chatted about the friends he loved so well, of old San Francisco, of Bret Harte, Ina Coolbrith, Joaquin Miller, Theresa Yelverton, and a score of others, of the South Seas, the Hawaiians, of London, of Rome, of Roman Catholicism, and the thousand and one things upon which he could talk so fascinatingly and illuminatingly.

That was the beginning. Whenever I could I went again to see him, and there was always the same rich stream of reminiscent chat, told with the same kindly, genial humor and frank ingenuousness. One day I referred to Mark Twain's autobiography in the May 3 number (1907) of the *North American Review*, where he tells of Stoddard's being with him in London, and asked him if he had seen it.

"Yes, I've seen it," he replied, "the dear old rogue. What he says is both funny

and sweet. I think no one ever said sweeter things of me than Mark has done. 'When I was awake!'—quoting from the article. "That's very funny. Let me tell you about that. You see I was in London writing for the *Chronicle*. Bierce had gone over to Paris, and I was very lonely when Mark came. He seized me at once and said how nervous and miserable he was—and I guess he was as lonesome as I—and that, if he was to continue and make a success of the lectures, I'd have to stay with him. 'Let your letters go for awhile; I'll pay your salary, and you just come and companion me.' And that was all there was to it. I just had to go. He was engaged by Dolby, who was the friend of Dickens and Thackeray and all the notables of that day, and had managed lectures for them—to lecture in the Queen's Concert Rooms. We stopped at the Langham, not far away. Had a beautiful suite of rooms.

"About three o'clock of each day Mark began to get nervous and irritable, as he always did when he was going to lecture, and from that time on it was my business to keep him as mentally occupied as I could. He was self-willed and obstinate, of course, and wanted to do what he wanted to do, and I had to fit into his moods as best I could. Dear old Mark! Those were trying times for him. A little before eight we would walk over to the Concert Rooms and up the stairs into the tiny room at the back, Mark getting more and more irritable and nervous all the while, looking at his watch, anxious to plunge in and have it over. The moment eight o'clock arrived he invariably said, 'It's time now. I'll not wait another moment,' and then, as cool and deliberate as could be, he walked on to the platform, 'washing his hands in invisible soap and water,' slowly saying his first words. The moment he heard his own voice he began to feel better, and I knew he was all right. Directly opposite to him was the royal box, gorgeously decorated and screened off with elaborate red curtains. I would dodge under the platform and up the special stairs into this box. As royalty never appeared during this engagement"—this was said with a merry twinkle in his eye—"I occupied the box of royalty during the whole eight

weeks that he lectured. When the lectures were over, Mark always felt amiable, and met the people who came to shake hands with his well-known suavity and grace, and cheerfully gave them autographs and all that kind of thing. Then we'd walk home. As soon as we arrived, he would bring out a bottle of Bourbon whiskey—he'd searched London over to find this—some Angostura bitters, sugar, lemons and the other 'fixin's,' and proceed to mix a cocktail for each of us, slowly talking to me the while. He was an adept at cocktail making—knew the art to perfection. As we drank it the constant drawl of his voice was heard, as he walked up and down the room. This was the only way he could get ready to sleep. Lecturing excited him and got him started and he would talk for hours. In a little while he'd sit down. 'Charley, mix another pair of cocktails!' 'Why do you ask me, Mark?' I would reply. 'You know I can't do it. A good cocktail maker is born, not made. You were born that way. I wasn't.' 'Never mind arguing. Go ahead.' And he'd proceed to give me instructions, which I tried to carry out, but always without success. As he resumed his walk and talk I'd put in a splash of this, a dash of that, and a sprinkling of the other and the result was simply atrocious—rotten! But we'd drink it down, Mark still dribbling out his interminable stream of talk. After awhile he'd sit again and give me a queer, comical look, making mouths and smacking his lips as if tasting something very disagreeable. 'That certainly was a horrible mess, Charley. My, my, what a fearful taste it's left on my tongue. I've got to make another to take that awful taste out of my mouth,' and he'd proceed to concoct another drink. And this thing kept up—Mark's speech getting slower and slower, and I growing sleepier and sleepier, until it was impossible for me to keep awake. Then I had to go to bed. 'Mark, I'm going to bed. I cannot possibly keep awake,' and to bed I'd go. As soon as I got into bed he'd come and sit right down by my side, his glass in his hand, now talking so slowly that the syllables came about every half minute and the last picture I'd have as I dropped off to sleep was of Mark bending over me, glass in hand, uttering

the second syllable of a word he began a full minute ago. It was wonderfully funny.

"Very, very often these nightly talks became a lament. He was always afraid of dying in the poorhouse. The burden of his woe was that he would grow old and lose the power of interesting an audience, and become unable to write, and then what would become of him? He had trained himself to do nothing else. He could not work with his hands. There could be no escape. The poorhouse was his destiny. And he'd drink cocktails and grow more and more gloomy and blue until he fairly wept at the misery of his own future. And the more sad and sorrowful he became the more serious his talk. You know that's generally the case. The greatest humorists are the greatest hypochondriacs at times. And there were times when this serious talk became eloquent and beautiful. It was when he was in these moods that I used to urge him to write something serious. But he always laughed it off, or good-naturedly cursed me for suggesting such a thing. He knew he could never do it. And yet I have a letter from him somewhere in which he gives me credit for his having written his first serious book. He was in Vienna when he wrote me. It was shortly before his wife died. His daughter was studying music there, I think. He said: 'Do you know you are responsible for one of my books? Do you remember that on a certain occasion I happened to be with you on the same train between New York and Washington and you said to me—we'd just gone into the smoking car—my wife was on board with us—'Mark, why don't you write something serious? I know you can do it. Your serious talk is often the best you ever give. There are times when it is beautiful.' And I laughed at you and pooh-hoed the idea. Well, for a long time I've been intending to tell you that that talk made me write one of my books. For a long time I didn't believe you. I really thought I couldn't write a serious thing. Then your urging would come back to me, so one day I said, 'I'll see what I can do,' and I wrote 'Joan of Arc.'"

"You remember," continued Mr. Stoddard, "that it first appeared anonymously

in one of the magazines. Mark was determined that it should be judged purely on its own merits. He was very much in earnest over that, and really wanted to see whether it would stand alone. And it was interesting that on the second or third instalment someone spotted it and said that it was Mark Twain's writing. No one else but he could have written it. That pleased Mark amazingly. He did want to get the credit for writing that book. I guess he felt that was one of the greatest things he had ever achieved—to be a humorist and yet have a serious work taken seriously and feel that it had power. For, as I've said, in his sober moments—no, perhaps that's not true," jokingly corrected the poet, with a merry twinkle lurking in each eye—"to be truthful I should say in his *serious* moments, he both talked and wrote seriously with great power and interest.

"One of the funniest things that ever happened, either to me or anyone that ever lived, I verily believe, happened the night he lectured in Liverpool before he sailed for New York at the close of his English engagement. He had spoken at Leicester, and Dolby had come up with us. Then his last engagement was in Liverpool. Mark was desperately anxious that Dolby should stay over and see him off on the steamer, but as he had an imperative engagement elsewhere, he had to go directly the lecture concluded. So I was left to spend this last night in England alone with Mark. He paced the bedroom floor as usual, and talked and talked and talked as usual, mixing drinks the while. And, as was so often the case, his final talk drifted into the old melancholy vein. He became more and more sure, as the night wore on, that his end was going to be in the poorhouse. And just as he wept over the grave of his ancestor, Adam, so he wept copious tears over his own sad end—Mark Twain in an almshouse, or a poorhouse, friendless, forsaken, despised, an intellectual and physical wreck. It was sad enough to make angels weep, and Mark wept again.

"Then, suddenly, an idea seemed to strike him, and he stopped in his restless paces to and fro. Then, striking an attitude, he exclaimed dramatically, 'No, by George,

I'll become a teacher of elocution. Charley, ever hear me read?"

"I had to confess that I never had, for I did not know that was one of his accomplishments.

"Bring me the Bible," he commanded. You know that in all English hotels in those days a Bible was generally to be found in every room. A Bible collector could easily have accumulated cords—nay, whole stacks of them. But strange to say, there was no Bible in either his room or mine. Going to the bell-rope he gave it a vigorous pull. In a short time the night clerk, or watchman, or whoever it was, appeared. It was about two o'clock in the morning. In a most dignified and pompous voice Mark said to him, "Have you a copy of the Holy Scriptures in this house?" "Yessir! Yessir!" immediately responded the man, touching his imaginary cap. "Then bring it to me immediately."

"He went off, Mark closed the door and resumed his pacing, continuing his slow, drawling talk, and mixing another cocktail both for himself and me. The minutes flew by, but the boy didn't reappear. Mark grew more and more impatient, nervous and irritable and cursed the boy in slow but far from uncertain terms. At last a knock at the door intimated he was there. "Come in," said Mark. "I can't find a copy of the Bible in the house, sir," said the man.

"What's that?" howled the now thoroughly irritated Mark, "you blampety jampety liar! Do you mean to tell me, you slammed son of a gun, that you can't find a pin pimpled copy of the Holy Scriptures in this blim blammed house?"

"With a look of horror upon his face the man fled and ere long returned with the Bible. I verily believe he had wakened up half the house to get that book. Mark took it. Then,"—and here Mr. Stoddard paused to give intensity to what followed—"you know I've heard nearly all the great speakers, orators, actors, preachers of modern times. Either in Washington or in Europe I had the best of opportunities. I've heard bishops and archbishops and all the great notables of the church read, but never in my life did I ever hear anything as rich and sweet and impressive and beautiful as was Mark's reading of the

Book of Ruth. He seemed to forget my presence and lose himself in the simple beauty of the story. His drawl was all gone, his slowness of speech. With a feeling that was soul-deep he thrilled me through and through. His intonation, his enunciation, his whole rendition was masterly, and showed a familiarity with it that fairly astounded me, for he would read whole passages with perfect fluency without looking at the page. He certainly could have been a teacher of elocution, and a masterly one at that, had he taught as he read that book of Ruth."

Mr. Stoddard's first volume was "Poems," edited by Bret Harte. He owed much to Harte, for he was a most exacting task-master. Careful himself to the last degree, using words with a nice discrimination, refusing to allow the slightest slovenliness or indifference, he held all his contributors—friends or unknown—to the same high standard. These poems were well received, and many a poetic phrase now common property in California, if run down, would be found to have its origin in this unpretentious volume—one of the very earliest books of poems published in the then new state of California.

Yet after his visit to Hawaii he scarcely ever touched poetry until his return to California, forty years after. Once in a great while he would yield to the temptation, but perhaps not more than a half a dozen poems stand to his credit in all these years devoted to other work. Then he wrote several that will live. In one of these later poems he strikes a simple note and tender, as sweet and "catching" as anything of Riley or Eugene Field. It is entitled "Homing of My Heart," and first appeared in *Sunset*, with appropriate music composed by Dr. H. J. Stewart.

"The kittens in the clover
All of a summer eve,
The frogs a-bubbling over
Where rushes wave and weave.

"While in the grass the crickets
Chirp shrilly all around;
Above the woodland thickets
The young moon homeward bound.

"The odor of the milking,
A breath of garden-musk;
The wandlike corn a' silking
I' the dewdrops of the dusk;

"An old house in the orchard,
A lamp that glows within—
O heart, my heart! I'm tortured
As if it were a sin.

"To reckon all my folly-days
And find them so amiss,
And I'd give a world of holidays
For just an hour of this!"

To my mind, however, never did Stoddard's muse rise in such power and strength as in his "Bells of San Gabriel," which appeared four years ago in *Sunset Magazine*. Here the vivid picturing of the missions in the days of their power brings them before us as in very reality, and the sad refrain tolls out with the insistent forcefulness of the bells themselves the sadness of the missions' present ruined condition, while he rises in majestic dignity and power almost to Christ-likeness in his righteous indignation toward, and denunciation of, the ruthless spoilers of these sacred establishments merely for selfish pelf and unholy greed. There are few stanzas ever written that ring out in the soul as does this:

"And every note of every bell
Sang Gabriel, rang Gabriel
In the tower that's left the tale to tell
Of Gabriel, the archangel."

Had he written no other than this poem, Stoddard's name would occupy a high place in the list of the poets of the Pacific Coast.

But now his muse is silent, as far as earth is concerned. His mortal remains are buried in the cemetery of San Carlos mission in the old Monterey he loved so well. Nearby stands the building founded by Serra, that noble self-sacrificing missionary whose work always aroused in Stoddard's heart an enthusiasm and exuberance that invariably led to tears of deep emotion. To this quiet resting place his body was borne by loving friends, one of whom was George Sterling, his poet comrade of the later years. There, soothed by the gentle murmur of the breezes in the trees, the twittering and chattering of the sparrows and bluebirds, the sweet singing and varied caroling of the linnets, thrushes and mocking birds, accompanied by the steady boom, roar and hiss of the not-too-far-distant surf upon the beach, we leave him, the blue California sky over-arching all, and the silent stars in the vault of heaven beckoning him "to that sure and certain hope" of the resurrection, in which he fell peacefully asleep.

IMMORTAL BEAUTY

By EDNA DEAN PROCTOR

BENEATH October's paling sun how fair
The wild-wood flowers in harvest beauty wait!
The brier-rose berries hang in coral state;
The goldenrods their soft gray plumelets wear;
Clusters of down the meek immortelles bear;
The asters, bright with purple bloom so late,
To feathery stars have turned at touch of fate;
And all are winged and waiting for the air.

Immortal Beauty! gold and purple still
Glow in each seed the south wind wafts away,
That glade and bank and lonely nook and hill
Through summer suns may shine in rich array:
Not June's red rose the heart with joy can thrill
Like these winged florets, this October day.

When Sally Demonstrated

by George Ethelbert Walsh



HERE'S more to this restaurant an' quick-lunch business than you'd think, lookin' at it from the outside," remarked Joe Clark, wiping the last table with a damp cloth preparatory to closing for the day. "You got to get the trade an' hold it, an' you got to know what your customers want an' give it to 'em if it's fried toadstools on pie for breakfast an' beans with sauerkraut for lunch. An' you got to do it without battin' an eye. A touchy customer ain't goin' to stand for bein' laughed at because he's got a diet like a goat or a taste like an ant-eater. If he's nursin' a new kind of starvation diet you want to make out you know there's a good deal to it, an' not let him think you despise it.

"Why, we had a new kind of diet crank here once, who wanted his eggs cooked separately—whites fried an' the yolks poached. Believed they was poisonous to cook 'em any other way. When he gave his first order, the waitress smiled an' looked puzzled; she didn't know how to call the order, an' she appealed to me. I interviewed the gent, an' saw he was harmless, an' he got his eggs as he wanted 'em. When he was through he said, says he: 'Mr. Clark, you're an artist at cookery. I never found another man who could cook eggs so well. I'll tell all my friends.'

"An' he did; he brought 'em aroun' in swarms, an' they had fried-poached eggs every day for lunch, an' then when they went over to the no-sugar diet I got onto their new fad an' made 'em just as much to home as before. They're with me yet—every one of 'em. Let's see, they're on the lemon diet now—lemons three times a day, an' I cook 'em in twenty different styles. Great how many ways you can serve up a dish; an' with lemons at fifteen a dozen, there's money in 'em at twenty cents a portion."

Joe rubbed the table briskly to remove

the last egg stain from the marble top, after which violent exertion he continued, mopping his perspiring forehead with his towel:

"But I wasn't thinkin' of them kind of tricks so much as of another which I got up against when I was young at the business. You see that empty store across the way. Well, it warn't always empty, an' it won't always be empty. I'm goin' to move over there some day when the rent comes roun' my way. But it ain't yet—not quite! It's a bit too high-priced for an eatin' house, but it's comin' down in time, an' then I'll move an' have mirrors roun' two sides an' a marble counter for the quick lunch dishes, an' mebbe a brass pailin' roun' that end an' a show window with a girl in it cookin' flap-jacks jest as the old folks at home used to cook 'em. Yep! I'll make a splurge an' put on some style.

"I ain't lovin' the landlord of it any, for he tried to do me once, an' he got me pretty close to my uppers. It was one of them tricks of the trade that I was speakin' of, an' it was Sally who got me out of the pickle. Sally was—but of course you don't know Sally, never saw her, I suppose. If you did, you'd never forget her—no, not so long as you could remember her face an' eyes an' hair. Sally was a high-toner, a regular Sunday paper beauty, a swell in figure, looks an' manners. She had the grand air when she came to me, an' a white apron and cap didn't make no difference. She would be a stunner anywhere.

"The way it happened was this: Michael White across the way wanted to make me move in an' pay him double rent for that empty store of his, an' when I said the old stand was good enough for me, he got huffy an' said he'd drive me out of business. He wasn't slow in makin' the attempt. He fitted the place up with mirrors as tall's a man; got marble-topped tables an' real cane chairs; painted the front in gold an' white, an' frescoed the ceiling until it was most like a dream. It

was fine all right, an' it made this place look dingy an' common-like. Then he starts up business, an' customers begin to come in just to see the new eatin' house. They always do that, but they don't always stay. It's curiosity that attracts 'em at first, an' then if the dazzle is big enough an' the food an' waitin' good, some will become regular patrons.

"Well, I waited for the change, an' didn't worry none at first. I could stand a few surplus eaters without feelin' it in the pocketbook, but I wasn't neglectin' my end none. I got out new bills of fare every day to tickle the appetite, an' added more generous portions to each dish. Some of my oldest customers appreciated this, but others didn't. They was beginnin' to get the habit of goin' 'cross the way to the new eatin' place. Within a week I'd lost half of my old patrons, an' within a month I'd have sold out for the price of the old furniture an' been glad to get off so easy.

"You see I'd come up against one of them tricks of the trade I didn't understand, an' I didn't know how to call the bluff. I jest fretted an' fumed away, gettin' gloomier an' crosser every day. It was all money an' influence, I said, a case of the bigger man swallowin' the smaller. The new lunch rooms was crowded every day, an' mine was so deserted that it made one lonely to eat there.

"'Me for the tall timbers,' I says, tryin' to put the best possible face on it. 'Michael has me beaten to a standstill sure. But who'd have thought it?—an' he no better than me, an' lackin' about everythin' except money, the old skinflint!'

"Well, I was jest decidin' it was about time to close up for good before I'd lost what little I'd put aside for a rainy day into the old Bowery when along comes Sally an' rescues me from despair. She strolls into the restaurant with that grand air of hers, an' sniffs aroun', an' finding plenty of room, takes a seat an' peels off a pair of lemon-kid gloves while she glances at the bill of fare. I'd let the last waiter go the day before, an' I takes her order in person. There wasn't much variety to choose from, an' I apologizes for not havin' more by explainin' that I'm at the end of my rope an' was goin' to close up in a week.

"'How long have you been here, Mr.

Clark?' Sally asks, with a raise of them eyebrows that made you feel she was the queen of England.

"'Five years an' six months, barrin' six weeks when I was closed for repairs,' I replies.

"'An' the restaurant across the way?' she interrogates.

"'Three months an' a few days, more or less,' I says, 'an' it's taken all my trade.'

"Sally looks thoughtful, an' takes a seat where she can watch the new place without stoppin' in her eatin'. She stares a long time, frowns some, an' thinks, an' then suddenly she bursts out an' laughs—a sort of sweet, ripplin' laugh that makes you think of music. Pretty soon she stops, an' says:

"'Mr. Clark,' says she, 'why don't you fight fire with fire? Don't you see the attraction over there?'

"'No,' says I, 'not unless you mean the white an' gold paint, an' then—'

"'Oh, no, I don't mean any of them things,' she interrupts with another laugh. 'I mean the waitresses. Look at them! They're girls, an' pretty ones, too, ain't they?'

"Well, yes, I had to admit that. Michael had employed girls for waitresses. They were cheaper, I supposed, an' he was always ready to get cheap labor.

"'Most of your customers, of course, were men—young men an' boys,' Sally continues, addressin' me again. 'Well, what attracts a man most—a girl or somethin' good to eat?'

"That was a poser, an' I guess I stopped an' stammered, an' Sally had to make reply for me.

"'Oh, men always go where they can find the prettiest waitresses, an' not where they can get the best food. Now, Mr. Clark, I'm goin' to prove it to you. We—that is, you an' me—are goin' to get your old customers back.'

"You could have squelched me with a feather an' blown me up in an air-bubble, so befuddled was my mind when Sally lets off this little speech, an' when I'd recovered I jest naturally grinned to show I appreciated her little joke.

"'How we goin' to do it?' says I, tryin' not to be too forward. 'Michael's got the trade, an' I got—nothin'.'

"'You're mistaken, Mr. Clark,' she interrupts. 'You've got me, an' I'm goin' to get you some of the prettiest waitresses in New York. Here's my card. I'm workin' at the settlement down here, an' the girls there are some pretty if I'm any judge of beauty.'

"I tries to say something complimentary 'bout their bein' mighty pretty if they was like her, but she squelches me with a look, an' then seein' I didn't mean nothin' offensive, she smiles and says:

"'If you think I'm pretty enough, I'll be the head waitress,' says she, 'an' more than that I'll be your window attraction. Oh, Mr. Clark, we'll show him—this man across the way—'

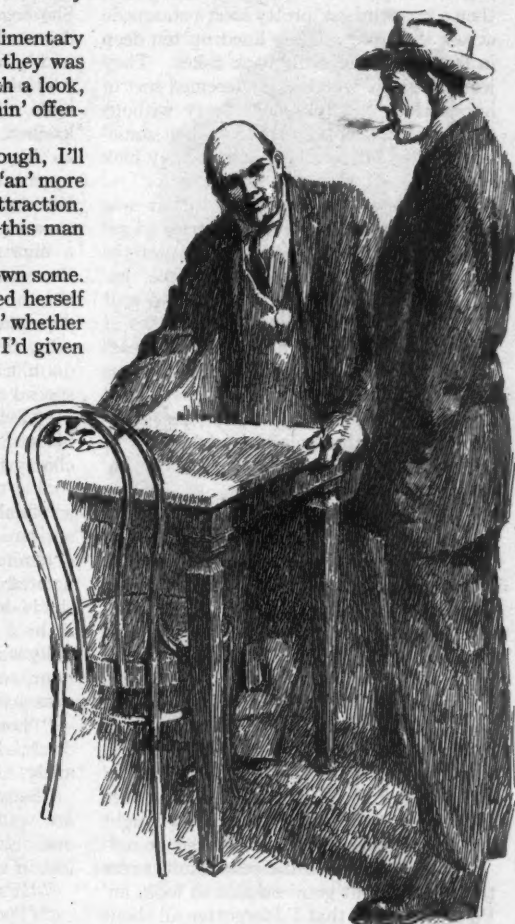
"Then she blushes and calms down some. But when she leaves she's engaged herself as head waitress, an' I'm wonderin' whether I'm not all kinds of a fool. Here I'd given her permission to hire as many pretty waitresses as she thought I'd need, an' me down to the last customer with only a few hundred dollars in the bank. I groaned some, and wondered if it wouldn't be better to close up at once an', run away. Then Sally an' her girls couldn't find me.

"But the next mornin' I'm more surprised than ever. In comes Sally with ten of the prettiest girls you ever laid eyes on, an' every one rigged up in frills an' furbelows that made you think of babies an' sachet powder an' pink ribbons. They was some stunnin', but none of 'em outshone Sally. She was the chief prize beauty of the bunch.

"Sally takes charge at once, an' gives the girls orders. They got a hustle on 'em right quick, an' they moved the tables nearer the window, an' put little bunches of pink flowers on each of 'em. Then Sally climbs into the window, an' calls for some paper flowers an' ribbon they'd brought along. She an' the girls makes that old window look like a ladies' boodwoor in no time, an' then Sally begins operations. She's dressed so's you can just see her pretty ankles an' the arms above

the elbows. If she looked stunnin' before, she was a peach now, an' you couldn't keep your eyes off her.

"She begins to cook cakes then—real old-fashioned flap-jacks such as you used



"There's more to this restaurant an' quick-lunch business than you'd think, lookin' at it from the outside"

to get at home, an' fast as she cooked 'em one of the pretty waitresses took 'em in back. You'd think we was doin' a rushin' business, an' I was wonderin' how many pounds of good flour we'd waste before the performance was through.

"But Sally, I guess, knew what she was

doin'. Pretty soon the men and boys began to pour out of their offices for their lunch. They made a bee-line for Michael's place across the way, but somebody caught sight of Sally cookin' flap-jacks at the old stand. There was a pause in the crowd, then a waverin', an' pretty soon a stampede across the street. They lined up ten deep in front, watchin' Sally cook cakes. They jest stared an' watched, an' seemed sort of hypnotized. Sally baked away without so much as a look or smile. Then somebody says, 'Me for them cakes; they look good.'

"He started for the door, but it was blocked by a dozen others who tried to get in ahead of him. They nearly upset the tables in their scramble for places, an' the pretty waitresses had to hustle to wait on 'em. They was all callin' for cakes at once, an' Sally worked hard to keep abreast of the demand. Some of the pile that was carted in back was brought out an' heated over again, an' they didn't know the difference between the stale an' fresh ones, so absorbed was they in watchin' Sally an' her pretty girls.

"Well, they cleaned us out of cakes, an' the cash register jingled so steadily that it needed oilin' when the rush was over. Sally was some tired an' flustered, but she was game, an' said she'd come back the next day. She did come, an' the old scramble was repeated. We didn't have standin' room five minutes after the noon hour. This time Sally was bakin' beans in the window, an' there was a rush for beans that made you think of a Boston crowd. It was different each day, Sally changin' the program to suit herself, an' whatever she cooked in the window the crowd bought an' ate whether it was half baked or not.

"You couldn't see the restaurant across the way without goin' outside to look, an' I'd been so busy that I'd forgotten all about Michael until one day I remembers. Then I takes a minit off an' stands by the door. There was nothin' doin'. Everythin' was quiet, an' you couldn't count a customer inside. Sally had turned the trick so well that the restaurant that had nearly been the end of me was like a deserted summer resort in midwinter. You couldn't count nothin' but white-aproned waitresses through the big show window, an' they

was standin' roun' sulkin' an' wonderin' what had happened to 'em.

"Of course, Michael wasn't acceptin' the defeat without puttin' up a stiff fight. He got a girl to cook flap-jacks in *his* window, but Sally was no beauty to be outshined. She began riggin' herself up in new fancy dresses. One day she was a pretty dairy maid, handin' out crackers an' milk or makin' cheese sandwiches or rolling butter balls. Then she was Gretchen in the kitchen, with short skirts an' a big apron, an' lace cap to match, with sleeves rolled up to the elbow. The way she changed her dresses, an' each one more fetchin' than the other, was enough to give a man a nightmare of dreams. It got so that there was as big a crowd outside as inside, an' the overflow meetin' could always be depended upon to fill up the tables an hour after the regular rush time. It was like doublin' up business without makin' any special outlay of cost.

"Michael kept it up for a month, changin' his girls an' his plans as often as Sally changed her dress; but it was no go. He couldn't find Sally's equal in New York, an' finally he gave it up. One day no one appeared in his window to cook flapjacks or smile at any possible customer, an' I noticed one of the front doors had the shade down. I got near the window to see if he'd concluded to give up the fight. Sally was there, preenin' herself for the rush hour, an' I calls her attention to the quietness across the way.

"Looks like Michael was in the last ditch,' I says, smilin' an' noddin' exultantly.

"Sally drops the glass she was polishing an' walks toward the window, an' looks out. She's very quiet for a time, an' seems lost in thought. Then she sighs, an' says:

"It's too bad,' says she.

"Too bad?' I repeats, turnin' on her. 'Why, I thought that's what we was workin' for—to make him shut up shop an' get off the street.'

"Yes,' she murmurs, 'I suppose so. But don't you feel sorry for a man who's failed?'

"Now did you ever hear such talk? Here she'd been workin' hard to drive him into failure, an' now she was sorry for him. Well, you can't follow the mind of a girl

like Sally. So I jest stared back an' nodded, as if I understood, but never said a word. Silence, I guess, is better sometimes than talk. It took with Sally, for she edged nearer, an' whispered sort of confidential-like:

"'It's one of the sad sides of life,' says she, 'that one man must suffer when another succeeds.'"

"'But what's the matter with women?' I asks. 'If one gets a man away from another there's a fine howdy-de-do for the girl that's left.'"

"'With that Sally turns a look upon me that makes me wonder if I'd said somethin' impolite, an' I shuts up like a clam.

"'Yes,' she says, cold an' haughty, walkin' away, 'it's the same with us. Life is very sad for all of us.'"

"Well, you wouldn't have thought she knew much about the sad side of life, but seein' she'd been workin' down in the slums an' doin' settlement work for some time, I concludes she'd got sufferin' by proxy. She was tryin' to carry other people's burdens a bit too much, an' she was gettin' a little jaundiced. Anyhow, she was down in the mouth all that day, an' I noticed she quite often looked across at Michael's. At first I didn't think much of this, an' then I began to wonder if she'd let her pity for Michael make her forget her duty to me. What if Michael should get her to cook in his window? The bare thought of this frightened me, an' I lost no time in makin' her an offer. Nothin' had been said about wages, but now I proposed a contract—a liberal contract for her to stay in my window for a year. But she jest laughs an' shows her white teeth, an' says in her low, sweet voice:

"'No, Mr. Clark, I can't make any contract, an' I can't take any wages. I did this for—for justice. You can pay my girls wages, an' keep them, an' treat 'em white, but I—I—may be leavin' you soon.'"

"That admission sent the cold shivers down my back. What would I be doin' for a show window attraction when Sally left? An' if she went over to Michael's place it would be the endin' of me. I tried again to get her to make a contract but she shook me off with a smile, an' said, says she:

"'This isn't my line of work, Mr. Clark,

an' I didn't intend to stay with you as long as I have.'"

"'But if you leave me,' I says, 'Michael will get the trade right back again.'"

"'Not if you get a good-lookin' girl in my place,' she replies.



"She strolls in with that grand air of hers, an' findin' plenty of room, takes a seat an' peels off a pair of lemon yellow gloves"

"'But there ain't any such girl as you in the whole of New York,' I answers back quickly, an' I meant it.

"She smiles at this, an' then condescends to this agreement: 'I'll stay with you, Mr. Clark, until your rival moves away from across the street. Then I must go back to my work at the settlement.'"

"'All right,' I says, knowin' that's as far as she'd go, 'until Michael closes up.'"

"Well, somehow, Michael warn't in any hurry to close up store, an' secretly I wasn't sorry either, for when he quit Sally would quit too. I'd got to likin' her so that I didn't want to lose her. It would be like losin' a member of one's family to have her go, so every mornin' when I sees Michael open up the store opposite I smile an' thank my lucky star that Sally is still to be with me.

"Then one day there comes a new development in the situation that mystifies



"It's plain enough she knows him, for she turns all shades and drops the batter pitcher on the stove"

me, an' completely upsets all of my calculation. Jest after the noon rush hour a good-looking, well-dressed stranger strolls by, an' casually glances up at Sally makin' buckwheat cakes in the window. He stops so sudden that he forgets to put the foot up in the air down again, an' his standin' on one foot makes him look some peculiar. He's starin' hard at Sally, an' when he walks nearer the window you can see he's some upset and flustered. When he gets close to the window, Sally happens to turn her head an' sees him out of the corner of her eyes.

"It's plain enough she knows him then, for she turns all shades of red an' pink an'

white, an' drops the batter pitcher on the stove an' spills it all over the plate. Then she grabs at the pitcher, an' burns one of her fingers, an' what between wantin' to cry from the hurt an' tryin' to hide her confusion from the man outside, she looks pitiful enough. She turns her back to the street an' her friend.

"But he isn't to be side-tracked that way. He bites his lip an' twists his mustache, an' then walks into the restaurant. He goes straight up to the window, an' says, says he:

"Sally, I've found you at last. I've been huntin' all over the city for you, but I never expected to find you here, an'—an'—in this—this place."

"By this time Sally had recovered herself, an' she smiles an' dimples at him, an' says coquettish-like:

"Ain't you shocked at me, Mr. Wilmington? It's a wonder you'd recognize me here."

"Sally, I'd recognize you anywhere," he replies. Then in a voice that had the right ring to it, "An' now that I've found you, I'm not goin' to lose you again. You must come with me."

"Sally wasn't the kind to be ordered about, an' she tossed her head an' pouted her lips; but her Mr. Wilmington wasn't to be put off that way, an' before she could answer he says in a soft low voice:

"I want you, Sally. I can't live without you. I must have you. Won't you forget an' forgive when I love you so?"

"Well, now, them words seemed to have an effect on Sally an' she began to grow misty about the eyes, an' her hands trembled so that she couldn't turn a cake without spatterin' it all over. Two red spots burned on her cheeks, an' she was growin' more confused every minute. She finally beckoned to one of her girls to take her place in the window, an' she permitted Mr. Wilmington to help her down. She hesitated a minit, an' then walks straight up to me.

"I must be leavin', Mr. Clark," she says, with a happy smile on her face. "I told you I'd have to go soon."

"But," I stammers, all taken aback, "you promised to stay until Michael across

the way closed up, an' he's still there.'

"She opened her eyes at this, an' frowned an' murmured softly, 'So I did. So I did.'

"Mr. Wilmington asked her if anythin' was disturbin' her mind, an' she suddenly brightened up an' said:

"'If you want me to go with you,' she said, 'you must buy my release. You see, I'm under contract with Mr. Clark.'

"'What's the price of the contract?' he asks quickly, speakin' to me.

"'Before I could answer, Sally says: 'You must close that restaurant across the way—even if you have to buy out the man an' all his stock an' good will.'

"'Mr. Wilmington was a sport all right. He looked across at Michael's, an' without battin' an eye said, 'Sure, I'll do that quick enough.'

"An' while Sally gathered up her things, an' bade the girl friends of hers good-bye, an' said a few words to me 'bout gettin' a successor to her, her lover walked into Michael's. When he returned he was all smiles.

"'It's all settled, Sally,' he says. 'He closes tonight. The stock belongs to me an' I have the lease for a year. Now are you ready to go, dear?'

"'Yes,' she replies with a look at him that made his pulse beat fast, 'I'm ready! Good-bye, Mr. Clark! Good-bye, girls! Good-bye everybody!'

"An' throwin' kisses at all of us, an' smilin' an' laughin', she waltzes out of the restaurant, leavin' such a vacuum behind her that it's never been exactly the same since."

BEATEN BISCUIT

By HOWARD WEEDEN

OF course I'll gladly give de rule
I meks beat biscuit by,
Dough I ain't sure dat you will mek
Dat bread de same as I.

'Ca'se cookin's like religion is—
Some's 'lected, an' some ain't,
An' rules don't no more mek a cook
Den sermons mek a Saint.

Well, 'bout de grediances required
I needn't mention dem,
Of course you knows of flour and things,
How much to put, an' when;

But soon as you is got dat dough
Mixed up all smooove an' neat,
Den's when your genius gwine to show,
To get dem biscuit beat!

Two hundred licks is what I gives
For home-folks, never fewer,
An' if I'm 'spectin' company in
I gives five hundred sure!

—From the *Bandanna Ballads*.

POTTER'S FIELD

By EDWARD WILBUR MASON

HERE in the harbor of the dead at last
They lie in shabby graves beneath the sod—
The weary and the wicked and outcast—
Sad derelicts of God.

Here does he tarry who long knew the sun,
Whose mistress was the road in glamour drest;
To him in sleep the days and nights are one—
The east is as the west.

Here in the silence he who followed song
Harks now nor singing birds nor droning bees;
He hears no more the tempest's tumult strong,
Nor thundering Pleiades.

Here in the clay the food of crawling things
He lies whom hounds of heaven brought to earth:
The wastral, guest of princes and of kings
And now so little worth.

Here in a yawning hole the siren lies
How low her last estate who lived a star:
Ah, when the angels fall from Paradise
They fall so very far!

Here in the corridors of filth and grime
The jester puts aside his book of spells;
No more he goes with laughter or with rhyme;
Forgot his cap and bells.

Here in a lonely nook the dreamer sleeps—
Rash architect of castles built in Spain—
And admiral of ships that in the deeps
Sank down with cargoes vain.

Here in the dark recesses of the mould
The vagrant has nor choice of board or bed;
Nor more his lips shall drink of rivers cold,
Nor taste of rain-soaked bread.

And here those wild rogues lie whose names are writ
In water and in sand; here at their goals
Blockheads, they wot no more of wine or wit
Yet Lord Christ ease their souls!

Yea, Lord Christ ease thou all their shadowed souls:
The weary and the wicked and outcast—
Here let them rest the while time onward rolls,
Their wrecked lives spent and past.



ANNA KATHERINE GREEN

By MARY R. P. HATCH

ATALL, slender, graceful girl of nineteen, with red berries in her hat, dressed in gray, gray-eyed and with brown hair, which, unbound, swept to the floor; this is as I remember the author of "The Leavenworth Case" in the long ago, when we ate, slept, worked, and walked together, in the old town of Haverstraw on the Hudson. What larks we had, what tales we wrote, what dreams we dreamed of great things we would do some time!

"Poor, pretty Clara," she writes of a short story on which we collaborated, "I have sent her to Harper's. Is she going to meet with another rebuff? Be brave, my dear Psyche, if that is to be her fate, and remember that one can neither build Rome nor a literary standing in a day. I am still alive and writing with a good hope in my heart."

Later she writes: "I eschew prose! Poetry is my forte and story-telling is not possible to me."

Her first poem was "An Ode to Grant," and she speaks of it thus:

"I write to you first, because I know you will rejoice with me in my literary success. I have broken the ice; I am a poet. I am happy, dear, and thankful to the good God that my life opens so beautifully and hopefully before me, and I am trying to enjoy it all I can."

While visiting her three years ago, she showed me a letter just received from Mr. George Putnam in which he wrote that it was time to renew the copyright on "The Leavenworth Case," adding that in all the years since its publication—a quarter of a century—it had been on their front shelves with the newest books.

She also showed me letters received from Gladstone, and others, who wrote in a complimentary way of her book. Of "The Leavenworth Case," Wilkie Collins (author of "The Woman in White") wrote to Mr. Putnam under date of December 6, 1883, as follows:

"My dear sir—
"Have I read 'The Leavenworth Case'? I have read it through at one sitting. Dozens of times I have stopped to admire the fertility of invention, the delicate treatment of incidents, and the fine perceptions of the influence of events on the personages of the story. It produced, in one word, such a strong impression upon me, that I looked at it for the second time, and the result was renewed appreciation. The author has my hearty congratulations on what she has already accomplished, and my earnest good wishes for the future. Very truly yours,
(Signed) "WILKIE COLLINS."

Mrs. Rohlfs was two years writing "The Leavenworth Case." "Having been up to this time engaged entirely in the writing of verse, I found it most difficult to express myself in good, sound prose," she informed a friend. "I write in the morning, and when employed on a novel, spend from three to four hours at my desk. I find it hard to begin, and equally hard to leave off. I can do nothing without enthusiasm."

In a letter written to me a short time

ago, she writes thus of "The Whispering Pines," her latest novel: "I do not expect to write another one which will be as acceptable. I put my very best work into 'The Whispering Pines,' gave three years of my life to it, and have reaped my reward. 'I thank God for the privilege of having had some of the enthusiasm of my earlier days in the telling of this story. Will it ever come again? Time alone can tell.'"

But Mrs. Rohlf's does not write continuously on one story, as the above might lead one to think, for just before the publication of "The Whispering Pines" by the Putnams, "Three Thousand Dollars," which appeared first serially in a New York magazine, was issued by a Boston publishing house, and she did much other work during those three years.

"Stranger than fiction but not stranger than truth," has been said of her writings, and also that they please men better than women.

Paraday said of "Jane Eyre," "I like books of that sort where the man keeps his mad wife at the top of the house. They keep you awake." And he goes on to speak of the relaxation which such stories afford to hard workers on other themes.

Mrs. Rohlf's, poet and novelist, was born in Brooklyn, and she comes of a notable East Haddam (Connecticut) family. She was the daughter of a lawyer, and from him, unquestionably, she inherited her legal turn of mind. In 1884 she became the wife of Charles Rohlf's, formerly an actor, but now well known as a designer of artistic furniture. Hundreds of people, among them Queen Margherita of Italy, have written letters of commendation in regard to his work.

Mrs. Rohlf's books have been republished in various languages in all parts of the world, and the sales have reached enormous proportions. Their author has twice visited Europe, supervising the translation of some of her works.

Two volumes of verse, "The Defence of the Bride and Other Poems," and a drama entitled "Risifis' Daughter," attest to her first love for poetry.

She has three children: Rosamond, Sterling and Roland, none of whom fol-

lowed writing as a vocation. They are all handsome, well-set-up young people, and great favorites in Buffalo, where the Rohlf's reside.

* * *

MAROONED IN GEORGIA

By MARIE PHELAN



HEN I was living in Georgia the camping fever struck us and we planned to spend our vacation on a "maroon," as camping on the salts is called there. We were new to camping and so

had theories. Despite the chaperon's protests, we determined to take no provisions except coffee, flour and salt, depending upon an abundance of seafood and the farms which, of course, would be within sailing distance.

Our pet theory, however, was our idea of a camp. The chaperon thought we had better go to Tybee, the city's seaside resort, but we scorned such conventionality. We wanted a desert island all to ourselves. A motor boat should take us there, calling back at the end of the fortnight. In the meantime we wished no intercourse with civilization—no mail, no telephone, no newspaper. Panic could sweep the land, fire and flood rage, dynasties perish: safe in our island retreat we would neither know nor care.

In the spring the place was discovered—an island belonging to a millionaire who had started to build a house. He camped on the island to watch the work, but the project was abandoned when only the foundation had been completed.

"Perhaps he found the island malarious," suggested the chaperon.

"We'll inspect it Saturday," said the boys.

Fifteen miles in a balky launch is a time-consuming trip, and it was dark when the party reached the island, but they were wildly enthusiastic. The beach had as silvery sand as Tybee itself, they reported and there were palmettoes. One boy told of turtles "basking in the moonlight," and another soulfully described the island as "a bit of paradise floating on the deep."

We started in July. Heedless of injunctions, the chaperon came laden with freight. We were afraid she would sink the boat, but she stoutly declared that not one article could be left behind, and we grumblingly submitted.

Those two days!

Marooned we were indeed. There was no wood, as a few stubby palmettoes constituted the island's sole growth. The foragers sailing blithely for the farms found sterile land, with some darkies catching "swimp." We were about to dine ruefully on shrimp when the chaperon (blessed woman!) opened her despised parcels, bringing forth canned goods, bread and butter, and an alcohol stove.

Toward sunset swarms of sandflies descended upon us, succeeded at night by peculiarly vicious mosquitoes, which even blankets could not keep out. Then someone told the ancient story of the Irishman, the mosquitoes and the fireflies, which added to our misery.

Next morning the swimmers returned with the information that the water was too deep for the girls; flies took the place of the previous pests; we retreated to the unfinished house for shade; and the sailboat was ordered to the city for the motorboat.

Moral: Don't discover (Robinson Crusoe was the victim of necessity). Select a spot where generations have camped; carry along every necessity, and do not get more than a hundred yards from a telephone.

* * *

SWEPT OUT TO SEA

By MRS. E. W.



WE three girls were under eighteen and were employed in various capacities at a chocolate factory on Commercial Point. One cloudy June day we decided that during the noon hour, we would row over to visit a friend at Squantum, a peninsula about half a mile away. After a speedy trip over and a pleasant half hour with our friend, we returned to the beach, where our boat was hauled up. The tide was swiftly going out and a strong wind was blowing seaward.

"Girls," said our hostess, herself a splendid boatswoman, "you never can do it. You haven't the strength."

We laughed. In those days, the only way to reach the Point from Squantum was by a long walk of miles, then a journey by rail, and then more walking. The factory was left unlocked; many valuables would be at the mercy of any chance visitor, for we were the only employees. Yes, obviously we must return.

So we pushed the boat out into the water; we could wade in the mud, we agreed, when we reached the Point. But the moment we began to row, we realized our mistake. Despite our greatest efforts the boat drifted seaward, and when a sudden gust of wind sent a big wave upon us, Elizabeth lost her oar. We were seamen enough to know that we were safe as long as we kept still, and after what seemed hours and hours of drifting, we were picked up by a stray tug-boat.

Naturally we thought our troubles were over, but alas, they had only just begun. The crew of the tug were kind and respectful, but they had to land us at a wharf in Boston several miles from our homes in Dorchester. We were so demoralized mentally by our adventure that we never thought of how we were to get home, until we had left the wharf and started down Atlantic Avenue, toward Summer Street. We had no money. We had on our working clothes, and to save our hair from being blown about with the wind, we had tied handkerchiefs over it. Our garments had been wet during our adventures and when we struck Dorchester Avenue, meaning to walk home that way, we encountered many curious glances.

"Oh, see the gypsies!" shouted one wild-eyed hoodlum, and we were surrounded and followed by a small mob of jeering, boisterous youngsters. We came to an office building, with its door ajar. "Girls," I whispered, opening it quickly, "let's come in here." They stepped inside as I closed it on the howling mob outside, and we found ourselves inside with a very much astonished middle-aged business man and a boy. I burst forth with our story, and I think he wanted to smile, though he kindly refrained, and sent the boy for an officer, who dispersed the

crowd. Then he called for a carriage and we rode home in state, finding our families in alarm.

Our Squantum friend had managed to reach Dorchester, where she first closed up the factory, and later made a hurried visit to our homes to advise our parents of our disappearance. The police had been notified; we had created a small tempest in town.

I met Elizabeth the other day. She is middle-aged and there are gray hairs mingled with the brown on her head, but her memory of that affair is so acute that she says she has never been on the water since. The recollection always affords me a hearty laugh.

* * *

EXPERIENCE WITH A CYCLONE

By MRS. C. SMITH



THE children and I were out in the yard one evening and heard the water-works whistle over in town give the fire-signal, as we supposed. But it gave short toots, and kept on until it had sounded seventeen times. We wondered what it could mean, then we saw people running hither and thither in great excitement. I asked someone who was passing what was the trouble, and he quickly answered, "There's a cyclone coming and that's the warning."

I looked toward the west and saw a small cloud. It did not look especially threatening, but after awhile it grew dark suddenly; then I saw a faint light in the cloud and heard a roaring. I took the children to a clump of sand-hill plums, a little north of the house, and we crept under them and lay on the ground. After a time the storm passed over; there was no rain with it.

As soon as the wind ceased we started toward the house, but there was no house—it had completely disappeared. The barn was still standing, so was my neighbor's home a little south of us. The next morning I went over to town to look at some things I heard had been picked up from the fields. The first thing I saw was an old-fashioned bureau that had once been

my mother's, and I prized it highly. It stood there as good as ever, with not even a bit of the veneer knocked off, and its contents safe. There was nothing else of ours in sight, and I wanted particularly to find an old chopping-knife that was made over a century ago by my great-great-grandfather, who was a blacksmith. I started forth to search for it, and all at once found myself in a deep hole with no means of escape save by means of a rope ladder. After recovering from my fright I went back again to where they were collecting scattered articles, and was asked by the man in charge if certain papers were mine. I selected my insurance papers, tax receipts and others; then he said, "We also have found some paper money; is it yours?" "I had just twenty dollars," I answered. He gave me the bills, and I asked, "Have you seen a chopping knife?" But before he could reply, I heard a strange, whirring noise and started to see if it were another cyclone coming when—I *woke up!*

It was the alarm clock calling me to my daily duties. My house and its contents, even to the chopping knife, were safe; everything accounted for save the twenty dollars of my dream, which failed to materialize in the morning light.

* * *

THE PERSONALITY OF HELEN M. WINSLOW

By M. R. P. HATCH



SHE looks it," you would say, if told that Miss Helen M. Winslow was a direct descendant of the Winslows of Plymouth Colony. Tall, fair, her golden hair silvered with white, her bright blue eyes set in a regal brow, lit with kindly humor and gentle tolerance, yet capable of flashing as steel against flint, in the cause of oppression, she is one of the most imposing figures today of literary Boston, and perhaps better known than any other woman since the death of Mrs. Julia Ward Howe.

Miss Winslow is of the ninth generation from Kenelm Winslow, brother of Governor Winslow, and her great-grandmother was Abigail Adams. With such an ancestry,

her strong, dignified, yet gentle personality is the direct sequence.

Born in Westfield, Vermont, her family removed when she was a child to Greenfield, Massachusetts, and afterward to St. Albans, Vermont. Her father was a distinguished leader in musical matters, a composer of note, and a member of the first English opera company organized in the United States. Her mother was a scholar, linguist and poet.

Miss Winslow began to write early, both verse and prose. "A Bohemian Chapter" appeared as a serial in the Boston *Beacon*, with which she was later connected, being on the force eight years. For five years she was on the regular staff of the Boston *Transcript*, the Boston *Advertiser* and the Boston *Journal*, at the same time doing work on the *Saturday Evening Gazette* and nearly every other Boston daily and many New York magazines. She maintained a department in the *Delineator* for nine years.

The *Club Woman* was organized, edited and published by Miss Winslow for seven years. It was she to whom the inception of the Authors' Club of Boston is due and which still continues.

Apart from literary work, Miss Winslow possesses great executive ability. She can do successfully unusual things. For instance, it was she who was chairman of the committee of the Hollis Theatre Benefit for the Unemployed of Boston in 1894, at which Mark Twain, Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton and many other distinguished authors read from their own works. This work was planned by the Woman's New England Press Association, which was organized by Miss Winslow and five other women. She was its president for two terms, and its treasurer for five years. She was also vice-president of the Press League.

When the general Federation of Clubs convened in Boston, Miss Winslow was the chairman of the reception committee, and through her efficient management the finest residences were thrown open to the delegates, among them those of Mrs. Jack Gardner and Mrs. Larz Anderson.

Miss Winslow was State Commissioner in charge of women's work at the Cotton

States Exposition in Atlanta, and made a most successful exhibition.

Eleven books, novels and essays bear her name on the title page, the last being "A Woman for Mayor," published last year. It has already been translated into German and is being dramatized for the stage. "Spinster Farm," "The New President of Quex," "Picturesque Mexico" (with Marie Robinson Wright), "The Literary Women of Today," "Women of Tomorrow," and "Occupations for Women" (with Frances Willard), are some of the titles of her later works. All are ably written, and some take a deep hold upon the philosophy of life and of living.

* * *

A SILVER SHOWER

By F. B. W.

A FRIEND spending the summer abroad left in my care her solid silverware. Shortly after her return she sent her uncle for it. It was very heavy, filling a large basket, and his car was two blocks away. I suggested, as I was about to drive to the city market for fresh vegetables, that I convey him and the basket of silver to my friend's home.

When we reached the busy marketplace, the old gentleman gallantly urged that I give him my list and allow him to make the purchases. Upon his return, just as he placed his foot on the step, a bolt which held the buggy-top in place gave way, throwing it down over me. The horse, a nervous, spirited animal, took fright and ran away, while I held frantically to the lines, expecting every moment to be dashed from my gloomy cage into eternity. The silver basket was upset, its precious contents scattered along the way, while a crowd of sympathetic and excited people followed. Instead of reviewing my past life, with its sins of omission and commission, I was thinking of my friend's silver. The streets were rough and torn up for the laying of gas-pipes. The mad race ended by the horse's landing with his fore feet in one of the trenches and kicking the vehicle to pieces with his hind feet. I was carried into a druggist's, unconscious, but with no

injury beyond shocked nerves, and forever after doomed to a haunting terror of any horse able to move beyond a snail's pace.

But what about my friend's treasured silver? Of course the following crowd supplied itself with souvenirs of the occasion, you will say—*mirabile dictu*, not at all! The dear old uncle followed as fast as possible, and every single piece of silver was gathered along the way and brought safely to us before we left the store. Verily the world is not so bad, after all!

* * *

LINCOLN'S HUMANITY

By LUCIUS BIGELOW



WITH the exception of the life written by his law partner and intimate friend, Herndon, the Lincoln literature is so completely subordinated to the spirit of panegyric that it idealizes its great subject and warps its narrative and its thought to justify this idealization. None of the world's great men was a hero at all in the start, but became a hero by an intellectual evolution and spiritual growth. This is true of every man who was a constructive statesman rather than a destructive warrior and despot.

Herndon, from his lack of imagination, missed the full perception of the fine promise of Lincoln's nature when it was a swelling, vigorous bud before it began to bloom, but nevertheless Herndon's cool non-imaginative temper made him our best portrait painter of Lincoln's life before he became President. He was the intimate personal friend and partner of Lincoln for twenty years, which he could not have been for that length of time had he been other than a man of sense, capacity, integrity and morality. He records no meanness of Lincoln, but he gives a plain, unvarnished sketch of a great, rawboned, clumsy, rustic bred man of vast natural gifts and aspirations, groping and stumbling his way forward to the front, his eyes growing clearer and his step firmer every hour of his eager quest for distinction. He sets down nothing in malice, nothing extenuates. The weak-

nesses of Lincoln's early years; his boorish lack of sensibility exhibited in his doggerel local satires; his strange actions and speech, his relish of "horse play" wit and humor, are no more against the theory of his splendid ultimate moral and mental personal evolution than the vagaries of Cromwell's swashbuckler, tavern bully life until he was nearly forty—than the early passion and pugilistic pugnacity of Washington. Cromwell, like Washington, budded early and bloomed late, and so it was with Lincoln; he rose with the rising flood of tremendous times, but this flood did not cast him on shore as drift-wood, for he was brave, buoyant, earnest and able enough to ride the crest of the wave as easily and triumphantly as a vast ocean seaman. For, like all great men, while he could hug the land if necessary, he was not afraid to "sail with God the open sea," and he came into port grandly at last, the dead captain of a victorious fleet. He became a hero by the evolution and experience of events, the moral and social pressure we call the attrition of the times that try men's souls. The evolution of his mind is shown by the change from the stilted eloquence of his early career to the grandeur of his second inaugural. The time will come when Lincoln will appear, like Cromwell and Washington, divested of panegyric; when he will be pictured as a man with all the passions, feelings, sensibilities for good and evil, that belong to all men of robust mental and physical stature, when he will stand as a true hero and statesman, who became a hero and statesman, not by birthright, but by struggle, aspiration, failure and occasional fall, until he ultimately shook his provincial weakness and ignorance, took the bridle in his teeth at the first great opportunity and distanced all his competitors. Such men are not born; they grow; they are a harmonious moral and mental evolution of all that is best in their time before they lead a revolution that saves a state.

There is a great deal told about Lincoln that is pure romance, just as there was about Washington. There is an increasing tendency in public addresses to exaggerate the merciful side of the great statesman. The truth is that Lincoln was

merciful only when he could safely blend justice with mercy; he was not merciful; he was hard as flint when he thought mercy would wreck justice. When the captain of a slave trader was tried, convicted and sentenced to death in Boston as a private, Lincoln sternly refused to commute the death sentence. When the Confederate firebug, Kennedy, who tried to burn New York City, was convicted and sentenced to death, Lincoln refused to commute his sentence, and he was equally resolute in other cases where men were captured executing acts of war within our lines, in the dress of spies. The merciful and tender side of Lincoln never degenerated into "abusing power on the side of mercy." His predominant quality was his love of justice and truth, and no man who is true to justice and truth can always be merciful, gentle, tender and lovable. Lincoln as an executive never abused the pardoning power as grossly as President Jackson, for Jackson, who, as a soldier, hung Arbutnot and Ambrister, promptly pardoned the captain of a slave trader who was sentenced to death in Boston, while Lincoln in a similar case denied a pardon. Lincoln pardoned a soldier sentenced to death for sleeping on post; he pardoned a few deserters, but never a bounty jumper.

Lincoln was not pre-eminently merciful or gentle; no great executive ever was or could afford to be, but he was pre-eminently just and humane, and was as merciful and humane as he could be without wrecking justice or being false to his public duty.

* * *

CHRISTIANS OR DEMOCRATS?

By MRS. CARRIE SMITH



HERE was a lot of political enthusiasm in the little village in Iowa where Carl, the six-year-old son of a Methodist minister, lived at the time of McKinley's first election, and they even kept "open house" all night at the parsonage to await the election returns. So Carl heard politics on all sides, until after election the minister began a protracted meeting, and political discussion gave place to religious topics.

This sudden change caused a confusion in Carl's mind. He attended church every night and heard the testimonies, and occasionally a shout from a good brother or sister. Remembering the past exhaustive discussion on politics, he concluded that there was a connection between the two, and one evening he convulsed his parents by asking earnestly, "Papa, what are we, Christians or Democrats?" His father, a staunch Republican, used to tell the joke with enthusiasm to his Democratic friends—his little son thought there were only two classes of people in the world, Christians and Democrats!

* * *

MY RECORD RACE

By R. MARION

"WAIT until the snow comes," my scholars used to say, "and we will show you what coasting means."

I soon found out. The "coast" began near the schoolhouse, which stood on the top of a high hill and terminated in a level field, a mile below. Double runners were used and when a sled reached the turn near the foot of the hill, a swift jerk turned it toward the field in which it finally stopped. If the steerer failed, the sled would keep on into the river which flowed through the village. One night, I was sitting alone on the swiftest double runner, when one of my irresponsible small boys mischievously gave the vehicle a slight push. If I had had presence of mind, I should have thrown myself off before the double-runner gained impetus, but unfortunately, I simply hung on and screamed. I remember hearing a medley of shouted directions as I shot downward, but could distinguish nothing special, so I just clung on and kept on my perilous journey. Faster and faster the lightly burdened sled flew. I could scarcely see the trees as we passed. I screamed no longer. I had to save my breath for better purposes. I tried a few times to reach forward and grasp the guiding lines, but didn't succeed.

Several times the sled simply leaped into space, my weight being insufficient to hold it down, and when we reached the

turn where the double-runner should have swerved into the safe haven of the level field, it kept right on, villageward. In front of a store were several wagons, and a knot of men stood near the steps, who saw me coming and recognized my danger. The sled was going slower, but still at a pace which would take it over the river banks, and the ice was not over thick. One big, athletic fellow prepared to meet us. I don't know now how he managed it, but he leaped upon the double-runner and was steering it up a hill by the side of the river.

I was soon in the store, telling my story and a few moments later two double-runners filled with anxious and alarmed boys came down, having followed my break-neck race as soon as they could, and expecting at every turn to see my inanimate body and the ruins of the big double-runner. My record run is still talked of up there in coasting time; but I feel no desire to duplicate it. I won the hearts of my scholars by taking a few more coasts with them, but somehow, although I pretended to enjoy them, my zeal for coasting had received a serious jolt.

CURIOUS HISTORY OF TREES

By MRS. EFFIE COPENHAVER



HELDING not to time or weather, on the western side of the university campus at Athens, Tennessee, stand two large trees—a hackberry and an oak. They are only about three or four feet apart, and their boughs are interlaced until you can scarcely tell one from the other. Here is a legend concerning them:

Just after the battle of King's Mountain, a British soldier, wounded and almost dead from fatigue, accidentally stumbled upon an Indian encampment near this spot. He was taken to the wigwam of the chief, where he was nursed back to health by the chief's daughter, Winnestoga. While recovering, he fell in love with her, and when he declared himself, she admitted

that she also loved him, but that according to the laws of her tribe, their marriage was impossible unless he was adopted into it. He was willing, and the chief received him in due form, later consenting to the marriage. The date set for the ceremony was a month away, and great plans were laid for the celebration.

Now there was another lover, an Indian brave, who also loved Winnestoga, and hated the white man with all the intensity of an Indian's passion. He watched his opportunity and one day, as the white man was drinking from a spring, murdered him with a knife. When the dead body was brought to Winnestoga, she was so overcome that she committed suicide.

The Indians dug a shallow grave and laid Winnestoga and the soldier in it, side by side. In her hand they placed a hackberry seed; in his, an acorn. The seeds thus curiously planted grew, and the trees now stand as a living memorial of the love of an Indian maiden and a British soldier.

* * *

AN INDIAN STORY

By M. A. P.



HE recent visit of the Crow Indian chiefs to the White House to see President Taft concerning the disposition of their lands has recalled a good story of old Shah-hah-skong, head chief of the Mille Lacs Indians.

The chief took all his warriors to defend Fort Ripley in 1862, and for this act of bravery the Secretary of the Interior, the government, and the legislature of Minnesota promised the Indians that they should have the special care of the government, and never be compelled to move from their lands.

A few years later a special agent was sent from Washington to ask the Ojibways to cede their lands and remove to a country north of Leech Lake. The agent called the Indians in council and said:

"My dear red brothers, your great father has heard how you have been wronged. He said, 'I will send them an honest man.' He looked in the North, the South, the East and the West. When

he saw me he said: "This is the honest man whom I will send to my red children."

"Brothers, look at me. The winds of fifty-five years have blown over my head and silvered it over with gray, and in all that time, I have never done harm to any man. As your friend, I ask you to sign this treaty."

Old Shah-hah-skong sprang to his feet and exclaimed: "My friend, look at me. The winds of more than sixty winters have blown over my head and silvered it over with gray, but they have not blown my brains away."

* * *

ANOTHER DOG STORY

By OLGA F. BYRAM



OUR whole family was city born and bred, father, mother, my brothers and I—and when father suggested that we try country life, we were all delighted. Father purchased a large farm on the Orange Mountains of New Jersey, and our friends were asked to visit us and to become enlightened as to the secrets and pleasures of running a farm.

Included in the list of invited guests was a Boston gentleman whom I had met several years before, and with whom I subsequently corresponded without personally meeting.

He accepted the invitation to visit our new farm home, and one Saturday afternoon I drove to meet him at the railroad station, several miles away. My eight dogs followed me. Dogs were my hobby; I always took them with me when out driving, for it was my greatest delight to ride with them for miles over the country roads. Sometimes I allowed them to jump in, and we would drive home together.

I arrived at the station a few minutes before the train appeared; and the dogs stretched themselves panting in a circle around me, waiting for the signal to jump in for a home drive.

As the train pulled in, my Boston friend recognized me and with extended hands hurried toward me. But the dogs rushed at him *en masse*. Amazed and horrified, my guest turned back to the station. I hastened after him and explained that the

dogs were harmless. The station agent locked them in the baggage room till we had entered the carriage, and soon we were all on the way home, the dogs barking and yelping in the road.

The next morning I desired to show my friend some of the magnificent scenery from the mountain top, and we took a long walk. The dogs, who came along also, were now meek and quiet, but as soon as Mr. Boston made a movement to approach within a ten-foot limit, they were at his heels. They walked between us as defenders and protectors of their mistress. We finally tired of dancing and skirmishing and concluded to take a short rest. My friend picked out an old rail fence and mounted it, leaning against the post, while I took the next post.

We chatted together awhile, when Mr. Boston felt a pull at his coat-tail, which hung down the side of the fence. To our horror, we saw my brother's pet billy-goat chewing away at a furious rate. He had already devoured a good piece of the coat material.

I was thrown into consternation—for the coats of my father or brothers would not fit the broad-shouldered, six-foot-tall Bostonian. He left for home the same evening, leaving me humiliated and abashed. In a few days I received a letter from him, which I opened with trembling fingers. He stated that in the excitement of the dogs and goat encounter, he had overlooked the most important part of his visit—to ask if I would forsake the animals and farm and become his wife. But he begged of me not to have the ceremony performed in our home, as the dogs might interfere.

After we were married we kept but one dog at a time, and he was generally adopted from earliest puppyhood.

* * *

WHO SAYS HORSES DON'T THINK

By GERTRUDE E. MOREHEAD

IN the old days at home, when my sister, my brother and I were children, we were very fond of going to the field at noon and night that we might ride the horses home from work. One day my sister and I had gone to the field

as usual and left my little brother, who was only five years old, playing about the yard. When we reached the field my father unhitched the horses from the plow and put us on them. My sister was riding a faithful black horse that we called Old Ben. After we had gone a short way across the field, Old Ben became frightened and ran away. My sister held tight to the hames but could not stop him or guide him. He ran through the gap in the fence, and across the road was another gap that had to be passed to get to the barn. My father, coming on behind trying to stop the horse, saw to his horror that my little brother was sitting in the middle of this gap, entirely unconscious of his danger. Father shouted to him, but he either failed to hear or did not understand. Old Ben kept on across the road, jumped straight over little brother's head, and without touching him or injuring him in the least, ran on to the farm and into his stall. Here father found him eating hay, with a badly frightened little girl on his back.

THE TEA MERCHANT AND GENERAL LAFAYETTE

By MRS. J. MOREHEAD



HAVING a penchant for stories, my grandmother who was born at Mendon, Massachusetts, used to tell me often of a wealthy tea merchant, Murray by name, who made great preparations to entertain General Lafayette and his staff, who were expected to go through Mendon on their way to Boston. Grandma helped to prepare for the great event.

Fifty geese and many more chickens and other fowls were killed for the feast, and cakes, puddings, pies, choice wines, etc., were provided in like profusion. Gold knives and forks were brought forth for the occasion, and ten down beds were placed on the bed the general was to sleep in. But after all the preparation, General Lafayette went by another way, and Mr. Murray, although much disappointed, decided to give the dinner to the poor people

of the surrounding towns. There never was such a gathering known in Mendon, or a more joyous occasion, and the master of the feast was so touched at the scene at the banquet table, that he said he was just as happy as if the great general had been his guest.

* * *

BUFFALO FISH RUNNING AMUCK

By C. E. M.



THE Tippecanoe River runs just below our barnyard, where it is about twenty feet wide. One spring after the thaw and the heavy rains, the old mill-dam, which is about half a mile above us, broke, and the water from the lake came pouring down, bringing with it a great drove of the big fish called buffalo fish. Their backs above the water made them look like a big drove of hogs. The men came from town and speared them with pitchforks. One large buffalo got fast in a picket fence and was speared. Others floundered in the shallow water into our barnyard and were caught there. One of the large ones weighed sixty-two and a half pounds. Such a drove of big fish was never before seen around here, and nothing of the kind has occurred since. It was a sight long to be remembered.

* * *

AN UNUSUAL MOTHER

By MRS. F. J. ROE



OR a time we had a couple of "game" hens, both of which had a brood of chickens. One day they were fighting and one mother was killed, leaving her brood with no one to care for them. What was our surprise to find, that night, that the little bantam rooster had taken them under his wings and was hovering over them as solicitously as had the old hen mother. From that time until they were as large as himself, the bantam cared for his little adopted brood, and people came from far and near to see him, not believing until they saw for themselves.

James Whitcomb Riley

THE GREAT HOOSIER POET
WHOSE VERSES HAVE TOUCHED
THE HEARTS OF THE AMERICAN PEOPLE



HE hearty handclasp and cheery greeting of James Whitcomb Riley has always seemed to me to have the hearty warmth of one of his "Hoosier" verse characters. Under the reddish hair now sparse atop and streaked with gray, the blue eyes seem to sparkle with kindly light as he draws out in a soft, high-keyed but musical voice the words of those poems which have touched the hearts of the American people. The man himself appears to be something of a composite character of the verse that rings with a true and tender heartfulness.

It was in an Indianapolis bookstore that he pulled aside the flaps of his frock coat, turned his back to the wide, old-fashioned hearth, and began to relate reminiscences of his early life. Those gaunt hands, that have penned so many lines that have brought comfort and cheer to thousands, were twitching while he twirled his thumbs as if he had lost some word or phrase which he wanted to incorporate in a verse he was writing.

Riley has never lived away from his people at home, no matter how far he may have traveled. He grasped those universal sentiments of human emotion from among the circle of neighbors.

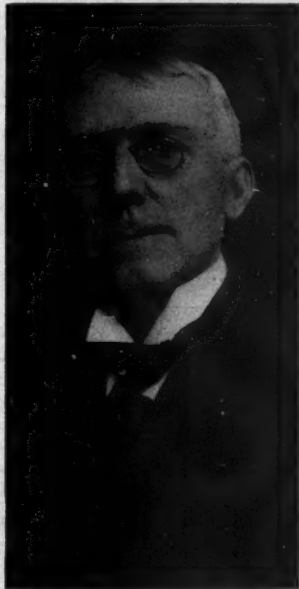
On the veranda of former Vice-President Fairbanks' home, he greeted a garden party including editors from all parts of the country. He could not respond to the request that he recite "The Flag" for the host of admirers assembled, for his voice was failing, but in the gleam of his smile, the admirers felt a touch of the lines which were not given audible expression. The incident recalled the early days of his triumph, when thousands flocked to Tremont Temple in Boston and other great auditoriums throughout the country to hear the Hoosier poet recite "An Old Sweetheart of Mine," the tender and eloquent tribute

to mother, and the other verses which never fail to touch the heart.

* * *

What a pleasure it was to find the way to Greenfield, Riley's native town, and to look upon the old swimming hole and the real haunts and scenes described in verses which will be loved as long as simple, true-hearted folk love their homes and their childhood. All this on a genuine August day, in a section where the tempting sign of "two fingers up" make the stranger feel like joining the boys and following in the footprints of Riley's youth.

Riley never was much on the "methods" which he followed in doing his work. One rule, however,



JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

he observed—a poem was never delivered in public until he had “tried” it upon different friends, reaching from the devotees of the livery stable to the monarch of the close-smelling headquarters of the village “attorney-at-law.”

During his tours he often was asked which of his poems was his favorite, and to this he invariably compared himself, laughingly, to a father who was loth to tell which of his children he loved best. Some, he said, caused him many sleepless hours in getting the words to fit just right for that easy and facile style which he sought as laboriously as Robert Louis Stevenson—and then were not “right.” He often declared that a writer could not justly estimate his own productions. He might pore over works on which he had spent hours, show it to a few intelligent friends and find no spontaneous response. Then he might read something dashed off in his own inimitable way, and before he had even completed his first verse, his auditors would overwhelm him with subtle expressions of interest and attention, which go so much further than rapturous applause perfunctorily given.

Those of a generation grown never think of Riley without Bill Nye, his rostrum companion in the early days. For years they traveled together, giving lectures, and old-time incidents show how closely akin are laughter and tears. There was a merry twinkle in Riley’s eyes as he recalled their method of watching the audiences from behind the peepholes in the village theater curtain before the chairman arrived to announce “I have the pleasure.”

At one time Riley had some verses about a hunch-backed child who was going to die

and enter the kingdom where crooked backs are made straight. The author used to stiffen his back and neck when reciting the poem in order to suggest the child’s deformity. One night as he recited these verses, a man and woman in the audience rose and walked out. Later the poet learned that this couple’s only son was a hunchback, and that the poem had overcome them as they thought of the patient little face at home. When Riley heard of this, he put the verses aside and never read them again—an instance of his personal tenderness and the consideration that characterized his work. Although a bachelor, his intense love of children has full expression in his lines, which the children love to recite. Riley does not resemble the regulation poet, with long, flowing locks and classic features—his is just a plain, strong, angular face with kindly eyes and a large, humorous mouth broadened by thin lips, but expressive of life.

The poetry of James Whitcomb Riley has brought cheer and comfort to the American people. He is truly the exponent of poetic democracy. Every time I have looked into his eyes I have felt that before me stood the Lincoln of American poets. Riley’s over-powering heart-impulses have reached out and encompassed the gratitude of millions of every age, sex and condition. He has thrown upon the screen of poetry pictures of rural life that have the sweet scent of fields and the freshness of the woods. He has written of themes and emotions that flow on and on from generation to generation, working the endless cycle of love and affection that tends to keep this old world of ours sweet and wholesome.

THE POET'S MISSION

THE Poet's mission is to rear a flame
 Upon some lofty pinnacle of song
 Where it may burn a beacon clear and strong,
 To light the tortuous path by which he came,
 So that the feet of others on the moor
 And mountain, needing just a little light,
 Might shun the ways of death, until the night
 Is passed and dawn shall make their footing sure.

—Henry Dumont, in “A Golden Fancy.”



T H E Advertisers' Convention IN BOSTON

By Warren R. Hadsell



WITHIN the past few years the science of advertising has taken many big strides in more definite directions and ideals. Business men, from the one-man shop to the great corporation, realize more than ever the power and emoluments of advertising their business. One of the great elements in the progress of this science is the leaguering together in clubs of the men who buy, sell and make advertising. There is scarcely any city of any size or with any very large publishing and broad manufacturing interests which has not or is not planning to form such an organization. Today there are a great number of these clubs formed in the large cities of this country, and they are all affiliated under a national organization, The Associated Advertising Clubs of America. Its convention is to be held in Boston the first four days of August under the auspices of the Pilgrim Publicity Association, the club of the advertising interests in Boston with a large New England membership.

The Pilgrims have been accomplishing great and practical benefits for New England, and now they are to bring to Boston the greatest aggregation of advertising men from all over the United States and abroad as well that have ever got together for the specific purpose of talking about advertising. Three thousand people or more are expected to be present at the Convention, and two thousand of them delegates from affiliated clubs. The New York advertising men are going to Boston five hundred strong in a boat of the Fall

River Line which they have chartered, and will bring three bands with them. The men of Dallas, Texas, are raising \$15,000 to send one hundred men to the convention, and these men will bring with them a train-load of Texas products. Two special train loads of advertising men are coming from Iowa; San Francisco is sending a big delegation, and another large delegation is coming from Indianapolis in automobiles; nineteen influential business men are coming from London and other parts of England, and so on and on the advertising men of this country, the men who create more business by publicity, are coming together to take stock altogether of ideas in this science of advertising.

It is to be expected that advertising men would do a thing in an unconventional, unique and striking way, and this convention of the Associated Advertising Clubs of America, with the Pilgrim Publicity Association of Boston as host, exemplifies the skill and experience of men accustomed to do things a little bit better perhaps and in a more telling and beneficial way than usual. It has been the purpose of the Pilgrims to make this convention not only interesting and enjoyable as a social gathering of men engaged in the same profession in greater or less degree, but of the greatest possible practical benefit as well, so that each man attending the convention will leave Boston broadened in his conception and ideals of advertising and more efficient, and will carry away a new store of ideas, the most useful, fresh and practicable. For this reason many of the largest advertising concerns in the United States are



OFFICERS OF THE ASSOCIATED ADVERTISING CLUBS OF AMERICA, 1910-1911, WHICH MEETS IN BOSTON THIS MONTH. MR. I. H. SAWYER, THE VICE-PRESIDENT, WAS PROMINENTLY MENTIONED FOR PRESIDENT FOR THE 1911-1912 TERM

sending several of their special representatives to the convention.

The Pilgrims of Boston have one of the most efficient convention organizations conceivable for the carrying through of the convention in the very best way. It is not only an aggregation of committees with chairmen appointed to do the work alone, but every member of every committee is working assiduously to the end that this convention will be the greatest of its kind that the world has ever seen. The program of the convention, which has just been announced, is so complete in the field of advertising and in its social promise that one wonders how so much could be crowded into such a short time as four days. There will be numerous luncheons, a harbor trip, an auto trip up the picturesque North Shore to Beverly, where President Taft will extend his greetings, a clam bake at one of the noted beaches near Boston, and at the close of the convention a tremendous banquet at which speakers of national reputation will talk on advertising in its big aspects. Four general sessions of the convention will discuss such topics as "Advertising Ethics," "Advertising and Civic Advancement," "Adver-

tising and Human Nature," "Advertising and Public Morals," "Advertising and Civilization," and so on to a longer list of interesting subjects which will be discussed. Probably one of the most practical, informing and unique, if not the most important feature of the convention, will be the Departmental Sessions. Every known phase of advertising will be taken up in these departmental meetings and discussed by men with direct and pertinent knowledge and experience of their subject. It will be like going to an advertising university, for each department will have a meeting of its own, and one attending the convention can choose the departmental sessions he is the most vitally interested in and attend that session as a university student might elect to attend the classes of his favorite subject. There will be twenty-four or more of these departmental meetings, and a few of the subjects which will be discussed will give a splendid idea of the scope and interest of this feature and of its tremendous importance and value as well—"Business Literature," "Specialty Advertising," "Municipal and State Publicity," "Daily Newspapers," "Periodicals," and so on.

TEACHERS OF TRUTH

SO many mantles veil the hearts of men!
 So many forms enshroud the single aim!
 The world was clothed in darkness till they came
 Who deemed the sword less potent than the pen,—
 Until their lightning flashed within its ken
 And sundered far from every empty name
 The gaud and glitter which enshrined the same,—
 Then lo, the world was naked once again!

But ah, forgotten is the light they shed.
 The world resumes its darkened robes once more,
 Content to worship emptiness, and dead
 To any pitying touch that would restore.
 Yet one day from *within* a beam shall break,
 And blind humanity will start—awake!

—Henry Dumont, in "A Golden Fancy."

Help Us Make Volume II.



*Send in
Your
Favorite
Selections*



It was in 1904 that the idea was conceived for the publication of the book **HEART THROBS**, and from the time the first copies left the bookbinder's bench in the characteristic red cover, from which the good, kindly features of grandma smiled up benignly through her

spectacles, there has been a constant demand for copies, not only from those who joined in the original contest and whose favorite bit of prose or poetry is included in the table of contents, but also from the thousands of new friends which the book has made for itself wherever circulated. And the demand for **HEART THROBS** is greater today than ever before—because it is a book that reaches the hearts of the people.

On account of the fact that we have had so many calls for **HEART THROBS**, we have kept putting off the work of printing a second volume. It was only a short time after the appearance of **HEART THROBS** that letters began to arrive from people living in different sections of the country requesting that a second volume of **HEART THROBS** be published in order to give them an opportunity to have their favorite selections included in so choice a book.

Of course it was impossible to inform everybody of that book **HEART THROBS** while it was in the course of preparation. The idea was quite thoroughly advertised and even at that there were thousands who

did not know of the book until it was placed in their hands by a friend or until they had read of it after it was published.

Acting upon the request of these numerous friends who wish a second volume, we are pleased to announce that we will now receive contributions and begin work on the book immediately and hope to have it ready for distribution about Thanksgiving time this year.

There will be no cash prizes offered for contributions to **HEART THROBS, VOLUME II**. We propose to take these many friends at their word. But as an incentive for their best efforts, an autographed copy of **HEART THROBS, VOLUME II**, in De Luxe binding will be presented to those whose favorite selections, finally chosen for a place in this volume, are received first at the NATIONAL MAGAZINE office.

Now comes the opportunity to include in this second volume of **HEART THROBS** those favorite gems of prose and poetry which it was impossible to include in the original book, and we hope this information will be spread all over the country to give everyone a chance to get his favorite selection to us in time for due consideration before the table of contents is made up. The motto of the Book Department of the CHAPPLING PUBLISHING COMPANY is "BOOKS THE PEOPLE BUILT," and it is only by the wholesouled, hearty co-operation of our friends that we can retain this distinctive characteristic.

Perhaps the reader of this has a copy of **HEART THROBS** in his home. If so, it is

HEART THROBS

CONTRIBUTED BY 50,000 PEOPLE.



I AM YOUR WIFE.

Oh, let me lay my head to-night upon your breast,
And close my eyes against the light, I fain would rest,
I'm weary, and the world looks sad; this worldly strife
Turns me to you; and, oh, I'm glad to be your wife!
Though friends may fail or turn aside, yet I have you,
And in your love I may abide, for you are true—
My only solace in each grief and in despair,
Your tenderness is my relief; it soothes each care.
If joys of life could alienate this poor weak heart
From yours, then may no pleasure great enough to part
Our sympathies fall to my lot. I'd e'er remain
Bereft of friends, though true or not, just to retain
Your true regard, your presence bright, thro' care and
strife
And, oh! I thank my God to-night, I am your wife!
Old Clipping.

McKINLEY'S DYING PRAYER.

In the afternoon of his last day on earth the President began to realise that his life was slipping away, and that the efforts of science could not save him.

HEART THROBS.

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FINNIGAN TO FLANNIGAN.

Superintindint wus Flannigan;
Boss av th' siction wus Finnigan;
Whinver th' kyars got offen th' thrack
An' muddled up things t' th' devil an' back,
Finnigan writ to Flannigan.
After th' wrick wus all on agin;
That is, this Finnigan
Reported to Flannigan.

Whin Flannigan furst writ to Finnigan,
He writed tin pe-ages—old Finnigan.
An' he told jst how th' smash occurred;
Full minny a tajus, blundherin' wurd
Did Flannigan write to Finnigan
Aither the kyars had gone on agin;
That wus how Finnigan
Reported to Flannigan.

Now Flannigan knowed more than Finnigan—
He'd more idjuc-a-tion—had Flannigan;
An' it wore'n clane an' completely out
To tell what Finnigan writ about.
In his writin' to Musther Flannigan.
So he writed back to Finnigan;
"Don't do sich a sin agin;
Make 'em brief: Finnigan!"

When Finnigan got this from Flannigan
He blushed rosy red—did Finnigan;
An' he said: "I'll gamble a whole moonth's pe-ay
That it will be minny an' minny a da-ay
Before Sup'rintindint that's Flannigan,
Gits a wrack at this very same sin agin,
From Finnigan to Flannigan
Reports won't be long agin."

Here are two pages taken from Heart Throbs—but greatly reduced for reproduction here.

not necessary to describe the book to him or the manner in which it was published. It will suffice to say that it is the most unique book ever published and the only one that emanated directly from the people.

HEART THROBS, VOLUME II, will receive the same careful preparation and will be a most commendable companion book to the original volume. HEART THROBS is a library in itself. With VOLUME II the scope of the idea will be broadened and strengthened.

Now do not delay in sending in your favorite selection for VOLUME II. Of course, nothing that has appeared in the original HEART THROBS can be included in VOLUME II, so be careful that you do not send a duplicate, but get out that other favorite selection which you forgot to send in for the original HEART THROBS, also write a letter if you have time, telling why the selection you send especially appealed to you. Address, Joe Mitchell Chapple, National Magazine, Boston.

For your convenience and to assist in filing the contributions as received, kindly use the following coupon, attaching it to your contribution:

Date.....
Sender's Name
Residence.....
Title of Selection.....

A SUMMER SYMPHONY

ADAGIO: ALLEGRO MOLTO

Softly blows the breath of morning;
Sleepy birds stir in the nest;
Fleecy clouds give ruddy warning
Of the Sun—a royal guest!

Birds sing madly, loudly—gladly,
At the coming of the Sun.
Night mists vanish—see him banish
Sparkling dewdrops one by one!

MINUETTO

Gracefully, dainty bright butterflies swing
Over the clover, on light, airy wing;
Stately flowers spread their gay skirts with an ease,
Smiling, beguiling, they nod to the breeze.

LARGO

In the quiet noontide hour,
Lazy bees doze in the flower;
And the bird droops weary wing,
Nor will lift his voice to sing;
At the brook, along the brink,
Grasses lean, too tired to drink;
Idle kine in sunny field,
To the spell of noontime yield.

SCHERZO

A tender murmur from the babbling brook;
A plaintive cricket's minor note;
The fireflies flicker fitfully;
Slim willows rustle restlessly;
A bat flaps aimless wing;
With nerve-marked beat,
A tree-toad shrills;
The screech-owl hoots
His gladness.

ALLEGRO CON FUOCO

Louder does the brooklet sing;
Screams the night-hawk high, on wing;
Insects sound o'er all the lea;
Branches clash their arms in glee;
Whippoorwills more boldly call;
Shadows flit like grim ghosts tall,
Till the moon with silver light,
Melts the phantoms of the night.

Blanche Elizabeth Wade.

THE TRUTH ABOUT COLD STORAGE

By W. C. JENKINS

MORE THAN a score of bills have recently been introduced in the various states intended to limit and restrict the cold storing and preserving of fish, meats, poultry, butter, eggs, fruits, vegetables and various other food products. Upon close examination of the merits of these bills it will be found that most of them are void of any testimony of experts on cold storage, and but little investigation has been made to determine the actual facts as a basis for improvement in the existing conditions.

Most of these bills were introduced in the legislatures of the various states as a result of misinformation, gathered largely from erroneous newspaper articles regarding the enormous quantities of food products held from the market with the alleged intention of creating a scarcity so that the dealers would consequently be able to advance prices. The authors of many of these bills were finally compelled to admit that they knew nothing of the actual facts further than what they had gathered from the various newspaper articles; and it has been shown that but few of these legislators had ever been in a cold storage warehouse to see for themselves how the various kinds of food products are cared for under the present up-to-date system. The desire to enact restrictive legislation has been largely prompted by the belief that the charges made by the newspapers were true and that official regulation and restriction were necessary.

Every journalist knows that a great deal of matter is printed in the daily press which is necessarily largely hearsay, and after a thorough investigation is often found to be erroneous. A searching and thorough inquiry into the cold storage conditions by committees appointed by several legislatures and the United States Senate Committee on Manufactures has brought

out some interesting facts which show the dangerous consequences of legislative enactments when proper investigation has not been made. Investigation by these bodies has shown that the food supply of this growing country is fast becoming a serious question. During a recent conference in New York City regarding a cold storage ordinance, it was brought out that the present rate of production of wheat would reach the limit of supply in the United States within a very few years; and what is true of wheat is also true of many articles of food products now held in cold storage.

In the larger cities there is becoming an enormous congestion of population, and without proper and adequate cold storage warehouses to preserve the perishable food products in time of an over-production, there would be a very great scarcity in times when the supply of fresh foods was inadequate to supply the demand; and consequently at one season these foods would be so cheap they would be unprofitable to the producer; and in the season of scarcity they would be so high that the average family could not stand the expense.

During this age when practically every article included in the wants of man seems to be getting dearer the question of economy in the utilization and preservation of all kinds of products of the farm and waters becomes of vast importance. The discoveries of recent years whereby food products can be subjected to a process of refrigeration, thereby preserving their healthful qualities until seasons of scarcity, has contributed more toward successful conservation of our national resources than any other means that has ever been devised; and furthermore, the cold storage system is unquestionably the best method of preservation of flesh foods known to man, inasmuch as it modifies to a less extent the appearance and quality of the product than do other methods. The

present successful methods of mechanical refrigeration are of recent origin. History and past experience have afforded but little assistance in determining rules for guidance and every improvement was necessarily costly and every proposed change required careful investigation.

During the past two years the cold-storage industry has been subjected to violent and uncalled-for abuse by the press, which has, in a measure, unduly prejudiced the public. The cold storage has been made the scapegoat for the public excitement aroused by the increased cost of living and consequently drastic enactments tending to prohibit and restrict the storing of various kinds of food products have been proposed. The system has been designated as a sinister and mysterious factor in the cost of our daily foods.

It cannot be denied that many people are prejudiced against cold storage foods, and in some cases they have reasons to be suspicious; not, however, because of the fact that the article has been in cold storage, but because it was not placed there promptly upon production, or because too long a time had elapsed since its removal therefrom. The principal and almost sole requirement for successful results is to see that foods are in prime condition at the time they go into storage.

The prejudice against cold storage has been accelerated by the belief that the system increases the prices to the public of all kinds of cold storage food products. It has been charged that prices have been advanced by food speculators putting foods into cold storage to be held for long periods, thus creating a shortage in the market and a consequent advance in prices. Also it has been believed that the public health has been injured through the consumption of unhealthy storage food, which have been subjected to mechanical refrigeration longer than the law of prudence would justify.

There are many elements that enter into the question of successful preservation of food products. Each step in the process is separate and distinct, but in every case the condition of the article is the first matter of consideration. For instance, milk from an affected cow will be equally as impure when it leaves the refrigeration

room as when it entered; diseased meats and decayed vegetables cannot be made fit for food by refrigeration. A spoiled egg cannot be made palatable even though it has been subjected to the most scientific treatment yet discovered. In refrigeration the law of healthful origin can never be violated. The health of the public rests upon this requirement, and no system of cold storage can ever effectively serve the people that does not give first importance to this inviolable rule. Refrigeration has great possibilities, but it also has its limitations. It will successfully preserve healthy food products, but it cannot, and never will work miracles. Thus will be seen the paramount importance of regulation that will permit only food in the best condition being put in storage.

The mortality caused by the lack of wholesome food in our congested cities is becoming a serious problem. In Chicago alone six thousand babies under one year of age die annually, and an eminent authority states that one-third die as a result of impure food. This is largely attributed to impure milk, as milk is practically the sole food of children. This mortality will be reduced with the application of more extended cold storage to the food products on which children largely subsist.

The preservation of food products by cold is of vast dimensions, and is today recognized as a tried and tested procedure. The attitude that no change of the nutritional value of a product occurs, through the influence of proper application of cold upon its chemical position, can be absolutely and entirely maintained. With special reference to meat, the most important food of man, the employment of cold has been shown by experience not only to induce no change in regard to nutritional value, but it rather tends to increase the quality of the meat. By this is meant the so-called ripening or maturation of the meat, which does not take place until some time after slaughtering, and when under proper conditions of preservation.

A modern mechanical cold-storage plant is comparatively new, and its principles and functions are so little understood by the general public that much of the popular clamor may be ascribed to ignorance and hallucination. Nevertheless, the industry

is founded on sound economic principles, and when properly conducted is a blessing to humanity. It is vastly superior to the method of preserving food stuffs in cellars and attics where they are permitted to rapidly spoil in the high or fluctuating temperatures without the slightest criticism or condemnation. The inevitable consequences of the adoption of the present up-to-date mechanical cold storage system in its widest application will not only tend to keep prices of perishable food products within the reach of the masses at all seasons, but will contribute in no small degree to the general public health.

Scientific investigation has proven that proper application of refrigeration will preserve food products as long as business conditions will warrant, and that they suffer absolutely no deterioration from being held in cold storage; in fact it has been shown that beyond any question some articles of food become more palatable and nutritious when placed in the present up-to-date mechanical refrigerator.

Proper cold storage is the most necessary and healthful of the several forms of food preservation. Not only is this true, but it is one of the fundamental means which contribute to the agricultural prosperity of our nation as well as the allied industries. Striking examples of this can be found in connection with the milk, cream, butter, cheese, eggs, fish, meat, fruit, vegetables and many other perishable food products. The prosperity of many sections of our country can be attributed to the wider and steady market which the present cold storage system insures.

Without cold storage, fish, meats, butter, eggs, poultry, etc., could be kept but a short time, and the price would naturally be higher during the season of no production than the average now prevailing, because there would be no method of preserving these products from one season to another. For instance, fish are caught at certain seasons of the year in much greater quantities than can possibly be consumed during the time the catch is on, and to have a supply during the time there is no fish the present mechanical cold storage system enables the dealers to prepare for this scarcity. The delicious whitefish is caught mostly during the months of June and

July, December and January and February, there being very few taken during the other months of the year; yet by refrigeration a supply can be stored for these months of non-production. The farmer fattens his cattle during the summer, when they feed on grass. He markets them in the fall, when they are slaughtered, and the meat is stored and consumed in the times of scarcity during the year. Without any method of preserving fish and meats, prices would be prohibitive during the scarcity.

Before the cold storage facilities were available, prices were extremely low for the producer during times of plenty, likewise they were extremely high during the time of scarcity, and many classes of perishable products were in certain seasons not obtainable at any price. Now the cold storage warehouse enables us to secure a steady supply during the time of non-production as well as during the time of full production. The cold storage man has nothing to gain by holding goods placed in storage with him longer than sound economic principles will justify. Produce dealers as a rule are good business men and are not holding goods, paying storage charges and interest on money invested beyond a time when they can sell for full market values. Practically no fish, meats, or vegetables can stand cold storage charges for more than one season. Such charges are prohibitive of profits as a rule, beyond the period of a few months.

There is a popular impression that the cold storage industry has assumed the nature of a trust or combination, which through concerted action or agreement determines the time when the products shall be placed upon the market, the ultimate object being to control prices. While there may be exceptional instances among a few companies, the fact remains that a general understanding or agreement would be impossible because the products held in cold storage are owned by thousands of independent firms and are sold by them, and not by the cold storage people, to thousands of customers and distributing agencies and dealers, each of whom acts according to his individual judgment as to the proper time to sell and the prices he shall obtain. Practically none of the large

public cold storage warehouses have any pecuniary interest in the articles stored with them.

The present mechanical cold storage warehouse is simply the evolution from the farmer's cellar where he kept the surplus stock of butter, apples, vegetables, and other products, for such time as the conditions prevented the production of these articles. This evolution from the primitive method of preserving perishable foods to the present modern mechanical cold storage warehouse has been the result of much careful and costly experimentation, and today it stands as a monument to American ingenuity. While it is but one of the methods of preserving food products, it is unquestionably the best, and further development should be encouraged rather than the industry be restricted by unnecessary laws and regulations. If laws and regulative ordinances tend to retard the growth and limit the possibilities of the industry, the product of the farmer will also be limited and his development retarded. The cold storage warehouse is an absolute necessity for the American farmer, and restrictive legislation which affects cold storage equally affects the agriculturist.

About the year 1875 ice began to be used to a large extent for the preservation of fresh meats during its transit from America to European markets. This really marked the beginning of preserving fresh meat long enough to enable our packers to ship it to such a remote market. The method at that time consisted in cooling a large meat chamber filled with the carcasses by blowing air previously cooled to about the freezing point into the meat chamber. The air was cooled by passing through reservoirs of ice. While this process would be considered inadequate today, it was a great aid to commerce at that time. In 1879 the dry air refrigeration system was first introduced. The system consisted of compressing the air and freeing it of moisture. Since 1879 fresh meats have been shipped from America to Europe regularly and successfully.

There has been great advancement within the last few years for the successful carrying in cold storage of various food stuffs. Until the last few years the

successful method of preserving fish was not perfectly understood, and as a result there was unnecessary waste and more or less unwholesome fish found its way into the channels of trade. This in itself created an undue prejudice which, however, is unwarranted today. With the present advanced methods of cold storage, fish suffer no deterioration whatever. If fish are properly cared for and in prime condition when placed in cold storage, they will come out in the best condition. After fish are put into storage they are dipped in ice water in a room ten above zero. The water freezes over the entire fish, heretically sealing it so that it will keep indefinitely. The best regulated fish companies will allow no fish to be frozen that are not in absolutely prime condition, because carelessness in this respect can only be followed by financial loss and the creation of prejudice against the fish dealers. These companies have determined that they save money by dumping fish of poor quality rather than by attempting to carry them over to another season by freezing. A winter-caught whitefish is more palatable in June if kept frozen than is a June-caught whitefish three or four days out of the water, but not frozen.

The Booth Fisheries Company alone has upwards of fifty stations entirely maintained for the fish business. Upon inspection of any of the leading fish companies' plants they will be found to be in the most sanitary condition, no expense being spared to equip them in every way to successfully care for the product. It is not unusual that fish taken from the nets in the morning are frozen the same afternoon and placed in the mechanical cold storage and held until ready for consumption at a time when no fish are caught.

According to Kenneth W. Fowler, chairman of a joint committee for the salt water fish industry, which represents the producers along the Atlantic Coast and to some extent along the Pacific Coast, cold storage is absolutely necessary to the salt water fish industry as a means of fostering the production of trade; because the salt water fish are produced in such volume at certain periods of the year that they sell at such times below the actual cost of production, and the only support available

to the producing trade is to apply the benefits of cold storage.

The fish industry does not oppose the pending congressional legislation as a whole or the general principles thereof. Believing that fair legislation and regulations relative to the industry will prove of substantial benefit, it is in favor of the passage of laws based on established facts. It is in favor of regulations relative to inspection of goods at the time of entering cold storage warehouses, inspection at the time they are taken out of the warehouse for distribution and inspection during distribution. It favors any provisions that will not hamper the industry, and if any practical means can be devised to give storage period information to the consumer, it will support the proposition.

Men who produce and handle fresh-caught fish have, of necessity, given a careful study to this industry. The tendency has always been to develop and apply the best possible means to deliver the fish to the consumer in good condition, for its value depends entirely upon its wholesomeness. This not only applies to fish placed upon the market immediately after being caught, but to products that have been for a certain period in cold storage.

A time limit in which fish may be held in cold storage of less than twelve months would be detrimental to the industry and of no value to the consumer. The industry is regulated by natural laws—the annual recurrence of flush production which always makes it unprofitable to carry fish for more than a single season. Fish which are carried in cold storage represent a constantly increasing investment on account of storage expenses. Up to a certain period, and this is usually not to exceed ten or twelve months, this expense may safely be added to the cost of catching, but beyond this period the expense is such that the fish cannot be sold in competition with the next season's catch. Hence there is no incentive to hold fish in storage for long periods. Neither will the law of business justify such action.

As an article of food, fish is becoming more popular each year. The supply is always plentiful and it can be sold at a price within the reach of all. In many localities it is the poor man's daily food.

It is nutritious and healthful and the interests of the people of this country demand that the industry should be encouraged rather than hampered by unnecessary and unwise restrictions.

It will be found that the leading fish companies not only invite but welcome government inspection, but they do, with good reason, object to regulations which compel them to label and tag the fish which would not only be impracticable but impossible from the very nature of the business. Fish carried in cold storage in boxes containing one hundred and fifty pounds could not be sold to the retailer in such large quantities, so that it is absolutely necessary that boxes be broken in order to give the customers the desired quantity wanted; and unless the dating of the time when the fish went in cold storage was carried to the customer, it would be of little value, and it is absolutely impossible to procure fishermen to tag winter-caught fish which freeze immediately on being taken from the water.

It must be distinctly understood that there is a great difference between foods that go into the present mechanical cold storage to be held than those that go to the ordinary cooler, which is a temporary affair for holding foodstuffs for a few days. The present mechanical cold storage keeps an even temperature, while the butcher shop or house cooler temperature varies and is never sufficiently cold to properly preserve foodstuffs for any length of time. The temperature in the mechanical cold storage for preserving butter is 10 below zero; meat, 5 below zero; fish, 15 above zero; eggs, 30 above zero and poultry, zero. These temperatures never vary, so that there is no chance of deterioration.

Every step in the process of refrigeration must be correctly made. Take, for instance, the method of preserving chickens. The birds must be free of disease. They must be pre-cooled and the animal heat removed before putting into storage. There is established today regular slaughter houses for killing poultry, so that they are cared for in the best of conditions, far better than the average farmer cares for the fowls he dresses. The premises are kept clean and sanitary, and conditions for slaughtering and caring for the fowls are

perfect. As a result the present up-to-date cold storage house can give the people of this country cold storage fowls that have been in the refrigeration room up to a year which are in perfect condition, their wholesomeness having suffered no deterioration whatsoever. In fact they are customarily preferable to farm-killed poultry handled solely through grocery stores and markets without being promptly cooled and frozen as soon as killed.

It is stated on best authority that turkeys having been in cold storage are better then when freshly killed. Ninety per cent of all the turkeys are marketed in the fall, and without the present cold storages there would be no supply of turkeys for six months of the year. The quantity of poultry frozen and held in cold storage to meet the demand during the season of scarcity is upwards of 100,000,000 pounds, valued at about \$23,000,000. Fish frozen and held in cold storage, to take care of the demand between seasons, is estimated at 150,000,000 pounds, valued at about \$10,000,000.

The necessity and advantages of cold storage for goods becomes evident when we analyze the market in any large city. Recent testimony before the Senate Committee on Manufactures relative to foods held in cold storage showed that the egg receipts of New York on April 30, 1910, were 43,000 cases containing 30 dozen eggs to the case; and for the week ending April 23, the receipts were over 200,000 cases of 30 dozen eggs to the case. The demand of the city of New York for consumption during that period was about 12,000 cases per day, as shown by the daily market reports. From the daily receipts of 30,000 to 40,000 cases, the daily consumption of only 12,000 cases, it is evident that there would have been a waste or a tremendous slump in prices or else the surplus would have to be stored. The same conditions prevail in other large cities. In Chicago the difference between the current receipts in April and the local demand is even greater than in New York City, and more eggs go into cold storage in Chicago in consequence. In January, 1910, the egg receipts of Chicago were 65,172 cases. For the month of April the receipts were 773,656 cases. The quantity of eggs placed

in cold storage in New York City each year is about 700,000 cases and in Chicago about 1,000,000 cases. The total quantity of eggs placed in cold storage in the United States each spring is a little over 3,000,000 cases, which is only 5 per cent of the total production. The cold storage is drawn upon whenever the supply of fresh eggs falls below the market demand. This usually takes place during the months of August, September, October, November, December and January. Usually by February the cold storage eggs are out and the fresh southern eggs begin to arrive in considerable quantities and the market price falls when the cold storage eggs and fresh eggs meet.

The best butter made is produced in May, June and early in July. The production during these months is greatly in excess of the market demand and the surplus is put in storage. Everybody knows that June butter has much better keeping quality and generally brings higher prices during the following winter than fresh butter. The value of butter placed in cold storage each year is upwards of \$25,000,000.

Another very important item put in cold storage is brewery products, averaging upwards of \$325,000,000 yearly. Furs and fine fabrics are also placed in special cold storage rooms provided for that purpose. The estimated value of this class of goods alone is upwards of \$75,000,000.

There are more than one hundred establishments in the United States engaged in the manufacture of ice and refrigerating machinery. The capital invested is about \$25,000,000 and the annual output of these factories exceeds \$40,000,000.

The aggregate value of the various products that pass through refrigerated rooms or submitted to refrigeration in the course of trade during a year is in excess of \$2,500,000,000.

Government regulations which promote rather than hinder and retard the business of cold storage and which improve sanitation and prevent monopoly is to be commended. Canada has subsidized cold storage warehouses by an act of 1907. Every encouragement and inducement is offered capital in Canada to invest in such enterprises and the government contributes 30 per cent of the full cost of constructing

cold storage warehouses when official approval has been given. The cold storage business in the United States has, without government encouragement, reached large proportions. In Massachusetts alone over \$10,000,000 is invested in cold storage warehouses.

There has been no uniform system of inspecting products that have been put in cold storage. Until recently almost everything that was brought to the cold storage to be stored was accepted. The cold storage company did not own the goods, but was merely acting as a storekeeper, charging the usual storage rate. It was not the cold storage men's business to inquire deeply into the character and condition of the goods being stored further than to deliver receipts to his customer when the goods were put in cold storage. It is not the general practice for cold storage companies to buy and sell goods. Sometimes as an accommodation they sell at the customer's request. The cold storage plays a role analogous to that of the common railway, express or boat carrier or grain warehouse acting as a public agency for the storage of commodities owned by other parties.

Owing to the national character of the food supply and distribution it is evident that conflicting and irregular restriction imposed by individual states upon the cold storage industry would lead to national confusion and perhaps to the destruction of the industry in states where stringent and unwise regulations may be imposed. New York City passed a stringent cold storage ordinance which was promptly vetoed by Mayor Gaynor. It is generally considered that restrictive legislation of cold storage plants should be uniform throughout the country, otherwise conflicting state enactments would be harmful to the consumer of that particular state as well as to cold storage properties located therein. A federal law would be welcomed by everyone, which would uniformly specify all regulations of cold storage warehouses and the inspection of all foods put in cold storage.

It has been suggested that products which are destined for cold storage be labelled when they enter and leave the storage, thus furnishing a statement of the

actual period such goods are held in cold storage. There are many difficulties that must be overcome before such a proposition can be successfully carried into effect. For instance, halibut is mostly produced in the Pacific Ocean and are stored in cold storage warehouses on the Pacific Coast in the spring and summer months when the fishing is on and are brought East in December, and January following, when no fresh supply of halibut can be obtained, so that these goods have to be transported from one cold storage warehouse to another during the season when the weather will permit. The labeling of each individual fish would be impracticable and also would tend to deteriorate the fish by unnecessary handling, and in the end what the consumer needs is protection as to quality, of which length of time in cold storage is absolutely no criterion.

The usefulness of labeling food products which have passed through cold storage would depend entirely upon the ability to carry to the actual consumer the information contained on the labels. The branding of packages in which goods are handled in interstate commerce would not accomplish this because in most cases wholesale packages are broken and their contents re-graded and re-packed for retail distribution. Hence the original labeling is of no value. To brand or label each article separately in a box so as to convey the information of length of storage period to the consumer would involve deterioration from handling, and the cost of doing this would be almost prohibitive in many instances; and in the case of restaurants and hotel patrons, who see the food only when cooked, it is difficult to conceive of any method of successfully conveying the information to them.

In view of the many difficulties, it seems an utter impossibility to devise any system of effective labeling on certain cold storage products. For instance, how can the date of the hen's cackle, when the several million eggs were laid which New York consumes daily, be conveyed to the ultimate consumer? It cannot be expected that the farmer will brand each egg. The huckster that gathers them and the shipper that ships them cannot give the exact date of birth of each unit. And the same is true

of butter. Millions of pounds are made up by the farmer in rolls. These rolls are packed in tubs and the surplus production is carried in freezers. The product is used during the winter months. How can this butter be branded with date of production—each tub containing perhaps a hundred birthdays?

The consumer is not so much interested in knowing the age of an article as he is in knowing its condition, and any law that does not guarantee wholesomeness as a basic condition fails in its purpose.

The Department of Agriculture has accomplished a great deal through its scientific investigations of proper methods of preserving by cold storage various articles, such as poultry, fruit, eggs and butter. The result of the department's investigations, however, do not show that any time limit for less than from season to season is necessary.

It would be impossible to rise from an exhaustive and careful study of the cold

storage problem without realizing the danger of illy-considered and hasty legislation upon a subject so important to all classes of people. Every impartial investigator must be impressed with the folly of any burdensome regulations upon the handling of food products such as tagging and limiting the time articles may remain in cold storage. What the public needs and should have is protection against impurity and unwholesomeness in food products, and regulation or restriction which seeks any other end simply limits the quantity of wholesome foodstuffs available to the consumer and thereby creates a higher price.

Regulation by federal inspection before and after storage is the only logical solution. It is the only effective way of protecting the public against unhealthful storage foodstuffs, and any further requirements will only constitute a burden upon the public without accomplishing any good purpose.

TO A TOAD

THOU poor, half-living brother worm,
Retreating from my path pell-mell
For fear my steps might crush thy frame:
Perchance from such condition came
Immortal man, who dares to spell
The characters writ on thy form!
Perchance within this human brain
There linger traces of the things
That make thee fit for earth's domain;
Perhaps thou, too, mayst feel the pain
Of life hid in the joy it brings!

A silver moon is on the wane;
A lonely star calls after it
For company,—do thy big eyes
Regard their movements with delight,
As though some great illumined kite
Were drawn athwart the purple skies,
Its tail swung by a lantern lit?
Or do these wonders from thee pass
While thou art blinking at the grass?

—Henry Dumont, in "A Golden Fancy."



MENTION has been made before in this department of the advantage of the phonograph in supplying the work of the best artists during the season when they are scattered in all parts of the world. Opera houses are closed in this dull season of rest and mosquitoes; the theatre doors are barred against light opera, and we are deserted save by the hurdy-gurdy man. Here, then, comes the talking-machine, which supplies not only opera, but particularly appealing songs and dances for our entertainment and diversion.

At last, after many weeks of expectation and anticipation, the Mary Garden records have been completed, and are appearing on the July Columbia list. This announcement alone has created a deserved sensation, and in itself speaks volumes for the initiative and aggressiveness of the Columbia Phonograph. Even those who have never had the opportunity to hear Miss Garden sing are familiar, through the press reports of the critics, with the story of her triumph before audiences both American and foreign. Her creation of the title role in "Natoma," Victor Herbert's new American opera, gained for her universal admiration.

Especial care was, of course, given to the recording of Miss Garden's voice, and the records are issued both in single and in double-disc form. The double-disc records call for strong endorsement—they are twelve-inch, and priced at three dollars. Two selections from "La Traviata" are listed on A5284; "Liberte" from Massenet's

"Jongleur de Notre Dame" and an aria from "Herodiade" are given on A5289.

Lovers of opera will also be interested in the records by Pasquale Amato, hailed by the Columbia Company as "the world's greatest baritone." Amato has been a favorite at the Metropolitan Opera House for some seasons past, and the numbers listed this month are among his favorites. The records are ten and three-quarter inches, double-disc. All are rendered in Italian with orchestra accompaniment. The selections: F135, "Song of the Evening Star," from "Tannhauser" and "Listen, 'Tis I Shall Die," from "Germania," F136, "At Twilight Thou Dids't Come to Me," from "Germania," and "Sei vendicata assai," from "Dinorah." F137, "Eri tu," from "The Masked Ball" and "Urna fatale," from "La Forza Del Destino."

The vocal hit of "The Pink Lady," the waltz song, "My Beautiful Lady," is sung by Miss Idelle Patterson on double-disc record No. A1008. Facing this delightful solo is Harris' "Fairy Moon," rendered by the Columbia Quartette.

A summer number through and through is record No. A1011, a double-disc by Murry K. Hill. "Discourse on the Trusts" has a title which will ensure for it a heavy sale; "Father Was Out" also has possibilities.

Two good band marches are recorded on No. A1004, "'De Molay' Commandery March" and "A Jolly Good Fellow March," both rendered by Prince's Band. Mr. Frank Coombs is singing "No One to Love" and "Lorena," and there are many

MUSICAL RECORDS FOR THE MONTH

other interesting numbers of many varieties.

* * *

No summer time news could be more pleasing than the Victor Company's announcement that George M. Cohan, the popular author and comedian, has recorded three of his own songs for the July list. Theatre-goers know Mr. Cohan, his plays, his music, his voice and his personality, and crowded houses have long testified to his immense success. The Cohan records for July are loud enough to furnish music for all the neighbors, and are calculated to put everyone within hearing distance in "the merry mood." Two of the numbers are ten-inch—"Life's a Funny Proposition, After All" and "You Won't Do Any Business If You Haven't Got A Band." "P. S. Mister Johnson Sends Regards," a favorite among Cohan enthusiasts, is twelve-inch, No. 70039.

The exclusive contract of Miss Janet Spencer, the contralto, will also interest many Victor owners. Miss Spencer is an American girl who has had great success both in New York and in London. Her records for the Victor are "Gae to Sleep," the old Scottish lullaby, in English, and Arditi's "Bolero" in Italian.

A warm welcome should be given Mr. Albert Reiss' excellent rendition of "Hexenritt," from "Hansel and Gretel." This song of the witch in Humperdinck's favorite opera represents difficult work. Mr. Weiss has succeeded admirably. He "squeaks" well, and the record is endorsed for young folks who require caution of "bogeymen" and witches whose business in life is to awe bad boys and girls. Mr. Weiss does excellent work, also, with Benozzo's song in Millock's "Gasparone."

The prelude to Mascagni's "Cavalleria Rusticana" is rendered by Vessella's Italian Band, whose work was introduced on the June list. A delightful solo, Brahms' "Cradle Song," is rendered by the Band's able cornetist, Signor Michele Rinaldi. The Victor Light Opera Company revives Auber's "Fra Diavolo" and Herbert's "Fortune Teller."

Seldom has a midsummer list revealed such a variety. The song hit from "Dr. De Luxe"; von Tilzer's "All Alone"; "That's Ever Loving Love," a Brice-King

coon song; "Strawberries" and "Turn Off Your Light, Mr. Moon Man," Bayes-Norworth—all these are included, besides many delightful combinations on the double-faced list.

* * *

An acquaintance was asked, after hearing the July Edison list, what record had pleased him most. Summer songs, sentimental, light, funny-medleys, marches, folk-songs, hymns: "Down at Finnegan's Jamboree," he said firmly, and the merits of all the others fell upon barren ground, as it were, at least so far as comparison went. Now the tale of "Finnegan's" affair has been in the Standard portfolio for some ten years past; many an Edison owner knows No. 8146. Yet it was insisted that the charm of the new Amberol record 718 was not to be dissipated; it was even predicted that "Finnegan's Jamboree" would outsell anything on the July list. Be this as it may, the Edison people listed their Amberol "Finnegan" in a timely month; it will hold its own.

Cal Stewart is responsible for the annual Independence Day record, prepared especially for "The Fourth" celebration. Off to Pumpkin Center we must go with him, to hear "Uncle Josh's" story of the "doin's" up his way.

"Missouri Joe," one of Harry von Tilzer's comic songs, is well sung by Miss Sophie Tucker. Billy Murray, with chorus, is singing "Baby Rose," a dinky love song which is already popular. Then there are Collins and Harlan in "The Mississippi Dippy Dip"; Edward Meeker in "Steamboat Bill," and Bob Roberts in "They're all Good American Names"—a trio of comic hits.

The National Promenade Band records "Huskin' Bee Medley," a first-class Virginia Reel. Mr. F. X. Doyle, the favorite tenor, sings Williams and Van Alstyne's late ballad, "Down in the Old Meadow Lane."

Band and orchestral numbers on the list maintain their usual standard. Kerry Mills' "Pawtucket Slide" and "Montrose March" are rendered by the New York Military Band, "The Spring Maid" waltzes by the American Standard Orchestra, "And I, Too, Was Born in Arcadia," by Sousa's Band.

CHICAGO'S NEW TERMINAL

With the opening of the new Passenger Terminal, Chicago, of the Chicago and Northwestern Railway Company, a worthy gateway is flung wide to the golden west.

The portico at the main entrance on Madison Street is supported on a colonnade of six granite columns three stories high. Back of the colonnade is the high vaulted vestibule with granite stairways.

In the big, low-ceilinged main lobby just beyond the vestibule the weary traveler may lay down his cares with the suitcase he drops on the brass baggage rest below the ticket windows. There is no chance for bewildering confusion even though all the nations of the earth go west at once, for there are thirty-seven ticket windows, each one with lettered designation above it. A telegraph office, drug store with travelers' supplies, and lunch room add to the general convenience.

The system of lighting adds to the attractiveness of the lobby. In the center of it all is the Information Bureau.

Facing the main entrance on Madison Street is the grand stairway, brass-railed and with treadlights to keep the unwary from stumbling. This leads to the main waiting room and train concourse.

The big waiting room is worth your leisurely observation. It is a great Roman atrium with barrel vault roof and pilasters and walls of dull finished Tennessee marble of a faint blush rose.

The room is lighted with clusters of incandescents on richly decorated bronze standards and in chandeliers, with thirteen globes in each group, and rows of half-hidden lights just below the ceiling.

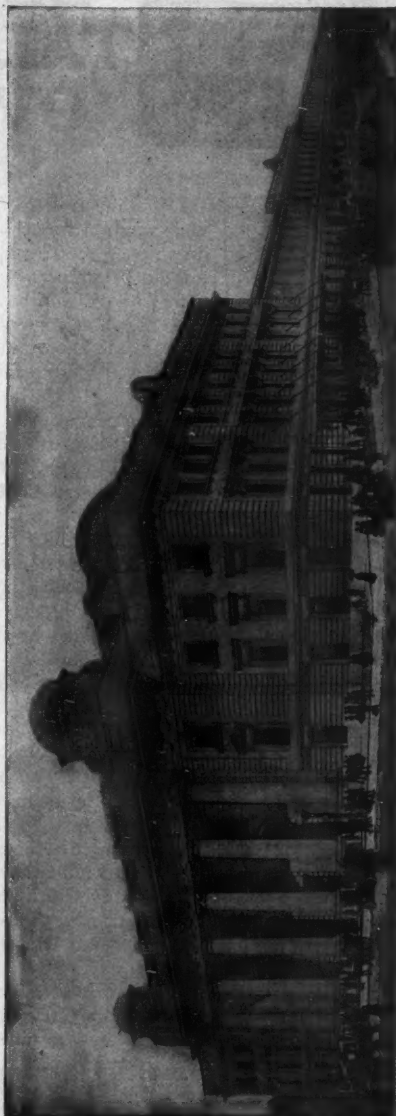
Opening from the main waiting room is the dining room with service equal to the best metropolitan cafes.

If the suburbanite is to join his wife in the evening for a box party or other formal function, he can check his dress clothes when he comes in in the morning, return to the station, and, before his wife's train is due, have a bath, a shave and a manicure, then dine with her and take a motorcar—all under the roof of the Terminal.

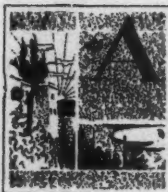
A feature of the new station is the complete post-office—sub-station U they call it—where there is a regular delivery.

The train-shed is specially constructed from a new design and is the only one of its kind in the West. Both shed and concourse are equipped with the latest methods of ventilation and light.

It is almost a world in itself.



NEW PASSENGER TERMINAL OF THE CHICAGO & NORTHWESTERN RAILWAY COMPANY



NOTHER illustration of the country boy who has "made good" and of the Westerner, by adoption, who has won his way to one of the most important positions in the world, is furnished by the life

story of Lauren J. Drake, the newest member of the directorate of the Standard Oil Company. There is much in his career that savors of romance, but his advancement is due solely to his own efforts and to his adherence to the principles with which he started out in business. The news of his election to the board which directs the operations of the Standard Oil organization around the globe was followed by a flood of congratulatory letters and telegrams, addressed both to the company and to himself, and it was significant that most of them came from the West, where lies the strongest opposition to all large corporations, but, likewise, where Mr. Drake is best known. Many of them, of course, were from men who have been associated with him for years, but many more of them came from men who have no affiliations with the Standard Oil Company. In both their number and their character they bore eloquent testimony to the fact that Lauren J. Drake is an unusual man.

In that it may serve as an inspiration to other men of ambition, his career is worth a brief review. He was born on a farm near Boston, Erie County, New York. After leaving the country school he went to the new oil fields in western Pennsyl-

vania and secured a position on the Oil Creek Railroad, running from Oil City to Corry. He started out by giving to his first job the best that was in him, which he made a rule of his life, and he was rapidly promoted until he became a passenger conductor. He saved his money and all of his spare time was devoted to a study of oil. In 1875, when he was still in his twenties, he decided that he knew enough about petroleum to go into business for himself, in a field where there would be wider opportunities. He went to Keokuk, Iowa, and opened a bulk oil station, selling only to jobbers. He succeeded so well that in two years the Consolidated Tank Line Company, which was a subsidiary of the Standard, bought him out, and made him its manager at Keokuk.

His opportunity came to him with that position. Up to that time the small dealers had been buying their oil by the barrel. The oil was shipped from Cleveland and there was considerable leakage, which the merchants had to stand. Furthermore, they were subjected to an additional loss by reason of the empty barrels. They were allowed a refund on barrels that were returned in good condition, but they were often left lying around until they became damaged, or, as often happened, knocked to pieces. The whole system was a source of annoyance, and, inevitably, of more or less loss to the dealers. Mr. Drake changed all this. He built large storage tanks in all of the important towns in southeastern Iowa, and at convenient distributing points for villages, and established a system whereby oil was delivered

***Always
Ready***

Wise foresight should lead you to keep in the cupboard a half dozen or more handy packages of

Uneeda Biscuit

They won't get broken, musty, soiled or soggy like ordinary soda crackers because their crisp, clean freshness is protected by the moisture-proof, dust-tight package.

*Never Sold
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LET'S TALK IT OVER

to the merchants in tank wagons. The oil was shipped to the supply stations in tank cars and pumped into the storage tanks, from which it was turned into the tank wagons and they delivered it into the tanks of the retailer in whatever quantity was required. By this means the dealer paid for precisely what he received and did not have to touch the oil until he sold it; he was saved all loss by leakage and the trouble of looking after empty barrels.

Believing that the interests of the company and its patrons were identical, Mr.

Drake kept in close personal touch with his customers and studied their needs. If the price of oil decreased after an order had been mailed, but before it was received, he gave the merchant the benefit of the reduced price. If, on the other hand, the price increased, the order was filled at the price quoted by the salesman. By these and other methods which showed an interest

in their welfare he gained the confidence and friendship of the dealers, and as a natural consequence his volume of business increased from twenty-five to thirty per cent every year. After he had been at Keokuk for eight years he was transferred to Des Moines as manager for Iowa. He built supply stations and opened up wagon lines throughout the state, with the same results as to increased sales that he had previously shown. Two years later he was sent to Omaha, as general manager for Iowa, Nebraska, Kansas, Missouri and South Dakota. He was there for ten years, when he was moved to Chicago, where he had jurisdiction over the same territory, with the addition of Wisconsin, Minnesota, North Dakota, Michigan, Illinois and Indiana. He reorganized the business in all of the new states and put it in the same high state of efficiency that he had created in his old field. At Chicago he

became acquainted with J. A. Moffett, president of the Standard Oil Company of Indiana. They became fast friends and have been close associates ever since.

In 1902 Mr. Drake was transferred to New York and placed in charge of the company's commercial business in New York state and the entire West. His methods were attended with the customary satisfaction and success. In 1908 he was elected vice-president of the Standard Oil Company of Indiana. Last February he was made a director of the Standard Oil

Company of New Jersey, which is the parent company, and also of the New York corporation. In March he was elected president of the Standard Oil Company of Kentucky.

Wherever Mr. Drake is known there are two things in particular that people say of him: that his word is a synonym for unqualified honesty and that he never loses a friend. He

is fond of work and gets through with an immense amount of it in the course of a day, for in all business matters he is direct and energetic. He is an intensely human man and his whole nature radiates good-nature. He is a keen judge of men, as is shown by the fact that though he has more than 3,500 subordinates, he has ordered less than half a dozen discharges in five times as many years. Some of his managers have been with him for twenty-eight and thirty years. And all of them swear by him.

* * *

THE American hog has not only been shut out from "the Flowery Kingdom" by home competition, but the new trade in pork between Chinese ports and England is altogether profitable and is based on such low cost that the American exporters have experienced the truth of



LAUREN J. DRAKE

Victor



What you can do with changeable needles

Adding the Fibre Needle to the Victor is like adding a new group of beautiful pipes to a church organ. It gives new range and variety, as well as beauty.

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produces the full tone as originally sung or played and is particularly suited for playing records in large rooms, halls, etc., and for dancing.

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For 50 cents and 22 cents for return registered postage, we will alter your Exhibition Sound-box so you can use Victor Fibre or Steel Needles at pleasure.

Or, on payment of 50 cents and 44 cents to cover cost of registered postage both ways, your dealer will forward it for you.

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Always use Victor Records,
played with Victor Needles—
there is no other way to get the
unequaled Victor tone.

And be sure to hear the
Victor-Victrola

New Victor Records are on sale at all dealers on the 28th of each month

LET'S TALK IT OVER

Bret Harte's "For ways that are dark and for tricks that are vain the heathen Chinese is peculiar."

* * *

SOME philosopher has well said that we cannot depend altogether upon the "scientific development of mankind" in order to progress. There must be good fellowship, a confidence and a mutual understanding, and familiarity with ethical or scientific knowledge, in order properly to promote trade and substantial progress.

The visit of a representative delegation from the Boston Chamber of Commerce to Chicago, two years ago, renewed and increased the good feeling between the two cities, an esteem which dates back to the days of the great fire and Boston's whole-hearted efforts to alleviate that terrible calamity. The Chicago Association of Commerce lately returned the visit, and the special train bearing one hundred and fifty delegates received a welcome to Boston that would have done justice to that bestowed upon a victorious Harvard football team. The visitors were entertained in a variety of ways. There were steamer trips down the harbor, automobile rides to industrial, commercial and historic points of interest, pop concerts and other features which showed that even staid Boston is a great place to come to for a "rare, good old time."

* * *

The visit gave expression to the good fellowship that results from an intermingling of the business men of two great cities, and has suggested a national organization of the country's different commercial bodies, which will effectually dissolve old-time sectional prejudices so that the Californian will know how business progresses with the old colonial families of the North, the first families of Virginia and the sons of distinguished men in the Middle West.

Then there will be no cases like that of the Boston man who some years ago went to Chicago expecting to find Indians in full feather and moccasin. When he found in that growing Western city evidence of all the things that he had believed were confined to the East, disappointment

blended with his astonishment. He never gets over telling about that trip he made "West"—and when he heard people of the "further" West calling Chicago "East," then he re-studied the map. Everything beyond Albany had been "west" to him, but he has since learned a lot about the real West, and has never lost his admiration for everything whether north, south, east or west, within the boundaries of our great nation.

Comradeship is a part of the responsibilities of citizenship, and the commercial compass will always point to prosperity if business men will go forth and visit on a campaign of fellowship such as Boston and Chicago have so well inaugurated.

* * *

LAST year the United Fruit Company of Boston added to its fleet the steamships "Almirante," "Metapan," "Santa Marca" and "Zacapa" of five thousand tons each, and the twelve steamships of the Elder & Fyffes Company, all but three of which are of equal tonnage. The chartered fleet now numbers thirty-five, and its own vessels thirty steamships, only seven of which fall short of five thousand tons burden. All of the sixty-five owned or chartered by the company fly the British, Norwegian or German colors except three, the little "Admiral Dewey," "Admiral Farragut," and "Admiral Schley," which fly the American flag.

* * *

SIDELIGHTS upon the charities which claim the attention of the German society women are shown in the following excerpt from a letter received from Hon. Simon W. Hanauer, the American Consul at Frankfort, Germany:

"Some years ago public entertainments were held in Italy to raise money in aid of benevolent institutions. The mother of the present king of Italy was the patroness on that occasion, and in her honor the flower Marguerite (her namesake), a species of large daisy, was worn by all the participants and has since become the emblem of charitable and benevolent undertakings. In order to procure funds for the support of public establishments in Frankfort which care for suckling infants, public nurseries and places of refuge for infants, some time ago a day was selected for carrying out that purpose

FOR MORE THAN
300 YEARS
The Carthusian Monks Have Made
LIQUEUR
PERES CHARTREUX

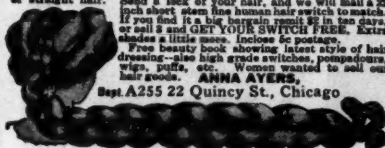
—GREEN AND YELLOW—

**The World's Most Famous
CORDIAL**

At first-class Wine Merchants, Grocers, Hotels, Cafés.
Bátjer & Co., 45 Broadway, New York, N. Y.
Sole Agents for the United States.



I TRUST YOU TEN DAYS. SEND NO MONEY.
\$2 Hair Switch Sent on Approval. Choice of Natural wavy or straight hair. Send a lock of your hair, and we will mail a \$2 lock short stem fine human hair switch to match. If you find it a big bargain, remit \$2 in ten days, or call & and GET YOUR SWITCH FREE. Extra shades a little more. Includes 6c postage.
Free beauty book showing latest style of hair dressing—also high grade wigs, pompadours, wigs, puffs, etc. Women wanted to sell our hair goods. **ANNA AYERS,**
Dept. A255 22 Quincy St., Chicago



A Skin of Beauty is a Joy Forever

**DR. T. FELIX GOURAUD'S
ORIENTAL CREAM
OR MAGICAL BEAUTIFIER**

Purifies as well as Beautifies the Skin. No other cosmetic will do it.



Removes Tan, Pimples, Freckles, Moth Patches, Rash and Skin diseases, and every blemish on beauty, and defies detection. It has stood the test of 60 years; no other tan, and is so harmless we taste it to be sure it is properly made. Accept no counterfeit of similar name. The distinguished Dr. L. A. Sayre said to a lady of the haut-ton (a patient): "As you ladies will use them, I recommend 'Gouraud's Cream' as the least harmful of all the Skin preparations."

For sale by all druggists and Fancy Goods Dealers.

GOURAUD'S ORIENTAL TOILET POWDER
For infants and adults. Exquisitely perfumed. Relieves Skin Irritations, cures Sunburn and renders an excellent complexion.
Price 25 cents, by mail.

GOURAUD'S POUDRE SUBLILE
Removes superfluous Hair. **Price \$1.00, by mail.**
VERD. T. HOPKINS, Prop., 37 Great Jones St., New York City

A MAGAZINE OF LAUGHTER
THE FUNNIEST OF ALL THE FUNNY MAGAZINES
Brimful of wholesome wit and humor. Join the campaign for One Million subscribers by sending **25 CENTS** in **One Year** or five (5) Cents for separate subscriptions for \$1.00. Foreign sub's, 25 cents extra.
THOMPSON'S MAGAZINE, Dept. A, 286 Federal St., Chicago



**WE WANT A GOOD MAN OR WOMAN
— TO ACT AS GENERAL AGENT —**

selling our new and winning meritorious household necessity. It is easy to sell an article that people actually need in daily life. Appeals to the housewife on account of being economical; repeats quickly and sells the year around. Yields large profits to the agent. We want to hear from applicants having a good standing in their community and those willing to hustle. The opportunity affords you a permanent and pleasant business. If you have the ability to sell goods send for full particulars. If you desire a sample send five two cent stamps for regular 25c package.

FAMOL PRODUCTS CO., 1236 Famol Bldg., Wash., D.C.

ME-GRIM-INE

**FOR ALL FORMS OF
HEADACHE AND NEURALGIA**

Write for a Free Trial Box

The Dr. WHITEHALL MEGRIMINE CO.

(Sold by Druggists)

SOUTH BEND, IND.

Estab. 1889

Don't fail to mention NATIONAL MAGAZINE when writing to advertisers.

LET'S TALK IT OVER

and was termed 'Marguerite Day.' Extensive preparations had been made, for weeks before, by committees of ladies and gentlemen interested in the cause.

"The weather was propitious, sunshiny and warm. The schools were closed and school children, attended by bands of music, promenaded in procession along the leading thoroughfares, carrying banners and placards, all adorned with the Marguerite flower. Fourteen hundred girls and young ladies, representing the flower of Frankfort society, from early morn' until late night; when

over twenty thousand marks was added to the common fund.

"A performance at the Opera House, in aid of the enterprise, netted about 3,700 marks. One of the daily papers, the *Frankfurter Nachrichten*, contributed the proceeds of a day's advertisements, which realized close upon five thousand marks. An entertainment was also given by the 'Women's Association' and helped swell the amount. After deducting expenses, about 112,000 marks (\$26,880) remained as the net proceeds of the Marguerite Day.

Another very gratifying result of that day's work was the kind, heart-warming feeling which prevailed among the workers and the donors. Even the recollection of 'Marguerite Day' cheers the mind of the Frankforter. This enterprise was conducted under the patronage of the Princess Margaret of Hesse, sister to the Emperor of Germany, who resides in Frankfort.

"The Empress Augusta Victoria of Germany had sent one of her ladies to Frankfort in order to study the arrangements and watch the proceedings, and a private telegram received this day from Berlin states that already a committee of leading people of that city has been formed and arranged a meeting for the purpose of inaugurating a Marguerite Day there next spring."



THOMAS JACKSON

The oldest Monotype operator in the world. Eighty-two years of age and steadily employed in Philadelphia

they were escorted by gentlemen, thronged the streets, railroad station and tramway cars, selling artificial daisies to the public, the compensation being left to the liberality of the purchaser. It was a most beautiful sight to watch these charming young ladies, each carrying a little open basket filled with daisies, and at the side a fancy money box of tin which was striped red and white, the colors of Frankfort. Although most of the compensations consisted merely of nickel coins (a 10 pfennige, equal to two and one-half cents), the total amount of these street collections exceeded 86,000 marks (a mark equal to twenty-four cents.)

"Leading ladies of Frankfort were divided in small groups and visited stores; offices and private residences to collect money, whereby

COMMENDATION of the NATIONAL's policy is evidenced in the following strong testimonial:

The affirmative and constructive work of the NATIONAL MAGAZINE is a great relief from muck-raking and fault-finding and shallow cynicism.

It does one good clear down to his boots to find a magazine editor who does not assume to know more about politics and business than all the men who have given their lives to those matters.

(Signed) W. S. C.

Newark, N. J.

Few letters coming to the desk of the Publisher are more pleasing than those from the old friends who have been with us for years past—the friends and subscribers who know us as we feel that we know them.

I have had the pleasure of being a subscriber to the NATIONAL MAGAZINE since



I WILL MAKE YOU PROSPEROUS

If you are honest and ambitious write me today. No matter where you live or what your occupation, I will teach you the Real Estate business by mail; appoint you Special Representative of my Company in your town; start you in a profitable business of your own, and help you make big money at once. Unusual opportunity for men without capital to become independent for life. Valuable Book and full particulars Free. Write today.

NATIONAL CO-OPERATIVE REALTY CO.
652 Marden Building
Washington, D. C.

E. E. Marden, Pres.

WHEN IN DETROIT
STOP AT

HOTEL TULLER

New and Absolutely Fire-proof. Corner Adams Avenue and Park Street. In the center of the Theatre, Shopping and Business District.

RATE \$1.50 PER DAY

Every Room Has Bath
European Plan



L. W. TULLER, Proprietor



*"The more women know about babies
the better babies we will have," said
President W. M. Kinley*

IF YOU LOVE A BABY

READ

"The New Baby"

The following are vitally interesting chapters. "The Expectant Mother," first symptom, proper diet, clothing, exercise, etc., by Thomas M. Acken, M. D.—"Care Baby Needs," feeding and hygiene, by William L. Stowell, M. D.—"Baby's First Tooth" and the other thirty-one, by Stephen O. Storek, D. D. S.—"Things You Can Make or Borrow," how to prepare for the new baby, by Sarah J. Keenan, a maternity nurse for twenty years without ever losing a baby.—"Schedule of My Baby's Day," showing just what to do, by Eva James Clark, a mother.

In addition are 433 illustrations of baby's clothes, toys, accessories, in fact everything for a child from birth to five years, and how to get them direct from the manufacturers, at lowest prices.

By special arrangement with the publisher, we can send you an advance copy of "The New Baby" if you will send us your address and 25c.—ADDRESS—

Home Editor

NATIONAL MAGAZINE

Boston, Mass.

GET THE GENUINE Baker's Chocolate



Blue Wrapper — Yellow Label
Trade Mark on the Back

FINEST IN THE WORLD
For Cooking and Drinking

WALTER BAKER & CO. Ltd.

Established 1780 DORCHESTER, MASS.

Agents Wanted \$10.00 to 60.00 a Week

JUST now there is a golden opportunity for an energetic man or woman in every county in the United States to act as representative of the best-printed magazine in the world—**THE FRA**. As for the text, most of it is written by Elbert Hubbard. Two Dollars a year. Address

The Roycrofters, East Aurora, N. Y.



BE A SALESMAN

Earn While You Learn!

Trained Salesmen make from \$1,200.00 to \$10,000.00 a year and expenses. Hundreds of good positions now open. No former experience needed to get one of them. We will teach you to be a Salesman by mail in eight weeks and assist you to secure a position where you can earn a good salary while you are learning. Write today for our free book, "A Knight of the Grip" which contains full particulars about how to get one of the hundreds of good positions we now have open, also testimonial letters from hundreds of men we have recently placed in good positions. Address nearest office, Dept. 137.

National Salesmen's Training Ass'n.

Chicago New York Kansas City
New Orleans Seattle, U.S.A.

Don't fail to mention NATIONAL MAGAZINE when writing to advertisers.

LET'S TALK IT OVER

the year our beloved President William McKinley was shot at Buffalo. Captain S—— and I were sauntering along in the Fair Grounds and saw your booth with your magazine containing a sketch of the martyred president advertised for three months at twenty-five cents.

I left my name and am glad to say that it is still there and that the magazine grows better and brighter with each succeeding year. I think that the last number which I received yesterday is the best of the year, and am glad to send in my subscription for another year.

I have HEART THROBS and HEART SONGS and they are among the valued books of my library. I am glad to add my testimony to the hundreds of others you have as to the worth and beauty of the two books which seem a part of our home life."

(Signed) W. L. S.
St. Joseph, Missouri.

The following endorsement of "History Making" is especially gratifying:

To me "History Making" is the most valuable book I have seen from your press. It is worthy to be placed by the side of Bryce's "American Commonwealth," to which it is an admirable supplement for the student of this great Republic. I hope you will call the attention of teachers of American history and politics to this most helpful text-book, and that it will have the success which it deserves. You are to be complimented upon its excellent typographical appearance.

(Signed) G. R.
Boston, Mass.

A few of the sentiments quoted below in regard to the NATIONAL and the "Books the People Built," show the real American brevity which the business man employs in the bestowal of kind words.

I can't do without the NATIONAL MAGAZINE. Send me combination offers on all your books as published to this time. I want some more of them.

(Signed) H. F. S.
Burlington, W. Va.

HEART THROBS and HEART SONGS are top-liners in my library.

(Signed) R. C.
Toronto, Canada.

The collection HEART THROBS is extremely valuable and the book is a great addition to my library.

(Signed) A. S. M.
St. Louis, Missouri.

While I have had only a moment's opportunity to run through HEART THROBS I find it has in it many things with which I am familiar and to which I often desire to refer.

(Signed) J. F. B.
Wilson, N. C.

FOR years the old "Greenback" Rowell Newspaper Directory was as essential to the equipment of the publisher's office and the advertising house as the dictionary in the school-room. The name of George P. Rowell and his address at "No. 10 Spruce St." with the characteristic design that showed the old spruce trees themselves, are associated with the earliest days of the advertising industry.

It was a rare pleasure for the young advertising man to hear Mr. Rowell, in the latter days of his life, recount incidents of the period when advertising was in its infancy, and marvel at its wonderful development.

This first nationally famous advertising man hailed from the hills of New Hampshire, and after seven years of life in Boston, took an office on Congress Street to conduct an agency with Horace Dodd. The little room was up several flights, and its furnishings consisted of a table, a chair, a jute carpet and a waste basket. The young agents planned to do business through about a hundred newspapers in New England, inserting what advertising they could obtain from Boston merchants. The idea was the basis for the development of a large volume of business by one concern, made possible through advertising in many papers at the same time.

Business flourished beyond the most sanguine dreams of the youthful projectors, and the quarters of the real-estate man in the next office were leased. A New York branch was opened the following year, and shortly after Mr. Rowell went on to take charge of it. In 1870, the business, offices and good will of John Hooper, the oldest advertising agent in America, were purchased, and Mr. Rowell became president of the oldest American advertising agency.

The old Rowell agency has lately become the property of W. F. Hamblin & Company as successors, and the offices removed to 200 Fifth Avenue. The new firm consists of H. H. Walker, president, R. W. Snowden, vice-president, M. B. Smith, secretary, and W. F. Hamblin, treasurer.

The firm is not only the legal but the logical successor of the George P. Rowell Company, and may be justly proud of maintaining the laurels of the first advertising agency in America.

Win Profit and Prestige as Local Agent for New Printype Oliver Typewriter —the Latest Wonder in Typewriterdom

On top of all the innovations that have given The Oliver Typewriter such amazing success and sales, we have placed the crowning improvement—PRINTYPE! The Oliver Typewriter now typewrites print.

To the first acceptable man in each locality where we have no local agent, we offer the **exclusive agency** for The Oliver Typewriter, which carries with it absolute control of all sales of Printype Oliver Typewriters in the territory assigned.

Think of the money-making possibilities of an agency which enables you to step into a man's office and say: "I represent the only typewriter in the world that successfully typewrites print!"



Overwhelming Public Demand for Printype

Printype, the beautiful new type face, unobtrusively introduced to the public by The Oliver Typewriter Company a year ago, is today the reigning favorite in Typewriterdom.

The beauty—the individuality—of Printype has turned the heads of some of the greatest business executives of the country.

Printype — **OLIVER** Typewriter

The Standard Visible Writer

If you have not had the pleasure of an introduction to Printype ask for a copy of our pamphlet—

"A Revolution in Typewriter Type"

Printype is an adaptation, for the typewriter, of the regular book type universally used on printing presses.

An old friend in a captivating new dress—the last word in typewriter type-style. It is twice as artistic and easy to read as the old-style, sharp, thin outline letters and numerals used on all other typewriters.

Although The Printype Oliver Typewriter is worth a premium, we placed the complete machine on the market at the regular catalog price.

The effect was electrical. Inquiries came thick and fast. Demands for demonstrations kept our Local Agencies working at high tension. Sales jumped. Public appreciation of the innovation was so impressively shown in actual orders that today one-third of our total output of Oliver Typewriters are "Printypes."

Rush Agency Application

"The Opportunity Book," together with complete information regarding Local Agency Plan, will be sent by first mail.

Applications should be mailed promptly, as the territory is being assigned very rapidly. Interesting literature, including the "Printype Book" and "The Opportunity Book," together with complete information regarding Local Agency Plan, will be sent by first mail.

Address Agency Department

(107)

THE OLIVER TYPEWRITER COMPANY, 315 Oliver Typewriter Bldg., CHICAGO

Don't fail to mention NATIONAL MAGAZINE when writing to advertisers.

Belongs Exclusively to the Oliver

The Oliver Typewriter Company originated "Printype." We control it. The Oliver Typewriter is the only writing machine in the world that successfully typewrites print.

This triumph in typewriter type, added to the numerous other exclusive features of The Oliver Typewriter, greatly increases the value of our Local Agency Franchise. It puts our great Sales Organization still farther in the lead.

It's Your Supreme Opportunity

We distribute Oliver Typewriters through a worldwide Agency System. Each Local Agent is given exclusive control of all sales of new Oliver Typewriters in the territory assigned, during the entire life of the arrangement. The demand for demonstrations of The Printype Oliver Typewriter necessitates a heavy increase in our force of Local Agents.

Every city, every town, every village must be quickly assigned, so that the vast number of inquiries that are pouring into the General Offices may have prompt, personal attention. This is undoubtedly the greatest business opportunity of your life. Ask for the details of our Exclusive Agency Proposition. Get posted on the profit-possibilities. Remember that a Local Agency Contract is an exclusive Franchise that entitles you to all the profit on every sale made in the specified territory.

"17 Cents a Day" Booms Sales

As local agent for The Oliver Typewriter you can offer the liberal, attractive terms of "17 Cents a Day." You can accept any make of old machine your customer may own, to apply on the small first payment.

We do not surround our Local Agents with annoying rules and restrictions. In the territory assigned them, they are given full control. Loyal, efficient service wins generous recognition. Exceptional ability is rewarded by promotion to more important positions in the Oliver Organization.

Whether you can give your entire time to the work or only an hour or two a day, you cannot afford to miss this wonderful money-making opportunity.

LET'S TALK IT OVER

THE attempt to put into numerals the value of discoveries brought about by electro-chemical investigators during the past twenty years shows a total so enormous as to be almost meaningless to the lay mind. Figures above the billion mark startle rather than convince and yet we have to comprehend beyond that point, if

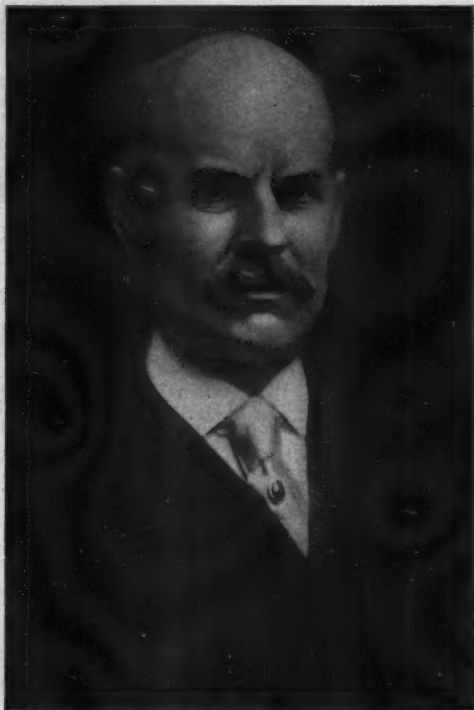
and a concrete organization, who are devoting their lives and talents to unraveling the secrets of nature for the benefit of mankind. Prominent among them in this country is Edward Goodrich Acheson, of Niagara Falls, New York, charter member and past president of the American Electro-Chemical Society. An electro chemist

is a man impelled by his nature to seek the means whereby true conservation can be attained, that is, not how the use of a resource can be restricted, but how it can be used to the best advantage, and if necessary supplanted. Dr. Acheson's attention was early in life directed to the two great basic needs of mechanics, viz.: Abrasion, to prepare the rough material for use, and lubrication, to make its work possible when in motion. Following this bent, after years of painful struggle against poverty, false friends, cruel intrigues and discouraging experiments, he in 1891 gave us carborundum, thus solving the first part of the problem. Now he is announcing to the world the method of producing and the principles of a scientific lubricant, the use of which would mean a reduction in the annual bill for that necessity of from fifty to seventy-five per cent. The cost to the world in 1908 for lubricants was not less than three hundred and fifty million dollars. This expense is tripling every fifteen years. What, then, does this discovery mean to us all? Dr. Acheson's ambition is really to benefit mankind. Has he not found the road of true philanthropy? And is it not possible that in the encouragement and development of this branch of science to its fullest extent lies the true secret of how to weaken the

influence, or perhaps even to rid ourselves of the burden of criminal trusts?

* * *

Men living under simple and natural conditions are bound to be almost alike in all countries. Sincerity of life takes one form.—*Balsac.*



EDWARD GOODRICH ACHESON, Sc. D.
Electro-Chemist

Member A. I. E. E. Franklin Institute (Philadelphia), Royal Society of Arts (London); Past President American Electro-Chemical Society; Charter Member American Institute Chemical Engineers, etc.; Discoverer of Carborundum, Siloxicon, Egyptianized clay, Acheson-Graphite, etc.; who has just perfected a scientific lubricant which portends a saving of hundreds of millions of dollars in the annual bill for lubrication

one would realize even the negative value (*i. e.*, the saving effected over previous methods) of discoveries applying to machinery, medicine, agriculture, fertilization, radiation, mining and invention itself.

Located in all parts of the civilized world there is an earnest, unselfish body of men bound together by similar aspirations

"Good Stuff"—
"Delightful"
Thousands say.

Dwinell-Wright Co's
**WHITE
HOUSE
COFFEE**
No wonder—for
It's MADE that way

For Twenty Years
It's stood the test

Dwinell-Wright Co's
**WHITE
HOUSE
COFFEE**
It's ALWAYS been—
Is NOW—the BEST

In 1,
2, and 3-lb.
sealed tin cans
only. Never sold in bulk.

Dwinell-Wright Co., Principal Coffee Roasters, Boston & Chicago

The Scientific Construction of

Bailey's "Won't Slip" Rubber Heels



Tread Surface



Heel Surface

has *proved* far superior to a solid piece of rubber nailed to the heel of the boot. The tread surface is *positively non-slipping* and more durable than if solid. The studs next to the heel of the boot give a permanent *double cushion* which makes them the *most resilient, lightest and longest wearing* rubber heel made. *Brains* were used in making them. They will save *yours* by wearing them.

Mailed 35c, Applied 50c per Pair

When ordering by mail give a correct outline drawing of the bottom of the heel of your boot, or your Shoe Dealer will obtain them for you. Do not accept any other kind.

100-page Catalogue of Everything in Rubber Goods Free for your Shoe Dealer's Name

C. J. BAILEY & CO., 22 Boylston Street, BOSTON, MASS.



ANN RANDOLPH is at our women readers' service on any subject that may come within the offices of the NATIONAL'S Home Department. Replies to general questions will be printed unless otherwise requested; particular inquiries will be personally answered.

NOW to keep guests entertained at a summer house party means much planning on the part of the hostess. Mother Nature solves the problem by providing outdoor recreation when the weather is fair, but on stormy days cards, checkers and other like devices seem hardly sufficient to amuse. A frequent contributor, Mrs. J. E. L., tells me of a plan which she tried out at her seaside cottage last season; the suggestion might be modified to suit many an occasion.

A heavy rainstorm had set in, and she was left to divert the minds of some twenty young people who were obliged to postpone a long-planned moonlight sail. Bridge was abandoned, the late songs were sung and cast aside. Half of the party ventured out on the wet veranda drearily to contemplate the condition of the tennis grounds the following day.

The practical joker of the party stayed inside, and delving far down into a pile of music, discovered a popular song of some three seasons back which he rendered with particular gusto. This was followed by

half a dozen other forgotten "hits" of two, three and four seasons past. Soon the entire party had gathered about the piano, and old times were recalled as each selection was sung. When the bottom of the pile was reached, it was well past midnight, and as a very merry gathering dispersed, the hostess breathed a prayer of thanks that she had refrained from throwing the out-of-date music into the ash heap.

Mrs. L. adds confidentially that the "revival" of these songs, each bringing its memories, was the means of effecting a reconciliation of estranged lovers. I may add that the fateful ballad was "Some Day when Dreams Come True"—and the young dream—is it not five full years since "Some Day" had its season?—is now really to "come true."

* * *

CORDIAL thanks are tendered to "A Reader," who has been so kind as to send me a "desk motto." Its sentiment is that delightful one of Hubbard's—"What the World Needs is More Kindness," and I quite agree with "A Reader" that this should "have a place in every home."

New England CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC

Founded
1853

Year opens
September 21, 1911

Boston, Mass.

GEORGE W. CHADWICK, DIRECTOR

The Largest and Best Equipped School of Music

Located in the musical center of America. It affords pupils the environment and atmosphere so necessary to a musical education. Its complete organization, its imposing Conservatory building, splendid equipment, and the Residence Building offer exceptional facilities for students.

Every department under special masters. The reciprocal relations established with Harvard University afford pupils special advantages for literary study.

Owing to the practical training of students in our Normal Department, graduates are much in demand as teachers.

The free privileges of lectures, concerts and recitals, the opportunities of ensemble practice and appearing before audiences, and the daily associations are invaluable advantages to the music student. A number of free Violin scholarships are available for 1911.

For particulars and year book, address

RALPH L. FLANDERS, Manager.

Do you know that you can make
money selling the books of the

CHAPPLE PUBLISHING COMPANY

Drop a line to the Book Department,
944 Dorchester Avenue, Boston, Mass.
and learn the plan.

SEE THE SUN, MOON, STARS, ETC.



TELESCOPE FREE—3 1/2 Feet Long

This is a special advertising offer to introduce Up-to-Date Farming into every home. A "Wonder" Telescope free to you. Every man, woman and child will get pleasure and profit from one of these big telescopes. Heretofore telescopes of this size have sold for \$6 to \$8. This is an opportunity to get a really first-class guaranteed instrument free with your subscription. Positively such a good telescope offer was never made before. These telescopes are made by one of the largest manufacturers of Europe. It measures, closed, 12 inches and opens out 3 1/2 feet long, in five sections, circumference 6 inches. They are brass-bound, brass safety cap on each end to exclude the dust, etc., with powerful lenses, scientifically ground and adjusted. Objects miles away are brought to view with astonishing clearness.

No matter what you think about the price, you will be surprised with the "Wonder" Telescope. Everybody is. Send for one and be convinced.

GUARANTEED TO PLEASE YOU OR YOUR MONEY BACK

Be first in your neighborhood. This paper guarantees advertisers. Up-to-Date Farming is published twice a month, 32 big 4-column pages. It's specialty is price making for farmers. Farm, Poultry, Live Stock, Orchard, Home, Young Folks—Departments for everyone. Most helpful farm paper published. 24 big numbers in a year.

OUR OFFER Send only \$1.00 for a 4-years' subscription to Up-to-Date Farming (or a club of 4 for 1 year each) and we will send a "Wonder" Telescope free. Send 10c extra for ordinary postage, or 30c extra for insured mail, and we guarantee safe delivery. Order today. Money back if you want it.

UP-TO-DATE FARMING, Dept. 71, Indianapolis, Ind.

SPECIAL LIMITED OFFER

THOUSANDS OF TESTIMONIALS

Read Sample Reports

Looked at Price Mountain, which is 20 miles from here, and could see birds flying around it. My friends want to buy.—Merrill Ellis, Griffin, Ga.

It is far beyond expectations and exactly as you represented. I made light of your ad. at first, but am glad now I sent for telescope. I wouldn't take \$5.00 for it if I couldn't get another.—O. G. Folk, Elk Lick, Pa.

I can say every time it is worth \$10.00 to me. I can see cattle at 15 miles and can see a nickel at 600 yards.—Tervis S. Sopeda, Morgan Hill, Cal.

"Wonder" Telescope is a dandy. It is all you claim for it and then some. I trained it on the Buttes near Chadron, 25 miles away, and they looked about 2 or 3 miles instead. I can count stock in farmer's yard 4 miles away. Tonight I watched him drive up his stock at sundown.—Chas. A. Storey, Ft. Robinson, Neb.

Don't fail to mention NATIONAL MAGAZINE when writing to advertisers.

THE HOME

In every home, yes, "Reader," and I have taken it home. It is set up where in the morning and at night I may read it and become imbued with a kindly feeling toward the world. For those are the times when people can appreciate uplifting mottoes. My logic will be this: "What the world needs is more kindness. I am part of the world. I must be more kind."

But were it on my desk during the day, logic might lead me on a different tack. "The world needs more kindness—ye-es. I am part of the world—and *goodness knows* I need more kindness."

Therefore let me keep the motto where it will be understood. "A Reader" may say that I am cowardly. But has she ever posted philanthropic sentiments on her kitchen wall, to confront her when cakes are burning, when fires are out, or when her husband walks unexpectedly into dinner with half a dozen strange guests? This is a parallel. At such times, I aver, "A Reader," too, might misinterpret.

* * *

LAST month mention was made of the circular prepared by Dr. Howard, chief of the Bureau of Entomology, as to how to prevent, capture, poison and annihilate mosquitoes. Several readers ask, "Which prescription have you tried?" and "Which is best?" I am familiar only with the Nash compound, mentioned by Dr. Howard:

Oil of Citronella	1 oz.
Spirits of camphor	1 oz.
Oil of cedar	$\frac{1}{2}$ oz.

The citronella, of course, is objectionable because of its odor. A more pleasant mixture recommended is the following:

Castor oil	1 oz.
Alcohol	1 oz.
Oil of lavender	1 oz.

These two compounds, I think, will be found useful.

For those who are not near the drug-store, common tar mixed with vaseline is suggested. The mixture must be rubbed on the face and hands, but the brownish coloring washes off readily when soap and water is applied. I am assured also that the application will not injure the skin.

For the irritation caused by mosquito bites, Dr. Howard advises moist soap,

which is merely to be rubbed on the punctures. Common salt is used by many old-fashioned folk. Dioxogen also is excellent and should be applied full strength.

Should any of our readers have occasion to use either prescription indicated, I should be glad to know the results.

* * *

OLD times were under discussion at a recent reunion of the "girls," and with most reminiscences of the academy pranks there was allusion to the faculty. Conversation turned upon the ward of dormitory A—the argus-eyed, omnipresent Miss Sharp.

The best-laid schemes for evading the "lights out at ten o'clock" rule crumbled to ruins under Miss Sharp's vigil. No government detective, no psychologist, ever had a keener intuition when wrong was brewing. But once the girls had the best of Miss Sharp. It was in the day of May Dane—of May, the school "terror." The Sophomore class had organized a secret society and elected May as Grand Exalted Mistress. A special meeting was scheduled for eleven o'clock one night—after Miss Sharp had retired. The meeting was in progress when a quick tap came at the door.

"Who is it?" was asked fearfully.

"It's me—it's Miss Sharp."

There was consternation on ten faces when the imperturbable Exalted Mistress spoke up:

"Go back to bed, you Freshman! Better learn your grammar before you try that! We can fancy Miss Sharp saying 'It's me!'"

There was a quick footstep down the corridor. "Hush," whispered one of the girls with ear at the keyhole, "she's gone to Miss Sharp's room. They'll be after us."

"We're safe enough from Sharp tonight," gloated the Grand Exalted Mistress. "That was the lady herself. And she'd rather we'd tear down the 'dorm' than to have it on her in a matter of grammar."

* * *

MANY of our boys and girls tell me that they have started their scrap-books of the Alphabet verses, and have set their hearts on the prizes offered. Master



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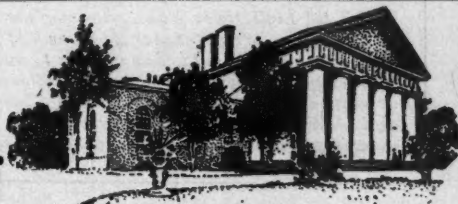
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THE HOME

William D. H.'s mother inquires if there is any "age limit." I hadn't thought of that very important matter—to be sure, there must be one.

Now suppose we divide the "contest" in two divisions. Our little folks may put the scrap-books together; our big little folk in grammar school may try their hand at something else—the art of illustrating.

Now you know that in a real book where real things are written about, there must be pictures. Publishers pay men and women large sums of money for the drawings in books. We want some drawings for our Alphabet book—and we want ideas from our own boys and girls. I know that some of our young folk must be future artists; here is their chance to show how well they can do, and how much they are like grown-up artists.

Every stanza of the Alphabet story, you will find, tells how Ketchum came upon some one letter—and how that letter looked. Read the lines carefully, think a while and then sketch out your idea to go with the verse. Paste the printed verses beside

your drawings when you send them in. Your name, address, age and school must be written plainly. For the best five sets of drawings each month, five prizes of \$1.00 each will be given. Any boy or girl in grammar school may enter the contest. Prizes will be sent every month.

Show just how you think Ketchum looked as he climbed the tree and found "C" wound around the limb. And then "D," who stood in Ketchum's way, and was put in the bag unawares.

With these two letters in his bag,
Old Ketchum wanted three—
Just overhead hung 'mid the leaves
A funny, old-time "C"
All curved around a limb just like
A little squirrel's tail;
He climbed the tree and got it—
Old Ketchum couldn't fail.

Now he was having such good luck,
Old Ketchum laughed with glee,
And kept on hunting through the woods
Until he saw a "D,"
Who got right in the black bag's way
And would not move aside—
So Ketchum caught him up, and soon
Bold "D" was put inside.

LITTLE HELPS FOR HOME-MAKERS

FOR the Little Helps found suited for use in this department we award six months' subscription to the National Magazine. If you are already a subscriber, your subscription must be paid in full to date in order to take advantage of this offer. You can then either extend your own term or send the National to a friend. If your Little Help does not appear it is probably because the same idea has been offered by someone before you. Try again. We do not want cooking recipes unless for a new or uncommon dish. Enclose a stamped addressed envelope if you wish us to return or acknowledge unavailable offerings.

A CLOSET HINT

Tie a strong string across the lower part of your coat hanger and after the coat is hung on fold the pants and lay them across the string, then fold the vest and lay it on the pants.

Hang a pole across your clothespress and hang it full of coat hangers and you will be surprised to see what a lot of clothes can be hung in your closet.

For Hand-run Tucks

If you want hand-run tucks, crease the first tuck as if for machine tucking and adjust the tucker, but do not thread the needle, then run the tucker, the needle will leave a distinct line along which to run your hand sewing; the marker also leaves a line for the next tuck, sew each tuck as it comes from the marker.

HANDY KITCHEN UTENSILS

By Mrs. Carrie Thomas

No. 1

Take a half-pound baking powder can, make perforations with a small nail and keep it half full of flour. It is one of the most convenient things I have ever used in cooking, in flouring the moulding board, steak and chicken and other meats. It is much easier than rolling the meat in flour.

No. 2

Another handy thing in the kitchen is a half-pound can with perforated top, in which to put all the scraps of soap, either toilet or laundry. Get it half full of hot dish water and shake well, which results in making a good lather. It not only utilizes the small pieces of soap, but you do not have particles of soap adhering to the dishes.

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THE HOME

HOW TO BUTTON YOUR WAIST IN THE BACK

By M. A. W.

I want to tell the ladies of "The National" how I've overcome the difficulty of buttoning my waists in the back. I throw my waist over my shoulders, leaving my arms out, and button down the front, leaving the upper and lower buttons unfastened. Then I fold it up over my shoulders, turn it around, push my arms up into the sleeves, and lo, my waist is buttoned and no stretching, and no buttons missed either.

A Sweet Pea Help

For several years our sweet peas have been planted near our coal ash heap, those nearest the ashes always being first in bloom and more luxuriant, so we've used them as a fertilizer.

FOR HEAD COLD

By Mrs. R. W. Elliott

For cold in the head try this: Put six drops of spirits of camphor upon a teaspoonful of sugar, then put in a half glass of water; stir well and take a dessert spoonful every fifteen minutes until relieved.

To Mend Granite Ware

To mend granite ware, take a small piece of putty and press well into the hole, smooth it down and set in a hot oven till brown, then brush over with prepared enamel and let dry and your granite ware will be as good as new.

FOR AGATE WARE

By E. L.

When rust has eaten a hole in an agate or enameled ware foot tub, or other vessel of similar ware (not to be put on the stove), the hole may be covered by dropping in melted sealing wax; hot water does not affect the wax and when eventually it falls off it may easily be renewed.

For Mourning Veils

To freshen a twisted silk mourning veil, either short or long, spread out smoothly on a covered table and sponge off carefully with coffee; then press between newspapers with irons moderately hot.

TO REMOVE BLOOD STAINS

By Clara Douglas

A freshly laundered shirt waist is sometimes soiled by blood stains caused from a prick of a needle in doing a bit of sewing, these can be easily removed without impairing the freshness of the surface by taking cornstarch and mixing it with water into a soft ball and laying it on the stain for a short time.

WORTH KNOWING

By K. M. S.

In cleaning with gasoline, better results can be obtained by setting the gasoline in another vessel containing hot water. If salt is added, when used for cleaning spots, no ring will be left on material.

Frying Doughnuts

Grease can be removed from doughnuts by having a kettle of boiling hot water on the stove; as the doughnut is taken from the hot fat, dip into the water; as the doughnut cools, all trace of the water is gone; the result may be seen by amount of grease on top of water; it also makes them more digestible.

A STEP SAVER

By Mrs. C. F. Streeter

A wire shelf that hangs near the kitchen range is a great step saver. It is invaluable for cooling cakes and bread and upon its use the success of many a pie depends. The goodness of a crust in this form of a dessert is largely a matter of cooling very quickly.

To Kill Moths

Moths in carpets can be killed by the use of a damp cloth and a hot iron. Lay the cloth on the carpet and iron well, and the steam will destroy both eggs and worms. Brush up the nap of the carpet with a whisk broom as you finish ironing each section.

TO CLEAN A GREASY BOTTLE

By Miss Belle Taylor

To clean a bottle or jar in which oil has been kept, put a handful of cornmeal in, shake up until the meal adheres, let stand an hour or more, pour warm soapsuds into the bottle and shake, pour out the suds and rinse with cold water.

For Cold Feet

To keep the feet warm and comfortable in cold damp weather, make insoles of stiff paper, then using the paper insoles as a pattern cut flannel or other woolen goods the same shape and baste on one side. Place in shoes with woolen side up.

FOR BURNS

By Alice Elizabeth Wells

A member of our family was frightfully burned recently by a gas explosion; excruciating torture followed until an application of pure vaseline, soda and flour, in equal proportions mixed, was made to every burned spot, and all air excluded by swathing the parts with cotton batting.

Bandages were kept on until the healing process was complete, and not a scar remained to tell the tale of woe.

Vaseline also hastened the growth of eyebrows singed and hair burned off.

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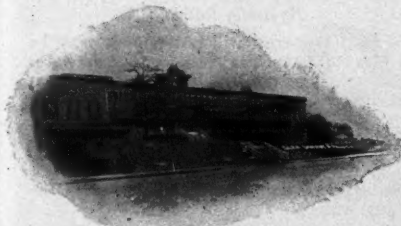
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THE HOME

A NEW WAY

By Miss N. A. Deuell

Try Hamburg steak this way: Cook one heaping cup of macaroni in boiling, salted water twenty minutes, fry two large onions, butter a baking dish and put in a layer of macaroni, hamburger, onions and one cup of hot tomatoes; repeat and cook about a half hour in hot oven; salt and pepper to taste. This can be reheated and makes a good, hearty dish.

Ironing a Tucked Waist

Before washing a waist having Gibson tucks, run a basting thread along the edge of the tucks and when ready to iron the tucks pull out the thread, and it will save trouble in arranging the tucks before ironing.

Blackening the Stove

When blackening stoves use an old, long-handled broom to polish with instead of a stove brush; it is not as hard work. If a little soap is put in the water you use for mixing the blacking, you will get a better polish and it will last longer.

DISCOVERY

By E. M. T.

Any dough will drop cleanly from a spoon, if spoon is first dipped in hot liquid, or even hot water.

Dumplings

I never fail in making light dumplings, and the many friends I have told never fail in best results, if the simple rule not to cover the dumplings is remembered. My recipe is most simple and economical: For each cup of flour, a heaping teaspoon of baking powder and a little salt; moisten with milk or water, stirring as little as possible; drop a tablespoonful at a time in the boiling liquid and leave uncovered for twenty minutes. I turn them around or over and they remain light for a day or more.

Baked Milk

Put milk in a jar, covering the opening with white paper, and bake in a moderate oven until thick as cream, this may be taken by the most delicate stomach.

TO PROTECT FINE PLATES

By Mrs. C. W. Tilden

If it is necessary to keep fine china plates piled on top of one another get some large sheets of blotting paper and cut out round pieces a trifle larger than the plates, place these between each plate and you have a splendid protection.

Heated Knife-Blade

You can spread the hardest butter on the thinnest bread by placing your knife in boiling water each time before using the butter. New bread and cake may be cut evenly if the knife-blade be heated.

CREAM-PUFFS

By Mrs. David W. Jones

Most all of us enjoy eating cream-puffs, but few women know how they are made. I am submitting a recipe which I know to produce excellent results, and anyone following the directions can make better cream-puffs than any you can buy:

Take one-half cup of butter and one cup of water and boil together, when boiling stir in one cup of flour and let stand until luke-warm, then stir in three eggs, adding one at a time, divide into twelve parts and bake in oven; this is for the crust. The cream is made of one cup of milk, one egg, one-half cup of sugar, one tablespoonful of corn-starch; beat the egg and sugar together; dissolve cornstarch in a little of the cold milk, then stir all into milk while boiling and flavor with vanilla; make incision in side of puffs and fill with the cream.

FLY-SPECKED PICTURE FRAMES

By Miss N. A. Deuell

If in spite of screens the pretty gilt frames in your room have become fly-specked, just take the white of an egg and apply with a fine paint brush to the spots and they will vanish and the frames will look like new.

For Cold Feet

When retiring at night place a large, soft feather pillow directly over the feet, it will keep them warm on the coldest nights.

For Scorched Goods

If you should scorch any uncolored goods, such as linen, percale, etc., dip instantly in vinegar, than wash and rinse well.

Ironing Help

A rug under the feet when ironing keeps them from getting so very tired.

POP-CORN HINT

By Emily Rathbun

If your pop-corn will not pop, it may be it is too old; in that case, soak it in cold water a few minutes; drain and try again, and it will surely reward your efforts.

Hard-Boiled Egg Hint

To prevent hard-boiled eggs from turning black, place them in cold water for a few minutes as soon as they are taken from the boiling water.

FOR THE RHUBARB

By Mrs. W. G. Wescott

Place a barrel with both ends out over the rhubarb when it first starts to grow and it will be large enough to use in half the time.

Grease Spots on Silk

To remove grease spots from silk, rub on the right side with flour.

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